This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

**Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

**About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

3 3433 04401 6404
C 11-9252
Wilkinson, J. R
Canadian battlefields : and other poems

# CANADIAN BATTLEFIELDS

## AND OTHER POEMS

J. R. WILKINSON

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR LENOX & TILDEN
FOUNDATIONS

Gen
Hist
Canada

150

C-11
9252

LIEUT.-COL. J. R. WILKINSON,

*Late Commanding 21st Fusiliers.*

# ...ADIAN BATTLEFIELDS

## And Other Poems

*...ND EDITION, REVI... ...D ENLARGED*

BY

LIEUT.-COL. J. P. WILKINSON

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY
WILLIAM BRIGGS
TORONTO
1901

# CANADIAN BATTLEFIELDS

## And Other Poems

*(SECOND EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED)*

BY

LIEUT.-COL. J. R. WILKINSON

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY

WILLIAM BRIGGS

TORONTO

1901

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine, by JOHN RICHARDSON WILKINSON, at the Department of Agriculture.

# PREFACE.

In submitting "Canadian Battlefields and Other Poems" to a discerning public, I realize it may be marred by many errors; the harp may not always be in tune—some chords may jar upon the fastidious ear. Rhythm and harmony may not always present that mysterious appeal to the soul that approves, and proves the worth of all. Yet, withal, I feel that some thoughts and emotions of patriotism, love of home, the song of nature, the mystery of creation, and the impenetrable depths of infinitude, may be found and approved.

The subtle voice of nature, the voices of love, home, and country, have ever appealed to me, and impelled me to sing my humble song. And thus, in doubt and uncertainty, I cast it out on the world—the reading, critical public—asking that the pure, white veil of charity may conceal its rough edges and inequalities.

Seek but to benefit thy fellow-man:
Let smiles, not frowns, his rugged path assail;
Better with blinded eyes his faults to scan
Than let the sin of wrong and scorn prevail.

J. R. WILKINSON.

Leamington, 1899.

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR LENOX & TILDEN
FOUNDATIONS

# CONTENTS.


| | Page |
|---|---|
| What Shall I Sing? | 9 |
| Speak Now | 12 |
| The Battle of Chateauguay | 14 |
| The Deep Mines | 16 |
| Laura Secord; or, The Battle of Beaver Dams | 18 |
| The Sea and the Soul | 21 |
| The Battle of Lundy's Lane | 22 |
| My Wife | 26 |
| Niagara | 28 |
| The Ojibways | 29 |
| Wrecked | 47 |
| The Battle of Chrysler's Farm | 49 |
| Summer Twilight | 51 |
| Canadian Homes | 52 |
| Think of Me | 63 |
| Dulac des Ormeaux; or, The Thermopylæ of Canada | 64 |
| Golden Hair | 69 |
| The Convict | 70 |
| The Battle of Lacolle Mills | 72 |
| The Twentieth Century Maiden | 74 |
| Music | 76 |
| Waterloo | 78 |
| The Dove's Song | 95 |
| Blinded Eyes | 96 |
| The Veterans' Reunion | 97 |
| Discredited | 100 |
| The Battle of Stony Creek | 102 |
| Voices | 104 |
| Divided | 106 |

PAGE

The Hurons . . . . . 107
On the Headland . . . . . 117
Only a Vision . . . . . 118
The World Wants a Smiling Face . . . . . 120
The Voice of Tears . . . . . 122
The Garden . . . . . 123
The Battle of Queenston Heights . . . . . 123
A Forest Dream . . . . . 127
Woman . . . . . 128
The Jesuit . . . . . 129
Under the Stars . . . . . 136
Unexplained . . . . . 137
Life's Highway . . . . . 139
The Battle of Abraham's Plains . . . . . 153
Minnie Lee . . . . . 158
The Soul . . . . . 159
The Prodigal Son . . . . . 160
Autumn Rain . . . . . 161
The Battle of the Canard River . . . . . 163
The Taking of Detroit . . . . . 165
The Dandelion . . . . . 166
The Death of Summer . . . . . 168
"Big Mike Fox" . . . . . 169
Winter-time . . . . . 173
I Saw Her Face To-day . . . . . 175
The Flight of Time—
Chapter I. The Creation . . . . . 176
" II. The Exodus . . . . . 178
" III. Belshazzar's Feast . . . . . 179
" IV. The Star of Bethlehem . . . . . 180
" V. A Night in Old Rome . . . . . 181
" VI. The Gladiators . . . . . 184
" VII. The Fall of Imperial Rome . . . . . 187
" VIII. Antony and Cleopatra . . . . . 188
" IX. Retrospection . . . . . 189
" X. The Flight Through Space . . . . . 192

Page

The Flight of Time (*continued*)—
Chapter XI. Mars . . . . . 195
" XII. Jupiter . . . . . 197
" XIII. Saturn . . . . . 198
" XIV. Uranus . . . . . 200
" XV. Neptune . . . . . 201
" XVI. The Constellations . . . . . 202
" XVII. Chaos . . . . . 204
" XVIII. Mother Earth . . . . . 206
" XIX. The Fate of Time . . . . . 207
Lost and Won; or, Winter and Summer . . . . . 209
Grandsire . . . . . 210
Adversity . . . . . 211
Fullmer's Lane . . . . . 213
Autumn Winds . . . . . 215
The Battle of Batoche . . . . . 216
Falling Leaves . . . . . 222
The Sea . . . . . 224
Only a Faded Leaf . . . . . 226
The Battle of Point au Pelee Island . . . . . 227
A Spectre . . . . . 231
A Reverie . . . . . 233
In Memoriam . . . . . 235
Only Dreams . . . . . 236
The Battle of Cut Knife Hill . . . . . 237
The Silent Voice . . . . . 241
Little Faces . . . . . 243
Forgotten . . . . . 244
Inner Life . . . . . 245
We Have Missed Thee . . . . . 246
The Rescue . . . . . 247
Expectation . . . . . 250
The Farewell . . . . . 251
Farewell to Summer . . . . . 252
Voices of the Wind . . . . . 254
The Worshippers . . . . . 255

PAGE

At Midnight . . . . . 257
Change . . . . . 258
Thoughts . . . . . 259
Spring . . . . . 260
A Point au Pelee Island Tragedy . . . . . 261
In Memoriam . . . . . 263
Night and Rest . . . . . 264
To the Wanderer . . . . . 265
The Old Songs . . . . . 266
Shadowed . . . . . 267
The Empire's Call . . . . . 267
Our Heroes . . . . . 269
Paardeberg . . . . . 270
The Surrender of Cronje . . . . . 274
The Burial at Paardeberg . . . . . 278
Heroes of the 1st Hussars . . . . . 279
The Daughters of the Regiment . . . . . 281
Victoria the Good . . . . . 282
The Silent City . . . . . 283
Longing . . . . . 284
The Last Song . . . . . 285
The First Snow . . . . . 286
The Sun Goes Down . . . . . 288
Going Home . . . . . 288
Fame—Life—Death . . . . . 289
Peace . . . . . 290
Armageddon . . . . . 291
Charity . . . . . 309

# CANADIAN BATTLEFIELDS

## AND OTHER POEMS.

---

### WHAT SHALL I SING?

WHAT shall I sing, I prithee, O Muse?
For song burns my bosom to-day;
And it flows o'er me like a wave o' the sea,
A dream-wrought, subtle melody.
Shall it be of the wondrous present,
This scientific, restless age;
Or cull from the field the centuries yield
Rich gems from history's page?

Shall it be of stern war and the cause
For which millions of men are slain,
And heroic days with glory ablaze,
Dear freedom and honor to gain?
Shall I sing of the stars of heaven
That forever their orbits keep—
Beautiful, serene stars of heaven,
Gemming the eternal deep?

Shall it be of the grand old ocean,
And its bright isles far away,
With life all free as th' unbounded sea,
A subtle and golden day?

Shall I tell of the glory of sunset,
And the twilight soft on the lea,
The murmuring winds, through foliage and vines,
And the moon that silvers the sea?

Shall it be a lay of the seasons,
That fade soon like a dream away?
The spring so fair, and the perfumed air,
And the songsters that trill so gay?
And the summer robed in splendor,
Serene as a spirit dream,
Her throbs and sighs and cerulean skies
Would I make my soul's bright theme?

Shall it be of the autumn's fading,
And the winds that sob and sigh,
And the leaves of gold, drifting fold on fold,
And the flowers that droop and die;
The birds that trill us a last farewell,
Tenderly, sorrowfully sweet,
Saddening the heart, doomed ever to part,
And life's work so incomplete?

Shall I tell of the white-robed winter
Sweeping down from far icy zones,
And the frozen streams, and the pale, cold gleams,
And its desolate sobs and moans?
Ah! shall it be of home and mother,
And the years that have flown away,
And the loved of old, like a tale that's told
From childhood's dear happy day?

Shall it be of the innocent children,
Believing of such is heaven?
Their prattle and glee's a joy unto me,
And care from the heart is driven.

Shall I sing of our lovèd country,
And these bright, fair homes of ours?
So happy and free from sea unto sea,
Guard well thy bulwarks and towers.

And the grand "Old Flag" floating o'er us,
Proudly ruling the boundless sea,
Ever unfurled, encircling the world,
Hath glory enough for me!
Shall I sing of man's joys and sorrows?
Of woman's undying love?
Of the ransomed that wait at the "pearly gate"
Of the "city of gold" above?

I would sing of all things beautiful,
The heroic and the true,
With a quenchless flame and a deathless fame
To brighten the whole world through.
A resurrection and a rising
To a grander, nobler life,
In brighter spheres, where the golden years
Exclude all of storm and strife.

## SPEAK NOW.

Ah, me! the leal words unspoken
Might have saved a soul to-day—
And perhaps a heart was broken,
And made hopeless by the way.
If we poor blundering creatures
But in wisdom would speak now,
We should see more smiling features,
And less gloom on many a brow.

There would be far less of doubting,
And far less of weary pain;
If we ceased our cruel scouting
We should wider friendship gain.
Many a way-worn wanderer
Would rejoice if he but knew
That absence makes but fonder;
That our hearts are leal and true.

Why not speak the word of warning
When we know that danger's nigh?
Why stand ye in idle scorning
Whilst the heedless ones pass by?
Why not help thy fallen brother
To regain his feet once more?
Do thy duty, let no other
For thy help in vain implore.

Why not spurn the demon slander
That hath slain so many hearts?
Should we listen e'en, or pander
Whilst he hurls his venomed darts?

Why not speak the words of kindness
To those whom we truly love?
Why should we in our dull blindness
Wait the summons from above?

Why not do the deed that's noble,
That life may the better be;
And thus scorning the ignoble,
Live in blameless purity?
Such are fearless when the battle
Rages on a blood-red field;
Fearing not the cannon's thunder,
They but to grim Death will yield.

Brave hearts like these have nobly died,
Fadeless crowns to such be given;
The good in heart and purified
Shall wear more stars in heaven.
Rest not, nor sleep, be brave of soul,
Seek the lost to soothe and save;
For life is brief, so near the goal,
From our childhood to the grave.

## THE BATTLE OF CHATEAUGUAY.

FOUGHT OCTOBER 26TH, 1813. AMERICAN FORCE, 3,500; BRITISH, 400.

REDLY the October sun shone that day
O'er the golden landscape stretching away
To the Laurentian Hills, o'er vale and stream,
As lovely as ever a poet's dream.
O'er the land of the Maple Leaf so fair
Stole the wandering breeze, caressing there
With light, soft fingers, and murmuring low
Through the fading foliage, dying slow.
'Twas the peace of nature, touchingly grand,
Brooding over this fair Canadian land.

But another scene draws our thoughts away
To the far-famed field of the Chateauguay.
There beside it War's trumpets fiercely blare;
And marshalling foemen are forming there!
The invader dares to pollute our soil;
But brave, true men will his fell purpose foil.
Noble de Salaberry, knowing no fear,
Dreads not the foe, who by thousands draw near.
Gallantly those Frenchmen stand by his side,
Sharpshooters, every one, true and tried;
And they coolly wait the oncoming foe,
And the river goes by in gentle flow.

"They come! they come! Voltigeurs, steady!
Aim low, aim low,—be calm now and ready;
Ye fight for your homes, and country so fair—
Yield not an inch, nor ever despair."
Their rifles they raised, aimed steady and well,
Fired low, and hundreds before them fell!

The foe now open with thunderous roar;
Shot and shell from their guns they hotly pour.
Unflinching, the Voltigeurs firmly stand,
Though storm'd at by masses on every hand.
Swift volleys they hurl on the assaulting foe,
Sure and deadly by the river's soft flow.

Checked in their advance by the Voltigeurs,
Who heroically the storm endure;
Patiently, though suffering loss and pain,
Their position they proudly, sternly maintain.

By sheer numbers being nearly surrounded,
Though the foe are stunned and confounded,
'Tis a critical time at Chateauguay.
Will de Salaberry in despair give way?
No! in sterner mould is the hero cast,
And will bar the way of the foe to the last.
Ah! a clever ruse he's adopting now,
And a smile flits over his noble brow.

He extends his buglers widely in rear,
To sound the charge and to lustily cheer.
'Twas a clever thought, and a master-stroke;
On the startled ear of the foe it broke,
And, frightened, they everywhere give way—
Lost is the stern field, and lost is the day.
Breaking into instant, headlong retreat,
From humiliating and sore defeat,
Over the near border they swiftly fly,
And the "Red Cross Banner" still floats on high.

All hail, de Salaberry! hail, Voltigeurs!
Thy fame still lives, it forever endures;
Ye sternly barred there the foe that day,
By the far-famed stream of the Chateauguay.

And redly the October sun sank low,
Flooding the world with its crimsoning glow;
And the shadows fell on the golden scene
As beautiful as e'er a poet's dream.
And the pale, dead faces were laid away
By the murmuring stream of the Chateauguay!
And white-winged peace hovered there once more
In the fading light by the river's shore.

---

## THE DEEP MINES.

DELVE down in the deep mines, O restless man!
Wrest from the deep mines the red, red gold;
Seize the diamonds and the precious gems;
In the deep, vast mines lies wealth untold.
Win from the deep sea, the uttermost sea,
The hoarded treasures of Neptune's realm.
Command thou thine own staunch, dauntless barque;
Hold the chart, and thyself guide the helm.

Quaff thou from the deep things of life, O man,
The things that make life more broad and great.
Revere the good, the noble, and the true;
Grasp destiny from the hand of fate;
Chain the elements to thy chariot wheels;
Count all things subservient to thy will—
The things that ennoble assimilate,
Pure as the cool, sparkling mountain rill.

Drink thou of the deep wells of love, O man!
For life is empty without its sway;
The love of friends, and e'en our fellowman,
Make darkest night seem bright as the day.

Be kind, considerate of thy brother;
Smooth somewhat, if thou canst, his rugged way;
Bear each other's burdens, battle side by side—
United ye shall surely win the day.

Delve down deep in thine own bosom, O man!
Pluck the gems of thought that dormant lie;
Let thy fiery energy and deathless zeal
Move men's hearts and lift their souls on high.
If thou canst not o'er the steep mountain go,
I'enetrate it to the vale beyond;
Look thou upward and onward, brave, pure soul,
And Fortune may touch thee with her wand.

But if o'ertaken by an adverse fate,
And thy dreams of greatness fade away,
Front thou the storm and battle's fiery rage;
Yield but to death's lurid, fatal day!
If all thy years should lead by lowly ways,
Where wealth and fame ne'er ope their shining wings,
Be comforted, do thy humble duty well,
In heaven thou mayst be honored more than kings.

## LAURA SECORD; OR, THE BATTLE OF BEAVER DAMS.

FOUGHT JUNE 24TH, 1813. BRITISH, 47 REGULARS AND 200 INDIANS. AMERICANS, 570, WITH 50 CAVALRY AND 2 GUNS.

SHE knew, and her heart beat faster,
The foe would march that day!
And resolved, though only a woman,
To silently steal away
And warn the outpost at Beaver Dams;
Alone, and on foot, to go
Through the dim and awesome forest,
To evade the vigilant foe.

And no one thought of a woman,
And she gained a path she knew
In the lonesome, stately forest,
And over the dark way flew.
On and on with a beating heart,
And never a pause for rest;
Twenty miles of dim and distance,
And the sun low down the west.

Startled sometimes to terror
By the blood-curdling cry
Of wolves from the faint far distance,
And sometimes nearer by;
And hollow sounds and weird whispers
That rose from the forest deep;
And ghostly and phantom voices
That caused her nerves to creep.

But she pauses not, nor falters,
  But presses along the way;
Noiselessly through the dread distance,
  Through the shadows weird and gray.
In time must the warning be given,
  She must not, must not fail;
Though rough is the path and toilsome,
  Her courage must prevail.

"To arms! to arms, FitzGibbon!"
  Came a woman's thrilling cry;
"Lose not a precious moment—
  The foe! the foe is nigh!"
And a woman pale and weary
  Burst on the startled sight
Out from the dark, awesome forest,
  Out of the shadowy night.

"They come!' they come, six hundred strong,
  Stealing upon you here!
But I, a weak woman, tell you,
  Prepare and have no fear."
The handful of British heroes
  Resolved the outpost to save,
With the aid of two hundred Indians,
  Allies cunning and brave.

Still as death the line is waiting
  The onset of the foe;
And the summer winds make whisper
  In the foliage soft and low.
"Ready!" and each heart beats faster;
  "Fire low, and without fear."
And they fired a crashing volley,
  And gave a defiant cheer.

Staggered by the deadly missiles,
That like a mighty blow
Fell swift on the line advancing,
Fell on the astonished foe.
And for two long, desperate hours
The furious fight raged there,
Till the foemen, foiled and beaten,
Surrendered in despair.

Well done, valiant FitzGibbon!
Thy name shall live in story;
Thy daring feat of arms that day
Is wreathed with fadeless glory.
One other name my song would praise,
A patriot soul so brave,
That dared the forest's lonely wilds
FitzGibbon's post to save.

Noble woman! heroic soul!
We would honor thee to-day;
Thou canst not, shall not be forgot.
More lustrous is the ray
Time reflects upon thy deed.
Thy talismanic name—
Canadians, sound it through the land,
Perpetuate her fadeless fame!

## THE SEA AND THE SOUL.

Oh, the sea! the sea! how it stirs my soul,
As its bright bounding billows onward roll;
Unfettered they toss their crests on high,
As if to assault the far vaulted sky.

Oh, the sea! the sea! when it murmurs sweet,
And its silver waves fall down at my feet;
It flashes and ripples in sunny smiles,
Far away by a thousand happy isles.

Oh, the sea! the sea! when the wild winds roar,
And its thunderous waves rush on the shore;
And the dread tempest sweeps the storm-torn sky,
And the world is drown'd in its madden'd cry.

Oh, the sea! the sea! when the stars' pale light
Twinkle afar through the dim realms of night;
And the silver moon looks down on the tide,
O'er its undulating bosom far and wide.

Oh, the sea! the sea! unchained and free;
A limitless, typical mystery
Of eternity; how it rolls, it rolls,
And its awesome voice is warning men's souls!

Oh, the sea! the sea! what of the lone graves
Of the lov'd and lost in thy unknown caves?
Where are the ships of a thousand stern years?
Man's buried hopes, and his million tears?

But the sea! the sea! 'tis my glowing theme,
I love to ponder beside it and dream,
With the lights and shadows falling between,
The weird phantom land of the "might have been."

Oh, the sea! the sea! when I yearn for rest,
And the sun falls down in the purple west,
I seek thy shadowed and wave-worn shore,
And restful repose my bosom steals o'er.

---

## THE BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE.

FOUGHT JULY 25TH, 1814. AMERICAN FORCE, 5,000; BRITISH AND CANADIANS, 2,800.

THE summer sun down the sky fell low,
And soft, cooling winds more gently did blow,
And the stream swept by with resistless flow
On that July eve of the long ago,—
A lovely landscape as ever was seen,
And nature's serenity crowned the scene.
A gold light shimmered o'er hill and stream,
And the shadows lengthened softly between.
Thus o'er this beautiful Canadian land
Fell the hush of nature, soothing and bland.

But hark! on the startled ear there comes
The blaring of trumpets and roll of drums,
And war's dread panoply bursts on the scene,
With its rumbling roar and thunder between,
As the bannered foe draws proudly nigh,
And the outposts before them quickly fly.
But Drummond draws up on the famous plain,
On the undulations of Lundy's Lane.

On a rise in the centre his guns he placed,
Deployed his infantry, and sternly faced
The menacing foe in battle-array,
As the shades crept out on the dying day.
Sixteen hundred dauntless, determined souls
The heroic Drummond proudly controls.

In contiguous lines the foe now comes,
To the blare of trumpet and beat of drums,
With supporting columns to reinforce
And cheer the lines on their onward course.
Drummond's guns open with deafening roar,
Shaking the trembling river and shore;
And hundreds go down in the deadly storm:
Torn are their ranks, but again they re-form,
Move forward once more with a rush and cry,
Confident that Drummond will turn and fly,
But he stands fast, and his battery flashes,
And his firm infantry volleys and crashes
On the brave advancing lines of the foe
Rushing up from the fire-swept slope below.
Brown's infantry charged to the battery's side,
But to capture the guns in vain they tried.
They were met with the steel by Drummond's men
And hurled confused down the slope again.
They tried it again—rushed forward once more,
But broke like a wave on a rock-bound shore!

Brown's supports were brought up, and his cannon roared,
All along the lines the infantry poured
A withering, ceaseless and consuming fire:
And the rage of battle grew wilder, higher.
The enemy charged and charged again
Till their life-blood crimsoned the shot-torn plain,

And the awful din and the carnage there
Filled wives' and mothers' hearts with despair.

At length the long twilight closed around
The smoking cannon and the death-strewn ground,
And the pitying night drew o'er the scene
Of horror a mournful and sable screen.
Still amid the darkness they fighting fell,
And the surging ranks bore a fire of hell!
Muzzle to muzzle the hot guns stormed,
Rending the ranks that again reformed,
And rushed to the charge again and again
Through the infantry's fire and batteries' flame.
The guns were won and retaken again
In the revel of death, at Lundy's Lane.

Here Riall came up with twelve hundred more,
To the help of Drummond, bleeding and sore:
Twelve hundred Canadians and regulars to stand
To the death for this proud Canadian land.
The brave foe brought up reinforcements, too,
Determined Drummond's lines to pierce through;
And they close in a mad, mad rush again,
And the roar of the hot guns shake the plain.
Lurid red flashes illumine the night,
Revealing a moment the dreadful sight
Of the lines struggling there in the gloom,
Where hundreds go down to a gory doom.

But Drummond the foemen foiled everywhere,
And disheartened, on the verge of dispair,
At the midnight hour they fled from the field,—
Broken and beaten, they were forced to yield.
Throwing their baggage in the stream, in fright
They fled away in a desperate plight.

The moon had risen o'er the pitiful scene,
With her lovely face, all mild and serene,
Lighting up the horror of carnage there,
Revealing the ghastly and upward stare
Of pale, dead faces peering out of the gloom,
Just touched by the silvery midnight moon.
Lay them away on the hard-fought field
Where the musketry volleyed and cannon pealed!
War's tumult shall rouse them again no more,
The heroic dead by the river's shore.
Slumber on, brave hearts! ye do battle no more
Near Niagara's awesome, eternal roar!

Oh, dear land of the Maple Leaf so fair,
Breathe even to-day a fervent prayer
For those intrepid souls who, fighting, fell
For home and country they loved so well.
Canadians! tell it—repeat it again—
How our fathers stood there at Lundy's Lane,
With the regulars fearlessly side by side—
Stood there as heroes, conquered and died.
To rescue this land from the invader's tread
That field was piled with immortal dead.

## MY WIFE.

I WANT her woman's kisses,
I want her love and truth,
And e'er as kind and gentle
As in the days of youth.
I want her e'er beside me,
Not enslaved, but free;
A help in time of trouble,
And a comfort unto me.

We'd share life's joys together,
Of its ills bear equal part;
In storm, or sunny weather,
Trust each other's faithful heart.
I'd have her loving counsel
When perplexed with care;
When the clouds are lowering,
And threatening everywhere.

I'd hear her happy laughter
Rippling light and gay;
And list her sweet voice singing
Tender songs, that drive away
The petty irritations
That fret life's every day,
And if not quickly banished
Turn the bluest skies to gray.

I want her with the children
To guard their tender feet;
To soothe and ever bless them
With her presence fair and sweet.

'Tis mother's subtle influence
That makes or mars us all:
And by her early lessons
We either rise or fall.

And when the skies are smiling
O'er all the summer land,
And nature is enraptured,
I'd clasp her gentle hand,
And list the songs that greet us,
Hear the wind's plaint and sigh,
Wooing the summer's beauty
As it softly treadeth by.

I'd look when twilight falleth
On the world in dreamy rest,
And golden rays still linger
In glory in the west.
In that rapt and quiet hour
We'd watch the pale moon rise,
And in the tender silence
Dream of fadeless Paradise.

When the shadow-land I enter,
And fails life's fleeting breath,
I'd cross the stream beside her,
The stream that we call death.
Life's years of light and shadow,
Passed in sweet felicity,
Should be but the beginning
Of our day, eternity.

## NIAGARA.

I WAS rapt in unutterable amaze
As I looked upon its awful front,
And saw the terrific roll of waters
As down the deadly mesmeric gorge they fell
In power irresistible, tremendous,
As if the wrath of God would rend the world asunder
For the sin and wrong that man hath done!
And the earth trembled as one in fear—
And the thunderous roar of its awesome voice
Made all else seem silent as the dead!

Yet, majestic and supremely beautiful art thou
When the god of day pours o'er thy front his wondrous light,
Or when the golden stars and dreaming, silvery moon
Lighteth up the slumb'rous shadows of the night.
Aye, thou are sublime, though terrible, Niagara!
How diminutive are man's works compared to thee,
Thou awe-inspiring, terrific world-wide wonder—
Marvellous work of the Deity!

And thou hast rolled and rolled, Niagara!
Adown the ages of the dim, mysterious past
Thou hast thundered in derision of the flight of time,
And mocked when nations to the grave were cast!
But the Creator holds thee in the hollow of His hand,
And when the sea shall render up its ghastly dead
Thou shall be shorn of thy stupendous power,
And bow thy cruel and imperious head.

## THE OJIBWAYS.

Along the shores of Point Pelee,
Three hundred years ago,
The summer sun in rapture shone,
And pure winds soft did blow.
The laughing waters rose and fell
In soft caressing lave;
And flashing sea-birds dipt their wings
And white gulls skimmed the wave.

The mallard ducks in thousands flew
Along the rippling tide,
And eagles soared in heaven's blue
In freedom far and wide;
And gay kingfishers watched the surf,
And divers cleaved the deep.
Across the waters far away
Stole murmurs strange and sweet.

The finny tribes in schools did glide
Along the sandy bars;
The splendor of their jewelled sides
Flashed up like silver stars.
The sturgeon floundered in their glee,
Mud pouts and cats at play—
A subtle gladness brooded there
Throughout the fair, sweet day.

The warm south winds stole o'er the lake
Along the shifting bars;
The bright waves met in dashing foam,
Flashing like crystal stars.

And skies serene, divinely blue,
Met the enraptured gaze;
On the horizon far away
Hung a delicious haze.

Ashore! ashore! let's leap ashore,
And glide 'neath cedar shade,
Where pine trees raise their fronded crests
O'er many a sylvan glade;
Where juniper in clusters grow,
And twining vines wreathe o'er
The nooks and winding velvet ways
That reach from shore to shore.

The walnut and the oak tree, too,
Their sturdy forms uprear;
The haunts of squirrel and raccoon,
Wild-cat and savage bear.
And mink and otter haunt these shades—
Their wants are all supplied—
Sleek creatures, how they frisk and play
In all their graceful pride!

Oft, too, is heard the howl of wolf,
When night-time closes down;
The sylvan glades, lost in the shades,
With their fierce cries resound.
The bounding deer and graceful fawn
Here, too, have made their home;
Untamed, unfettered, and all free,
These lovely haunts they roam.

Hark to that wave of melody,
That here so sweetly thrills;
It flows from all the nooks and glens
And from the sunlit hills!

O wrens, and redbirds fair and sweet,
Jays, robins, join the song,
And bluebirds with the azure wing,
A blithe and happy throng!

The whippoorwill, and catbird, too,
Whose song steals on the night,
The chatter of the festive owl
That shouts in weird delight!
A thousand voices join the lay,
And rhythmic fluttering wings
Of every hue play interlude
To the hymn that nature sings.

See, the flowers of every hue—
Wild roses like a dream—
Breathe out their incense on the air,
Odorous and serene!
The lily and the violet sweet
Peep up on every side,
And buttercups and wild bluebells
In all their native pride.

## CHAPTER II.

Ah! Nature with a lavish hand
Hath here her treasures strewn,
All undisturbed by ruthless man
That scathes and mars too soon.
Back o'er the silent phantom past,
Three hundred years ago,
Fair Point Pelee in rapture lay
Where laughing waters flow.

'Twas here the red man made his home,
Beneath the cedar shade;
The wigwams rose so quaint and queer
By quiet nook and glade.

This, the home of the Ojibways,
Fierce, untamed, and free;
They dwelt in peace and plenteousness
Beside this inland sea.

And Manitou had blest them so
With fish and luscious game;
The hunting grounds were so replete
Before the white man came!
Where now are termed the "Indian fields"
They grew the Indian corn,
And laugh and song with sweet content
Roused up the summer morn.

Far on the north the marshlands lay,
And pond, and wide lagoon;
The home of snipe and mallard ducks,
Geese, teal, and lonely loon.
Among the reeds and rushes, too,
The muskrats built their homes;
They dotted o'er the wide expanse
With quaint, ingenious domes.

And Willow Island far away,
Stirred by the toying breeze
That makes the rice and grass fields wave
Like tossing emerald seas.
From east to west, from shore to shore,
The teeming marshlands lay;
The Narrows, by the western shore,
A picturesque causeway.

The pass that leads by Sturgeon Creek
And circles Pigeon Bay,
By which are reached fair Seacliff Heights,
And regions far away;

And looking southward, where the sun
In golden splendor smiles
On Pelee Island, fitly crowned
The queen of Erie's isles.

Aye, here it was, the red man's home,
Three hundred years ago;
And peace and plenty blest his lot
By the bright water's flow.
He had the teeming forest glades
For every kind of game;
And Erie's fulness rendered up
Fine fish of every name.

He drew on all the wide marshlands
For furs both soft and warm;
The bear and wild wolf tribute gave;
And when the winter's storm
Whitened upon the sleeping hills,
Prepared, and safe from harm,
The wigwams all with plenty stored,
He knew no fell alarm.

Ah! oft these shores have resounded
To his children's sport so gay,
And the songs of Indian maidens,
Graceful as fawns at play;
And the shout and free, wild laughter
Of youths at game by day;
Or as o'er the laughing waters
In canoes they bore away.

Sometimes to the distant islands,
Or over Pigeon Bay,
They went in bold adventure
By sun, or star's pale ray.

But the chiefs and older huntsmen
Smoked in serene content;
Many moons had taught them wisdom,
Calmness they with pleasure blent.

Thus 'twas in the summer's rapture
Life was a peaceful dream;
And when winter fell upon them
The wigwams were serene
With warmth, good cheer and comfort:
The red man loved his home;
From his kindred and his nation
His heart would never roam.

He believed in the Great Spirit;
His subtle soul would thrill
To the voices heard in nature,
That taught the Great Spirit's will.
Strange, mysterious people!
Who can thy origin trace?
Are ye one of the lost ten tribes
Of Israel's wandering race?

## CHAPTER III.

Awake! awake, Ojibways!
To dream in peace no more,
For there comes a bold invader
From eastward by the shore.
Rowing in swift, strong bateaux,
With strokes both strong and long,
To the cadence of fearless voices
In a gay boatman's song,

Come full two hundred gay singers
In boats, a score or more,
Far o'er the laughing waters,
Skirting the eastern shore.

Who are they, these fearless strangers,
Armed with sword and lance,
With arquebuse and musketoon?
They are fiery sons of France,

Exploring the boundless forests,
Locating rivers and seas;
Ignoring the red man's title,
Coming his rights to seize.
Ha! they spy the eastern outlet
That leads to the lagoon,
Far across the teeming marshlands,
The domain of teal and loon.

They enter with eager spirits
This strange tract to explore;
And, halting not, they discover
Point Pelee's western shore.
A causeway of cedar and hillock,
From lagoon to lake they trace;
And their bateaux quickly transport
By way of the Carrying Place.

And they gaze on the expansion,
And cheerily launch away,
And disappear in the distance,
Across wide Pigeon Bay.
The Ojibways in amazement
Saw this strange concourse pass by,
A foreboding premonition
Whispered of danger nigh.

Mitwaos in council assembled
His chiefs and warriors brave;
Many scores of fiery stalwarts,
Of countenance stern and brave.

And calmly they deliberated,
Counselling for peace or war;
Should they allow these daring strangers
Their sacred rights to mar?

After the stern chiefs had spoken
Of the pending dangers nigh,
It was finally decided
The strangers might pass by
In peace, and unmolested,
If they did not interfere
With the vast teeming hunting grounds
Of the nation, far and near.

When three moons had waxed and waned,
The voyageurs, returning, came
From over the western waters,
Lit by the sunset's flame.
And they drew up at the Narrows,
The Carrying Place again,
A "cut" in the cedar hillocks
Aglow with autumn's flame.

De Orville, their gallant leader,
And Pontgravé and Le Jeune,
Knew their followers were weary,
And made decision soon
To bivouac near the marshlands
For a day of needed rest,
And to replenish their commissariat
With fish and game the best.

The camp-fires were all alighted
At the eve's afterglow,
And the pines and cedars quivered,
And the waves made murmur low.

The scene was worthy a Rembrandt,
So rich the light and shade,
And the starry vault above them,
And the winds that whisper made.

"A song! a song!" de Orville cried,
"The night is rife with glory.
Let's while a merry hour away
In singing and in story."
"A song! a song!" as one they cry,
"Life hath enough of sorrow;
Sing while we may with hearts so gay,
Care cometh with the morrow."

"Le Jeune! Le Jeune! lead on, lead on,
The stars are laughing o'er us;
Give us thy latest and thy best,
And we will join the chorus."
Le Jeune had a poetic soul,
And voice of wondrous sweetness;
He reached men's better, nobler part,
And won them to completeness.

And the groups about the camp-fires,
A picturesque, gay throng,
Heard many a quaint old story,
Pun, laugh, and ringing song;
And thus 'mid the wilds of nature
Passed the joyous hours away.
Light-hearted, merry voyageurs,
Ever gallant and gay,

Beside the deep glowing embers,
Passed the night in calm repose,
And in the soft early dawning
Refreshened they uprose;

And with arquebuse and musketoon,
Spear, trap, and fishing-line,
They scattered o'er the marshlands
And 'neath the haunts of pine.

And from the Narrows and the shore,
Marshlands and wide lagoons,
There burst the crash of arquebuse
And roar of musketoons.
And all day long the sport went on;
At eve they counted o'er
A tempting hoard of luscious game,
Right welcome to their store.

## CHAPTER IV.

The Ojibways from a distance
Marked the slaughter of their game,
And their untamed, fiery spirits
With revenge were all aflame.
And Mitwaos, their brave leader,
Summoned his chiefs once more;
And their souls were fiercely chafing,
And their savage hearts were sore.

And as bursts a pent-up torrent
They pronounce for instant war,
With not one dissenting chieftain
The unity to mar.
The runners go swiftly forward
The braves to summon now;
And there's hurried preparation,
And sternness on each brow.

The young and the fearless warriors
Meet in the cedar shade
The tender-eyed Indian maiden,
And farewells are quickly made.

And the stern, unbending chieftain
Clasps his true-hearted wife,
And kisses his dear papooses,
And girds him for the strife.

Their dauntless leader, Mitwaos,
Who to death will do his part,
Seeks his wife, the Singing Redbird,
And folds her to his heart.
Ah! those heathen souls are tender
For children, wife, or mother,
Their nation, and a father's love,
For sister and for brother.

To the south of the Indian Fields
Their rendezvous is made,
Where the vines and the cedars cluster,
And deeper glooms the shade.
Here gather fast the Ojibways,
Just at the twilight's close,
To await the dawn's pale glimmer
To fall upon their foes.

Now all girted up with wampum,
With scalping-knife and spear,
With tomahawk, bow and arrows,
The foe they do not fear.
And each chief hath his allotment
Of braves to do his will;
And well they know how to attack
With cunning and with skill.

Directed all by Mitwaos,
Whose plans are now complete,
Each one his post of duty knows,
And how the foe to meet.

Then at the lonesome midnight hour,
When the world's wrapped in sleep,
The Ojibways form for battle,
And on the foeman creep.

Proud Mitwaos in the centre,
The whole at his command;
Leaping Panther with the right wing,
Who like a rock will stand;
And Lone Wolf with the left wing—
The red men love him well,
And many an act of daring
His nation of him tell.

The signal, an owl hoot, given,
And stealthily through the gloom
They move forward in position
To victory or their doom.
Aye, noiselessly gliding onward
Through darkness dense and still,
By the signal of the hooting owl
Or the cry of the whippoorwill.

CHAPTER V.

And thus gain they the dark hillocks
By the Carrying Place,
And like phantoms take position
The waiting foe to face.
Aye, waiting were the voyageurs,
In silence, but prepared;
Not as Mitwaos expected,
To be surprised and snared.

De Orville became suspicious
Of the distant, sullen mood
Of the Ojibways, and took counsel
And the usual course pursued;

Facing the impending danger,
Placed sentries on the rounds,
Alert to the slightest movement,
Awake to the faintest sounds.

The fires were allowed to smoulder,
And, fearing no alarms,
Their appointments in good order,
In ranks they lay on their arms.
But Le Jeune, whose tour of duty
Was at the midnight drear,
Was disturbed by sounds peculiar
That fell weirdly on the ear.

The hoot of the owl repeated,
The cry of whippoorwill,
And nearer, and ever nearer,
Through darkness dense and still.
Then swiftly rousing de Orville,
They learn the foe is nigh,
And quietly rouse the voyageurs,
Prepared to win or die.

So coolly they wait the onset,
And just at the dawn's pale light
Comes a flight of hissing arrows,
And on the fading night
Bursts a yell all fierce and hideous,
As, opening the affray,
By a wild rush to overwhelm
They hope to win the day.

But bursts the crash of arquebuse
And roar of musketoon,
And the fatal stroke of halberd,
And swords that deal death's doom.

And the Ojibways reel backward
With many a brave laid low,
Close beside the silver waters,
With their gentle ebb and flow.

But the Ojibways, though repellèd,
Are firm and undismayed;
And fiercely they rush down again
From the dense cedar shade.
Preceded by a hail of arrows,
And with tomahawk, spear, and knife,
They spring to deadly encounter,
Hand to hand, and life for life!

Again out-crash the arquebuse,
And roar the musketoons;
Delivered is the scathing fire
By sections and platoons.
The Ojibways are falling fast,
But they fiercely press the foe,
And wild shouts and cries are ringing
As they stagger to and fro.

And stern Mitwaos, unflinching,
A lofty soul so brave,
Calmly and proudly directing,
Death-dealing strokes he gave.
And on the right, Leaping Panther,
Gallantly leading the way,
By example to his warriors
Must surely win the day.

Lone Wolf on the left is foremost,
An avalanche in the storm
Of battle, sternly raging there
On that September morn!

Again they are driven backward,
With ranks bloody and torn;
But they rally, and charge again,
Though of many red braves shorn.

Once more for their homes and nation—
They'll leap on the foe once more,
And wrest from him the victory,
Or die by Pelee's shore.
Again rose their shout of defiance,
Their bosoms were aflame;
And those fearless, dusky heroes
Rushed to the carnage again.

De Orville had not been idle,
But detached the brave Le Jeune
To turn their flank by the marshlands,
And, in the onset, soon
To fall on the rear of Mitwaos
With the deadly musketoons—
Two score of valiant Frenchmen,
With volleys by platoons.

The shouts of the enraged combatants,
As on each other they fell,
And the roar of the musketoons
Seemed as a blast from hell!
The air was hissing with arrows,
As they closed in the strife;
Spear, tomahawk, knife, and warclub
Drank many a Frenchman's life.

But the lance, the sword, and halberd
Do well their deadly work;
Not once do those gallant Frenchmen
The fiery ordeal shirk.

Ha ! see, where the fight grows deadly,
Meet de Orville and Mitwaos—
Proudly seeking each other,
Their deadly weapons cross.

And as the red lightning's flash
They come to the fierce assault,
And mighty blows fall fast like hail ;
They spring like panthers, and vault,
To thrust, to guard, and to ward
The crushing blow of the brands,
Followed swift by skilful strokes
Delivered by master hands.

De Orville is cool and collected,
With sinews strong as steel ;
Mitwaos he hath sorely wounded—
Ah ! see the totter and reel
Of the stern unyielding chieftain,
Who sinks, aye, sinks and dies !
And the Ojibways' hearts are broken ;
List to their mournful cries !

Just then from the south came crashing
The fire of brave Le Jeune ;
And the red men fell thick and fast
To the roar of musketoon.
Assailed from the front and the rear,
And their brave chieftain dead,
A panic seized upon them,
And they turned by the shore and fled !

Fled southward, beyond the hillocks,
Leaving their wounded and slain—
Never again to know freedom,
But degradation and pain !

There was mourning in the wigwams
For the braves that came no more—
Gone to be with Manitou—
And the nation's heart is sore.

And many an Indian maiden
Pined in the cedar shade,
And the tender Singing Redbird
Soon in her grave was laid;
And many an Indian mother,
Once joyous as the day,
Mourned for her sons death-silenced,
And forever hid away.

And the old men sit in silence
Beside the sobbing shore;
Hushed is the song and laughter,
It resoundeth nevermore
Through cedar and pine glades, ever
Rustling to and fro,
Just as the winds caressed them
Three hundred years ago!

## CHAPTER VI.

The stern victors, too, are mourning
Over their dauntless slain;
Full twoscore of death-stilled heroes,
Relieved of life's care and pain.
After the battle was over,
Lone Wolf and good Pontgravé
Were found in the grasp of each other,
And laid in one grave away.

Then in the cut through the Narrows
The slain were buried deep,
And a requiem mass sung o'er them,
And forever there they sleep.

The Frenchmen then turned eastward,
Over the wide lagoon,
By the domes of busy muskrat
And affrighted mallard and loon,

And disappeared in the distance,
By the eastern shore afar;
While a truce for a space is given
To exterminating war.
But a hundred years of despoiling
Ruined the Ojibways,
And dwindled away the nation,
And miserable grew their days.

Their rights were all unregarded
When the dominant white man came;
Then the red man grew degenerate,
And his sun went down in shame.
To-day by the Narrows dreaming,
No vestige or relic we trace
Of the once proud Indian nation,
Save their bones at the Carrying Place.*

Uncovered by the storms of centuries,
That drift the sands away,
White and ghastly they are mouldering
Remorselessly to decay.
But beyond the northern marshlands,
In regions far away,
Wander two quaint, lonely relics,
Poor Joe and Bill Chippewa.

* Indian tradition goes to show that a fierce battle occurred at the Carrying Place between the Ojibways and voyageurs. Proof of this seems to be furnished in the fact that the "cut" there is full of human bones.

To-day, where the south winds murmur
  By Pelee's lovely shores,
I pause in sad meditation,
  And the mind in fancy soars
Backward through time's dim corridors;
  Dreamily thoughts will flow
To the palmy days of the Ojibways
  Three hundred years ago.

---

## WRECKED.

All along the far sea-lines dreary,
  Dark and threatening the storm arose;
And shadows appalling crept o'er us,
  Disturbed was the ocean's repose!
And madly it leaped upon us,
  Engulfed in a deadly gloom,
And the sea's tumultuous fury
  Hurled our ship on to certain doom!

Wrecked on the vastness of ocean,
  Cast up on a lone isle remote,
Storm-worn by the roll of centuries,
  By the billows savagely smote—
An interminable expansion
  Of stern dreariness all around,
Indescribable desolation,
  And a weird solitude profound!

And this is forever before me,
  Wearing slow my spirit away;
And God's hand seems heavy upon me,
  And I am very weary to-day.

And forever a fair face haunts me,
  White hands that put coldly away—
Are ye beckoning over the ocean?
  Is regret in thy bosom to-day?

And through the cold weirdness of night-time
  I hear the moaning, incessant roar
Of the waves, that ever repeateth,
  Sobbingly, "Lanore, nevermore!"
And thus through my feverish dreaming
  It evermore seemeth to me
That her name forever is murmured
  By the lonesome voice of the sea.

And thus I am wearily waiting
  The rescue that never comes,
Alone on this desolate islet
  The mariner distantly shuns;
Straining my worn eyes out ever
  O'er the dreary wastes of the sea;
But no ship—no ship e'er cometh,
  And pleading hope dieth in me.

Aye, and nothing but sky and ocean,
  Encircling me everywhere,
And the boom and swash of the billows,
  And the bleak sun's incessant glare!
And this only by day and by day,
  This only for years and years,
Alone, in the wilds of the ocean,
  Worn out with despair and tears.

## THE BATTLE OF CHRYSLER'S FARM.

FOUGHT NOVEMBER 11TH, 1813. AMERICAN FORCE, 2,000; BRITISH AND CANADIANS, 800.

WITH his right resting on the St. Lawrence,
His left by a sheltering wood,
Morrison deployed his eight hundred
And in the clear field firmly stood;
Eight hundred firm British and Canadians
Determinedly biding there,
With the famed Red Cross Banner above them,
Flaunting proudly in the crisp, cool air.

Well they knew that Boyd was advancing
With two thousand to crush their line;
But they stood like a wall, and as silent,
In that trying momentous time.
Aye, for the moment before the battle
Far more dreadfully tries men's souls
Than when thousands are falling about them,
And its madd'ning din round them rolls!

Then, too, it was an event momentous
For this fair Canada of ours—
So much on the stern issue depended,
So much on two desperate hours.
Nigher and nigher, wilder and higher,
To blaring trump and rolling drum,
Covering their front with a skirmish line,
On in war's wild clamor they come!

"Fire not a shot till the word is given!
Let the proud foe draw very near;
Then, like an avalanche, sweep their blue ranks—
Remain steady, and have no fear!"

Thus Morrison cried to his thin red line,
Silently awaiting the word;
Though the foe had opened with clamorous roar,
Not a man in that firm line stirred.

At last the British the signal receive,
And a mighty blow is given;
A devastating rush of iron hail
Through the foeman's ranks is driven.
And, oh! how that red line volleyed and flamed!
Cool and steady, they fired low,
And crash after crash, in tumultuous din,
Fell on the suffering foe!

And for two consuming and fatal hours,
They struggled 'mid smoke and flame,
Till the earth was strewn with the gallant dead
Where Boyd hurled his brave thousands in vain.
Then ruined and beaten, and punished sore,
He fled from defeat away;
Victory perched on our banners once more
On that ever-remembered day.

Canadian and British valor prevailed,
And down through the annals of time
Their heroic deeds we commemorate,
In hist'ry as jewels to shine.
O sunny land of the dear Maple Leaf,
In union abiding and free
Under the "Old Flag" of a thousand years,
Floating o'er us from sea to sea!

## SUMMER TWILIGHT.

I SIT at the dear twilight hour
  Where the lilies and roses sleep,
And the thoughts that come unto me
  Are oh! so calm and so sweet.
I list the sound of a footfall
  I know will come unto me
At the golden glow of sunset,
  When shadows steal o'er the sea.

All restful and soul refreshing
  As dew to the drooping flower,
Inwardly invigorating,
  Imparting new life and power.
And thus, removed from the turmoil
  Of day, with its din and strife,
I listen in calm contentment
  To the hum of insect life.

The songs I hear in the branches,
  Just stirred by the wandering breeze,
A concert of matchless music,
  Fill my heart with gladsome ease.
The silvery, mystic moonlight
  Enfoldeth the earth and the sea,
And the summer night is throbbing
  In nature's full harmony.

O sun, and sea, and soft shadow!
  O eve with thy dreamy light!
I revel amid thy splendor,
  Enrapt in a subtle delight!
Aleene! I await thy coming,
  The clasp of thy gentle hand,
To wander in blissful dreaming
  Near heaven's own borderland!

## CANADIAN HOMES.

CANADIAN homes! Canadian homes!
Ye dot this wide Dominion o'er,
From the Atlantic's ebb and flow
To the far, far Pacific's shore!
Nestling by a thousand streams,
Crowning a thousand lofty hills,
A thousand valleys own thy sway,
The patriot e'er with rapture thrills.

A hundred rivers wend their way
By fertile plains toward the sea,
Bearing rich products of the soil
In undisturbed security;
And the great chain of inland seas,
Teeming with commerce and with trade—
The land is proud of her true sons,
And the real progress they have made.

Thy mountains tower to the skies,
And free, wild winds roam o'er thy plains;
And he who seeks this great, broad land
His freedom and a good home gains.
Thy mountain sides and wide foothills
Yield up rich ores of every name;
Exhaustless is thy hidden store,
Millions of wealth the seekers gain.

The matchless fisheries on our coasts,
Our seas and rivers, lakes and streams,
Assure to all a rich reward—
They so plenteously do teem.

Our railroads span the continent,
A vast expanse from shore to shore;
From north to south, from east to west,
They stretch this grand Dominion o'er.

A system of canals have we
Unequalled—search the world so wide—
Connecting all our waterways
By lake and stream to ocean's side.
They come and go, the white-winged ships,
Bearing rich burdens to and fro;
We have enough, aye, and to spare;
Our hearts with gratitude do glow.

Our kine are on a thousand hills;
Our wheat and corn lands, rich and rare,
Yield golden grain abundantly;
With the whole world do we compare.
The luscious grape here is produced,
The vines are purple with its glow;
The apple, peach, and pear, and plum,
In plenty and perfection grow.

An invigorating atmosphere—
With skies of the intensest blue—
Producing an indomitable race,
With brave, true hearts to dare and do.
Here woman is as beautiful
As e'er this great wide world hath seen,
And in her dear Canadian home
She reigns an honored queen.

Our famous schools dot o'er the land,
Free as the winds that roam our plains,
And ignorance doth flee away;
Happily, intelligence reigns.

Noble colleges and institutes
Throughout this goodly land abound;
Within the easy reach of all
Is education to be found.

Thus blest, the Canadian lifts his head,
And all things dares in manly pride,
For man to man, the wide world o'er,
He's equal, proved and tried.
Remember it, doubting cynic,
History proves his sterling worth,
And in arms he is co-equal
With the bravest ones of earth.

And in the world's wide, busy marts,
In science, trade, and cultured art,
In the front rank he e'er is found,
Bearing no menial second part.
Contending with the bravest there,
He holds the fierce, disputed way—
Persistence and efficiency
Are sure to win the sternest day.

Religious tolerance have we,
A people chaste by Christian love;
Thousands of church-spires point the way
To the celestial courts above.
Thus blest, we dwell in freedom's light,
Defenders of our country's cause,
Loving our dear Canadian homes,
Respecting and keeping her laws.

These free and fair Canadian homes
Acadia's vales do beautify;
Her cities gleam like diadems,
Her towers mount upward to the sky.

And where New Brunswick lifts her head
In vigorous, friendly rivalry,
They shine like jewels in a crown,
An anchor to our unity.

Prince Edward Island by the sea
Is safely, sternly girded round,
Taught by all nature to be free;
Influenced by her voice profound
They build, secure in freedom's light,
A fabric safe, enduring, grand,
Proud of their dear island home,
And of this fair Dominion land.

Our provinces beside the sea
Send out their ships to every land;
Alert to every enterprise,
The world's esteem they do command.
Aye, they are known on every sea;
In every clime, and isle remote,
The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
Protectingly o'er them doth float.

Quebec! Quebec! thou dowered queen
Of beauty! for thee nature smiles;
A vista wide of hill and vale,
A river with a thousand isles,
Above whose calm, majestic breast
Frowns an impregnable citadel,
A safeguard to our entrance-gate,
Where Wolfe and Montcalm fearless fell.

Historic and heroic days
Those stern defiant cliffs have known,
The thunder of the battle strife,
Wild cheer, defeat, and dying moan.

Beautiful and historic stream,
Flow on, flow on, toward the sea—
The outlet to our wide domain—
Flow on in calm tranquillity!

Heroes of old ascended thee,
Brave men that would not be denied;
They pierced the wilds beyond the flood,
And death and danger they defied.
From Saguenay to Ottawa,
Across the blue Laurentian hills,
Are homes of the French *habitant*,
And love for thee his warm heart thrills.

With habits all so queer and quaint,
Their social life we plainly trace;
E'er faithful to their usages,
A happy and contented race.
And they have stood by Britain's side
When war was rife on every hand—
De Salaberry at Chateauguay
Dealt a good blow for this fair land.

Ontario speaketh to our heart—
More blest, and more diversified
Are the rich blessings of her soil—
We greet her e'er with love and pride.
Numerous cities dot her o'er,
Hamlets and towns by hundreds rise,
A vigorous and enduring growth,
Throbbing with trade and enterprise.

Pastoral scenes so fair and sweet
Meet the glad, enraptured gaze;
By verdured hill and lovely vale,
And a thousand broad highways,

By lake and stream and riverside,
The children's laugh and mothers' song
Float out along the summer air,—
A busy, bright, and happy throng.

O happy homes and loving hearts,
By rural scenes, or city's ways!
Pinched not by poverty and wrong,
Blest in the fulness of your days!
The busy days pass swiftly by,
The evening brings good cheer along;
Canadian homes are bright and gay,
And purified by love and song.

Manitoba bursts on our view,
The prairies stretching far away,
Where thousands make their happy homes,
Blessing the auspicious day
They sought and found this "great lone land."
And still they come from every shore,
Seeking out free Canadian homes,
And there is room for millions more.

Here towns are rising everywhere,
A vigorous growth on every hand;
Industry's ceaseless, cheerful din
Is heard throughout this goodly land.
Then, Manitobans, thrice three cheers
Ring out! ring out, in swelling tones,
A shout for this Dominion wide,
And for these new Canadian homes!

The prairie province opes the way
To these far vast and fertile plains;
The wheatlands of the world lie here—
This Canada to all proclaims.

And on and on we wend our way,
O'er areas vast our steps are drawn;
We flit by hill and lake and stream,
Beyond the great Saskatchewan.

We gain Alberta's grazing lands,
Lovely with vales and streams and hills—
And countless kine are herded here.
Stretching away to the foothills
Are undulations, emerald sweeps
Of sunny plains in beauty drest,
With mountains towering to view—
This is Canada's "great wild west."

We pierce the Rockies in our flight;
The steely way is swift and sure,
Our land's necessity and pride,
Long as our union shall endure.
But on and on we safely glide,
By stern mountains vast and hoary;
Our pen but faintly can portray
The scenes of panoramic glory.

Here lovely valleys meet the eye,
All rife with summer's winsome gladness;
The summits of those gray, cold peaks
Are wrapt in the sternest sadness,
Defying the elements' rage
Through mystic and untold ages.
God's hands hath builded them in might
To commemorate His pages.

Below is verdant leaf and bloom,
Flora and fauna everywhere;
The peaks are wrapt in perpetual snow
And lit up by the sun's fierce glare.

Below is the sigh of soft winds
And the ripple of cooling streams;
Aloft is the bitterest air,
Where the frost eternally gleams.

The sides of the mountains ever
Are great waves of emerald green;
While the streams, from summits falling,
White as snow, are foaming between;
The cedar and pine trees ever
Tossing aloft their fronded plumes,
Where the winds forever whisper
Nature's subtle and mournful runes.

And through and beyond the Selkirks,
Down the Fraser we calmly glide—
All hail, fair British Columbia,
Thou rich gem by the ocean's side!
Lovely land of mountain and stream,
We greet thee with bosom aflame!
A crown of laurel awaits thee,
We sing of thy greatness and fame.

The fleets of the world come to thee;
Thy cities are growing apace;
Thou art vigorously gaining,
And everywhere we may trace
Prosperity and refinement
In those far west Canadian homes;
The field and the mine contribute,
And we hail thee in heartiest tones.

Out o'er a measure of ocean,
Of ripple and bright sunny smile,
The sea accords us a welcome
To Vancouver's fair sea-girt isle—

Last link in the chain of our union,
A bright gem in the Western sea,
Imbued with loyal devotion,
Prosperous and happy and free.

We breathe the ozone of ocean,
Where our mammoth ships sail away
To the land of the Celestials,
And the Japs, at the break of day.
And southward unto Australia,
And the distant isles of the sea,
Our commerce is fast extending,
And reaching out vigorously.

Northward, by Behring and Polar seas,
E'er fearlessly our good ships go,
Undeterred by storms of the deep,
Or perpetual frost and snow;
Seeking and finding seal and whale,
Faithful hearts that know no fear,
Venturing all in the enterprise
For their home and loved ones dear.

Returning by our "golden north,"
Penetrating the Arctic zone,
Bordering on the frozen deep,
All so desolate and so lone;
Flitting by Great Slave and Bear Lakes,
"The fur country," winning our way
By Rupert's Land, lonesome and strange,
Leading downward by Hudson's Bay.

Gaining the stormy Atlantic,
And wafted, by headland and shore,
Past the homes of our brave fishers
On e'er desolate Labrador,

Thus we have circled the Dominion,
A vast and wonderful domain;
Exhaustless in her resources,
The world shall yet ring with her fame.

Then up in your might, Canadians!
No matter what your creed may be,
And stand for country and the right,
E'er steadfast in our unity.
The half a continent is ours,
Then let our hearts be all aflame;
The field's sufficient for us all,
Where all may win both wealth and fame.

We love this fair Canadian land,
O'erstrewn with mountain, plain and lake;
And we would even dare to die
For our dear homes and country's sake.
Remember it? Aye, remember—
They burn within our thoughts to-day—
Queenston Heights, famed Lundy's Lane,
Stony Creek, Quebec, Chateauguay.

There, side by side with the regulars,
Our fathers faced the invading foe,
And swept them from our sacred shores
By stern-delivered blow on blow.
And should they dare to come again
Where the old flag in freedom waves,
We'll meet them firm, unyielding still,
And strew these peaceful shores with graves.

Hurrah! hurrah for Canada!
For the land that is great and free;
"The flag that's braved a thousand years,"
Ever that grand old flag for me.

Touch not its daring crimson folds—
  It bears no cringing coward stain;
No traitor hand shall pull it down,
  Nor mar its glorious fame.

It floats to-day o'er every sea;
  In every clime, in every zone,
That daring flag defiantly
  Is to the free, wild winds out-thrown.
The sun may rise and set again,
  But not on Britain's grand domain—
The Empire dots the wide world o'er,
  And Britain's heart is all aflame.

Hurrah! hurrah for Canada!
  And the Empire that rules the sea!
In union with the Motherland
  We are ever safe and free.
Thus, moving on from year to year,
  All time shall sing our brave story—
A united empire rolling on
  To an immortal glory.

## THINK OF ME.

LIST when the wind in summer-time is sighing,
And a wealth of verdant bloom is on the lea;
Seek the path our feet together used to wander,
And think of me.

Watch when the sunset's tender glow of evening
Fades into twilight's dreamy ecstasy,
And thy soul is soothed by nature's subtle fulness,
And think of me.

And when the shadowy arms of night enfoldeth
The hills, and darken o'er the throbbing sea;
Steal tenderly out beneath the stars' pale beaming,
And think of me.

Go when the autumn leaves are sadly falling,
And the melancholy winds appeal to thee,
And stillness broods where grass and flowers are dying,
And think of me.

And when thy soul to music's touch is thrilling,
And thy voice repeats in tenderest melody
The songs we loved when you and I were dreaming,
And think of me.

Weep when the dreary autumn rain is falling,
And sobbing winds are strewing o'er the lea
A wealth of golden leaves and pale dead flowers,
And think of me.

And when thy day of life is slowly waning
Into the mystic light of the eternity,
Call back the dreamy years of life's glad morning,
And think of me.

## DULAC DES ORMEAUX; OR, THE THERMOPYLÆ OF CANADA.

Destruction menaced fair Mount Royal,
And the bravest cheek grew pale
When from the shadowy, awesome forest
Came the blood-curdling tale
That the unsparing, ferocious Iroquois
Would encompass them once more;
Twelve hundred plumed and painted warriors
Would in fury on them pour.

Palisaded around and bastioned,
But war-worn and wasted so,
With the pale shadow of doom upon them,
How shall they foil the foe?
Often, when life and its cares seem darkest,
Doth aid and guidance appear,
And the storm and the threatened danger
On the horizon disappear.

Thus saved was the lovely Mount Royal
By as heroic a deed
As e'er blazon'd the page of history;
And it came in their sore need.
Noble, self-sacrificing des Ormeaux,
And sixteen fair youths so brave,
Resolved on a desperate rescue,
Their homes and country to save.

Aye, resolved, though to a man they perish,
The rescue should be complete;
And prepared for the awful issue—
'Twas death, but never defeat.

Making their wills and solemn confession,
In war's panoply arrayed,
They received the holy sacrament,
And solemnly knelt and prayed.

And bidding their well-beloved friends farewell,
As men who to death march away—
(Aye, and so were they, for all, all were slain
In the merciless affray.)
And stemming the current of swift St. Anne,
They fearlessly launch away
Over the sparkling Lake of Two Mountains,
Onward, by night and by day.

And by the pass of the Long Sault Rapid,
In a redoubt deserted, old—
A mere breastwork of logs and abatis,
Covered by moss and mould—
There, with forty Hurons and Algonquins,
They took their intrepid stand,
And waited the approach of the Iroquois,
Who were very near at hand.

The French and their red allies strengthened
Their frail post with earth and sod,
Leaving twenty loopholes for musketoons;
And, commending all to God,
They took post, prepared now and watchful,
Under the All-seeing Eye,
To fight heroically for their homes.
And, if need, for them to die.

"Hist! hist!" Dulac des Ormeaux whispered,
"Make ready the musketoons;
Hear the signal hoot of the boding owl,
And the cry of lonely loons!

'Tis the stealthy approach of the Iroquois,
Signalling their reptile advance:
*Mon braves*, let's teach them what Frenchmen can do
For love and glory of France!

"Let them come, let them come, now, very near,
Then level the musketoons;
Answer thus the hoot of the boding owl,
And the cry of the lonely loons!
Hand to hand, use the halberd, sword and lance,
Make these reptiles bite the grass,
And strike as Spartans did of old,
When Leonidas kept the pass!

"See! through the dim and shadowy forests,
They like deadly serpents creep—
Mark the cruel light in their devilish eyes,
As our frail defence they sweep!
Steady, brothers; comrades, aim low and sure,
Let every good missile tell!
Rain swift on the malignant Iroquois
A consuming fire of hell!"

And they opened then with crash and flame,
And wild, savage cries of pain
Pierced through the roar of the musketoons;
Swift again and yet again,
Sure volleys burst, hurling death, dismay,
The old gray redoubt around,
And the withering fire from that brave band
Struck many a red fiend down.

For five long days the savage Iroquois
Swarmed around that frail redoubt,
Repulsed again, aye, and yet again.
Worn by hunger, thirst and doubt,

And want of sleep, the Frenchmen prayed,
And fought with valiant might
Through long, frightful days of carnage
And the horrors of the night.

Iroquois reinforcements now arrived,
And the Hurons, in dismay
At the dreadful, inevitable result,
In desertion fled away.
For three days longer seven hundred foes
Beleaguered that frail redoubt,
Defied by the score of dauntless youths,
Still barring the red fiends out

By a ceaseless fire of the musketoons;
Keeping their post night and day
With the unyielding courage of despair,
Holding the red scourge at bay.
And, reeling in uttermost weariness,
Realizing their doom is sealed,
They can but die in the unequal strife,
But must not—no, must not yield!

The Iroquois, covered by wooden shields,
Rushed up to the palisades;
Up swift from the river's concealing banks,
And sheltering forest glades.
Crouching below the fire of musketoons,
They furiously cut away
Post after post of the frail palisades
That held them so long at bay.

Firing through the loops on their pent-up foes,
Tearing a breach in the walls,
They swarm within with ferocious joy;
But many a red fiend falls

By desperate sweep of the Frenchmen's steel,
Deliv'ring lightning blows;
Asking no quarter, and receiving none,
From cruel, insatiate foes.

Thus selling their lives in a noble cause,
Not one of the French are spared;
But hundreds of unsparing Iroquois
Their gory death-bed shared.
Thus checked was the advance of the Iroquois,
And Canada was saved
By as heroic an act of devotion
As war's annals ever gave.

And the defence of the Long Sault passage
Shall nevermore fade away;
All time shall honor the heroic defence—
Canada's Thermopylæ!
Pause, Canadians! pause by this sacred spot—
Seek the Long Sault's rapid flow—
Call back the famed scene enacted here
Two hundred long years ago!

## GOLDEN HAIR.

A HEAD of golden hair,
  With many a silken fold;
A face as beautiful as e'er
  Was wrought in human mould;
An eye as blue as ever
  Italia's skies can be,
That shone as stars of heaven
  In soul-lit purity;

A form that tranced the vision;
  A matchless, perfect grace
Of a life all pure and God-like
  Lighting the sweet, fair face;
A voice as low and silv'ry
  As flutes at eventime,
Or trill of harps Æolian,
  Tender and so divine;

A head of golden hair,
  Haunting my soul alway,
In the silent hours of dreamland,
  Or blaze of noontide day.
Yet vain are all thy dreamings,
  O heart! A year ago
We laid that head so golden
  Under the daisies low.

## THE CONVICT.

FRENZIED by the destroying curse of drink,
In fury uncontrolled I struck him down;
The insult was bitter, and I went mad—insane—
And with one fell blow slew him, and fled the town.
In a moment I was sobered, and realized
The awful deed my savage hand had done,
And a dreadful terror on my senses fell;
Before arrest, stern punishment had begun.

Oh! the horror of that moment when I realized
That I my fellowman, once friend, had slain;
That I was lost forever and forevermore,
And my brow burned deep by the damning brand of Cain.
"Lost! lost!" I cried in agony to heaven.
Demoniac laughter on my pained ear fell—
The answer to my prayer came not from heaven;
It seemed to rise from lurid voids of hell.

Pursued, arrested, and for life condemned—
Caged as a wild beast behind bolts and bars—
The iron door closed out the world so fair,
The panoply of heaven, sun, moon and stars;
Closed out home, mother, father, sister, brother,
And one that was so fair, and loved me so;
Broken are their hearts, because I was so dear
In the sinless, happy days of long ago.

Once only was I lured by the red wine,
And joined the revel in the maddening bowl.

'Twas fatal! In that appalling, direful hour
Lost was all the world, and ruined was my soul;
Forgotten was my mother's warning, and
I saw not the pit made for unwary feet,
But past the portal and the dividing line,
And my awful ruin was complete.

Stunned, and almost crazed by agony
And remorse, I wept such bitter burning tears
As come from those, all lost to earth and heaven,
Who, hopeless, brood o'er past and following years.
I prayed with awful fervency to heaven
To forgive and heal my weary, broken heart,
Appealing for the lowliest place in paradise,
That I might with the angels bear some humble part.

I know not, but sometimes it seems to me
A pitying God will my fell deed forgive;
Will lift the grievous burden from my weary soul,
And let the suffering, forsaken sinner live.
And thus I wait behind the bars and iron door,
In gloomy corridor or stifling cell,
Suffering the nameless horrors of the damned
In this relentless, dreary, earthly hell.

## THE BATTLE OF LACOLLE MILLS.

FOUGHT MARCH 30TH, 1814. AMERICAN FORCE, 4,000; BRITISH AND CANADIAN, 340.

TEN miles inland they ventured
To the "Stone Mills" at Lacolle;
Full four thousand rough invaders,
Our country to control.
Canadians e'er rally quickly
When dangers thicken round,
And to duty's call immediate
Give no uncertain sound.

And the call was swiftly given,
And the "Stone Mills" occupied,
Loopholed and greatly strengthened,
And the enemy defied.
Of stern British and Canadians
The little force formed round;
Resolved at every hazard
To hold their vantage ground.

The foe moved up on every side,
And made their grand attack;
The old walls blazed in fierce return,
And drove the proud foe back.
Three guns were now brought forward
The mill to batter down;
The "Old Stone Mill," the good old mill,
In defiance still did frown.

The gunners fell beside their guns,
So hot, so fierce the fire
The British poured upon them
To prevent them drawing nigher.
For two long hours the cannonade
Stormed at the old mill walls—
The good old mill, the brave old mill,
That totters not nor falls.

"Ho, voltigeurs, and brave regulars!
Form quickly side by side,
And charge the foe's battering guns,"
The gallant Handcock cried.
And they swept across the open
Up to the cannon's side—
Those grand soldiers' hearts were burning,
As an army they defied.

Swiftly through the infantry's fire,
Up to the cannon's flame,
So fearlessly they struggled,
Charged and charged again.
Those gallant men could do no more,
And they fell back fighting still,
Gaining once again the safety
Of the sheltering mill.

The fierce fire was now redoubled,
The old mill blazed and roared;
A deadly hail from all the loops
Upon the foe was poured.
'Twas all too hot for Wilkinson
At Lacolle Mills that day,
And he turned about in utter rout
And swiftly fled away.

Heroic Handcock! heroic men!
Thy mem'ry shall not die—
Canadians, join with me to-day,
And shout it to the sky!
Weave, then, a fadeless laurel wreath
For those who nobly gave
E'en life for British liberty,
And this fair land to save.

---

## THE TWENTIETH CENTURY MAIDEN.

O RADIANT maiden! thou art so fair,
With thy azure eyes and thy golden hair;
The bloom of the lily and rose on thy face,
Thy sunny smile and thy exquisite grace,
The joyous light of thy innocent eyes,
Deep wells of the soul and clear as the skies;
And pure as the snow the sheen on thy brow—
O mayst thou e'er be as stainless as now.
Thy voice is as soft as the summer wind,
Thrilling, pathetic, a music divine;
And wonderful is thy power to-day,
And thy influence and thy gentle sway.
The world does homage to-day at thy feet,
A captive at will to slavery sweet.

Man battles amain the vast wide world o'er;
He delves in the mines for their precious store;
For the gems of the sea searches far and wide,
Through the rage of the storm and the rushing tide.
Aye, in every clime, and in every zone,
He struggles with might for thee and for home;

Stepping bravely to battle to win thy smiles,
Fearlessly leading where the foremost files
Charge to the battery's flash and thunder—
A hero for thee, to the world a wonder.
With the battle o'er, the victory won,
And hope beaming brightly to cheer him on;
With riches and honors and fame replete,
He seeks but to lay them down at thy feet,
E'er trusting and honoring thee, his pride,
Asking only the bliss to be at thy side.

There are to-day many wandering feet,
Reckless, despairing, and ruined complete;
Driven from the light of thy witching eyes,
They are drifting away 'neath sunless skies.
Oh, twentieth century maiden, so fair!
With thy azure eyes and thy golden hair,
Of thy subtle power beware, beware!
Drive not unheeding to ruin, despair,
Hearts that are noble, unselfish, and true,
That would all things dare, even death, for you.
Let all thy ways be e'er kindly and good;
Thus crowning thy resistless womanhood
With graciousness, love, and truth most wise,
Guiding men e'er safely toward the skies.

## MUSIC.

A CELESTIAL concord of divinest sounds,
Music has solaced all the changeful years,
Smoothed the rough road for worn and tired feet,
And lulled the grievous pain, too deep for tears.
All my days it's been a comfort unto me,
A subtle influence, chastening all life,
Lifting up despairing hope and trust once more,
Guiding past the hidden shoals of sin and strife.

As a boy, I heard it flooding all the fields,—
Nature's songs appealing ever unto me—
Bird lays, and the soothing winds that steal away,
And the deep, eternal murmur of the sea.
I hear it in the harmony of the night,
When stars glow in the unfathomable deep,
And when the foliage and the nodding flowers,
Alike with all the world, are wrapt in sleep.

I hear it in the patter of the summer rain
That freshens all things and cools the thirsty ground;
And in the thunder's reverberating roar
I hear a harmony majestic and profound.
I hear it in the tiniest rivulet
That winds its laughing way by mead and lea,
Kissing the feet of sunny emerald hills,
And the glide of mighty rivers to the sea.

O voices! voices! singing, ever singing
In joyful, tender notes from day to day;
I hear the songs I love forever ringing—
Their echo and re-echo never dies away.
A thousand instruments seem ever playing—
Stringed instruments, reeds, lutes of sweetest tone—
Martial bands, and trumpets swelling ever,
Stir the hero, and the king upon his throne!

Play on! play on! all instruments of music,
Join all voices in the ecstasy of song,
And the deep harmony of nature blending
Will elevate and purify the world's vast throng.
And if I should march to battle, play for me
The strains that lift the shrinking, doubting soul;
And when I cross the dark and fatal current,
Sing, and the Lethean waters shall not o'er me roll.

# WATERLOO.

## CHAPTER I.

NEAR Belgium's gay capital, the long night through,
Paced the alert sentinel of Waterloo,
And through the lonesome watches beat the dreary rain,
While wandering winds sobbed o'er the darkened plain.
Through the chilling, dismal gloom of the boding night
Beat shadowy wings in a weird and phantom flight.
Two mighty rival hosts lay along the dank hills,
And the bosom of Europe anxiously thrills.
Dread moment uncertain, the stern fate of a day
To crown and uncrown, and sweep thousands away
To doom; impetuous youth and veteran gray
Must go down in the morrow's desperate affray.

Sleep well, gallant hearts! Britain's hope and stern pride,
Imperial France, ye have dared and defied.
The invincible clans of Old Scotia are there,
And the manhood of Erin, so gallant and fair;
England's noblest and best, in quiet repose,
Resistless in battle, the dread of their foes.
Slumber on, brave, true hearts! rapt in tenderest dreams
Of Scotland's grand highlands, and lowlands, and streams;
Of Erin's green isle, and her rivers and rills,
Her lakes that reflect back the sunny-clad hills;
Of old England's green lanes by meadow and vale—
Heroic, fair land! rich in romance and tale.
Noble trinity! indissoluble, beautiful, brave,
The morrow brings victory, or death and the grave.

Aye, sleep on, then, sleep on, for never again
May ye reach the old homestead! And alas, all in vain
The loved ones may anxiously wait there for you—
Their warm hearts were breaking when they bade you adieu.
But ye're here in true manhood to guard England's glory,
And all time shall ring with the immortal story.

Hark! 'tis the bugle and the slogan's fierce cry,
Piercing the pale dawn e'er its gray shadows fly.
Repeat it again! how it wakens and thrills!
Ha! 'tis answered defiantly from those southern hills,
And a marshalling host in the pale dawn uprose,
The divisions of France, most gallant of foes.

But the Duke is alert, and draws up for the storm
Two grand lines of foot; and at intervals forms
The horse in the rear in a stern, stately array,
To calmly abide there the coming affray.
The guns of the Duke frown down from the hills,
And his intrepid soul with sure confidence thrills.
His reserves are formed up near Mont St. Jean,
His centre the Brussels road is lying between;
And thus, with his grand dispositions complete,
He dares e'en the genius of Napoleon to meet.

And grand dispositions the Emperor, too, made,
And his lines of hills were sternly arrayed
With masses of infantry in contiguous lines;
And supporting columns with skill he combines
With his famous cavalry at intervals in rear,
Divisions of uhlan, dragoon and cuirassier.
His splendid artillery crown the heights everywhere
And for the pending struggle they coolly prepare.
With his right on Planchenoit, his left lapping Merc Braine,
An imposing front is presented. And there plain,

Near La Belle Alliance, his reserves can be seen;
The "Old Guard" and the "Young Guard" in column between
Divisions of horse, and steel-clad cuirassiers,
And the Emperor they greet with *vives* and cheers.
On the Charleroi road he now takes his post,
From the centre to direct this magnificent host.
A brilliant staff is there grouped by his side,
And the "soldier of destiny" beams on them in pride.

Thus with two lines of heights, with death's valley between,
And the calmness of summer, of meadow and stream,
Napoleon is there where his proud eagles wave,
The genius of France seeks her glory to save.
But Wellington waits where the red banners stream:
The Lion is roused by the Eagle's fierce scream,
And like eagles they hover to fall on their prey,
Poised for the swoop, for a dread moment at bay.

## CHAPTER II.

Dread moment! there waiting the burst of the storm;
And the bravest of hearts are anxiously torn.
Yet o'er the fierce grandeur of that famous scene
Shone the peaceful June sunlight mild and serene.
Ha! from the left of the French, in splendid array,
Comes the opening attack of the fateful day!
Downward and onward, gaily, steadily before
The batteries' fierce flashing and opening roar!
Prince Jerome, their great leader, shouts "Forward! Avaunt!"
And presses sternly the attack on stout Hougomont.
But the position is held by intrepid souls;
And though the valor of France upon them rolls
In fiery masses assaulting on every side,
The Guards stand firm there in unconquerable pride.

All through the red carnage of that dreadful day,
They held the gallant divisions of France at bay.
Though thundered and stormed at, and torn by balls,
They hold Hougomont with its blood-stained walls;
Though heaped and pent with Ponsonby's gallant slain,
The gory sacrifice there hath not been in vain.

Now tremble the hills with the bellowing thunder
Of the raging batteries, rending asunder
The grand advancing lines, or the devoted square,
And the charging squadrons, that so sorely fare
By the storms of fierce shot that around them fell,
Withering as the consuming red jaws of hell!

The British right wing had been fiercely assailed,
But the desp'rate assault had signally failed.
The Emperor's favorite move's now brought to play,
To pierce the Duke's centre and hold Blucher at bay.
For this four gallant columns of infantry form,
With Kellermann's squadrons in support of the storm,
And seventy-four field guns to rend the Duke's squares,
None there of success or of vict'ry despairs!
Three resounding cheers for the Emperor they gave,
And for their leader Ney, "the bravest of the brave,"
And majestically descend the southern hills,
While admiration the lines of Britain thrills.

Onward, right onward, with firm measured gait,
Gaily and confidently to their impending fate.
But the British guns thunder down on them once more,
Tearing and rending to their incessant roar.
But Ney gains the ridge, and the cowed Belgians fly
Disgracefully before his column's loud cry.
But men more worthy of the name are found near,
Grim and determined, and devoid of all fear.

Picton! the dauntless, immortal, grand fiery soul,
Will here bar the way to the gallant, onward roll
Of Ney. He deploys two brigades into line two deep,
And prepares the swift advancing columns to sweep.
Then a deadly volley on the grand foe they pour,
Rending their proud ranks as through them it tore.
"Forward with the bayonet, charge home without fear!"
Shouts the hero, Picton, aud there bursts a wild cheer
From the British line as it falls fierce on the foe
That, confused, reels back to the valley below.

Now the Duke hurls on them a cavalry brigade:
And, oh, the result of the wild charge they made!
Cutting down whole battalions of dismayed Gauls;
And to Picton's proud prowess there instantly falls
Two thousand prisoners. Then charge forward once more!
To the guns, to the guns that bellow and roar!
And they reach them, and sabre the French gunners there—
And Ney's mighty columns are filled with despair.
His supporting guns are made useless for the day,
And those valiant troopers ride proudly away.
But they venture too far 'mid elation and cheers,
And are charged in return by Milhaud's cuirassiers.
Blown by the desperate work they had done,
'Twas wise to decline, and the encounter to shun.
Thus Ney's splendid attack completely failed,
Though four to one to the stern foe he assailed.
But in repelling this great attack Picton fell,
The intrepid commander all loved so well.
And Britain will hold him in remembrance dear—
Noble soldier! Britain's hero! a soul without fear!

## CHAPTER III.

Now far on the horizon the Prussians appear:
The Emperor cries, "Grouchy is coming, is near!"

This to reanimate his divisions once more,
By repeated reverses grown doubtful and sore.
The cuirassiers are advancing with Milhaud again,
And columns on the left of the Duke fall in vain.
All along the vast lines falls fast the iron rain,
And the pale dead by thousands encumber the plain.
Grand cavalry charges sweep "death's valley" between—
Like fatal whirlwinds of wrath they glitter and gleam.
Crashing volleys from the steadfast infantry pour,
And from both lines of torn hills the guns madly roar.
Vast clouds of sulphurous smoke shroud the scene,
And the wounded by thousands in agony scream!

Ha! the Household Brigade meet the French Cuirassiers;
Like an avalanche they charge with three ringing cheers:
Like eagles they swoop down on that steel-clad brigade—
Oh, the flash of their sabres, and the havoc they made!
Crushed and bleeding the cuirassiers turn and fly,
Leaving squadrons of slain, and their wounded to die.
Fresh masses now attack La Haye Sainte once more;
Hougomont still resounds to the murderous roar
Of attacking lines, sacrificing thousands in vain,
For the bloodstained chateau they never shall gain.

The Emperor now seeks to hurl a crushing blow,
And flings his cavalry *en masse* on the foe;
Hoping still the Duke's grand centre to penetrate,
On the verge and vast ruin of impending fate.
The famous Kellermann directs this splendid array,
Trusting the result will decide the fate of the day.
But the Duke comprehends. See his flashing gray eyes!
From line and from columns the command swiftly flies,
"Into square! into square! across the valley again
Comes the cavalry *en masse* to charge us amain!
To the guns! to the guns! rend their columns asunder;
Shake the earth once again; let Napoleon wonder

What manner of men he hath met here to-day.
Keep your ranks, hold your squares in invincible array!"
Steady, the clans of Scotia, sound the slogan once more;
Let it stir ye as never it stirred ye before!
Let Erin's hurrah through the storm fiercely break;
Gallant souls, whose courage even death cannot shake!
Art still calm, Britain's sons, proudly waiting the shock?
Aye, calm and cool, though the earth doth tremble and rock;
Though rent your firm squares, and thinned your red line,
Ye are dauntless still; on your grim faces shines
An unconquerable light, flashing everywhere,
Firm as the abiding hills, shaken not by despair.

Steady now, fearless hearts! See, the foe proudly comes,
Rolling on in huge masses where thunder the guns,
That leap from the very earth in maddening roar.
And grape, shot, and shell devastatingly tore
Through Kellermann's vast squadrons of horse, coming on
Steadily and gallantly, though thousands had gone
Down in the awful struggle, mangled and torn,
Since the opening glory of the summer morn.
They come, they come, in magnificent array!
And the gunners from their guns are driven away.
Like a whirlwind they charge on the devoted squares
Which Kellermann hoped to have caught unawares.
But they are ready; and before their bristling steel
The imperial squadrons now stagger and reel?

Round and round those stern squares they sweep madly in vain,
Falling there thick and fast in the withering rain
Of incessant volleys that on them ruthlessly pour
From the heroic squares that are bleeding and sore.
And those famous steel-clad warriors of France fall fast,
Smitten and riven by the hot, devouring blast.

They fall back—charge forward—and repeat it again,
Till the reddened earth is pent with their gallant slain;
But at last they fly from their ruinous, sore defeat,
All mangled and broken and ruined complete.
From the firm squares the gunners rush forward once more,
And again the hot guns madly thunder and roar.
Thus all Napoleon's heavy horse at Waterloo
Was destroyed in attempts those squares to break through;
As the sea waves that rush on an iron-bound shore,
They rolled on the Duke, broke, and fled back once more.

## CHAPTER IV.

But La Haye Sainte to Donzelot's infantry fell—
The heroic Frenchman fought there nobly and well—
Thus securing the Emperor a lodgment sought,
A strategic point for a decisive onslaught
On Wellington's centre, that he still seeks to gain,
Where his best troops were broken, and broken in vain.

Blucher is coming! hear his guns' opening roar,
Pressing the right of the French, now in peril sore.
The Emperor detaches Lobau's corps complete
And Dumont's horse this fatal new danger to meet,
But Bulow turns Lobau's left, and Planchenoit is won
Near to the going down of the red summer's sun.
But the Emperor checks Bulow with his Young Guard,
And for a time they gallantly keep watch and ward
O'er the right of the French, fighting desperately there—
Still hopeful, though desperately assailed everywhere.

Will the Emperor's star of destiny go down to-day,
And his vast fabric be swept forever away?
His sun of victory set now to rise no more,
And the splendor of his dreams die on War's stern shore?

Avalanches of attack he still hurls on the foe;
Ceaselessly and recklessly they surge to and fro
All along the Duke's firm lines, but surging in vain.
The bright valor of Britain those stern lines maintain
Unbroken by the desperate, destroying strife,
Though to maintain them thousands are bereft of life.
The stratagems of a lifetime could not prevail;
His hitherto decisive moves were of no avail.
He might hurl his raging storms of grapeshot and shell,
He might thunder as the ravening maw of hell,
Hurl his cavalry *en masse* on the devoted squares,
Rush his infantry forward, and lay his deep snares,
Which must have ruined any other army complete,
Slaughtered, dismembered, and put to retreat;
But the Britons stood steadfast in undaunted pride,
And the legions of France they dared and defied.
And they cumbered death's valley with the enemy slain,
Like sheaves in the harvest of winnow and wain,
And thus sorely assailed near the set of the sun,
The Iron Duke exclaims, "Would that night or Blucher
might come!"

The hour of seven o'clock had now been tolled,
Still the rage of the battle uncertain rolled.
Like gladiators of old they tugged and tore,
And gory thousands have fallen to rise no more.
The burning issues of the day are deep and wide—
Shall Europe have liberty from the despotic pride
Of Imperial France, waged by a single mind,
A genius of war, to human sufferings blind?
But his fate is approaching in the lurid gleam
Of the loud raging cannon, and the living stream
Of Britain's deathless valor, that will never yield,
And they'll win it or perish, this desperate field.

A dark mass near La Belle Alliance is seen to form
Into gigantic columns, to drive like a storm

In irresistible fury o'er the death-strewn plain,
To o'erwhelm the Duke's centre and cut him in twain.
They are the Old Guard and Young, twelve thousand and more,
Veterans of a hundred battles, who o'er and o'er
Had grasped victory from defeat on many a field.
Surely Britain's array to these powers must yield.
The Emperor reserved them for a *coup de main*,
And he sent them forward assured they would gain
For him the victory. And their triumphant cheer
Of "*Vive, l'Empereur!*" rose from souls void of fear.
Majestically they descend the slope of the hill,—
'Tis a sight the most stony of natures to thrill,
The *élite* of the French army, as onward they go,
The heroes of Austerlitz, Wagram, and Marengo.
Between Hougomont and La Haye Sainte lies their way,
Where the British await them there, sternly at bay.

Now with redoubled vigor their batteries thunder
On the allied lines, firmly waiting yonder,
Where the devastating missiles ruthlessly pour
'Mid the horrible din and the deafening roar
Of the deadly conflict raging frightfully there,
And the moans of the dying and cries of despair.
The drooping spirits of his lines he must reanimate,
And sends an *aide-de-camp* at a lightning rate
To announce that Grouchy is coming—is near—
And his divisions lift up their voices and cheer.

Now from La Haye Sainte Donzelot pushes again
An avalanche of attack, like withering flame.
On the left centre of the allies, bruised and sore,
Are the stern German brigades, firm as rocks; and o'er
The din and tumult the French legions might hear
The shout of defiance and the Germans' grand cheer.

"They're coming! the attack will be the centre, my Lord,"
Said Lord Fitzroy Somerset, waving his good sword,
And directing, as he spoke, his glass on the foe,
The advancing columns in the red vale below.
"I see it," was Wellington's unmoved reply,
As he ordered Maitland's brigade to deploy, and lie
Down behind the ridge of the torn, sheltering hill,
For a few moments longer restraining their will.
In front of them are formed in a firm red line
A brigade of infantry abiding their time.
On the right of the Guards is Adams's brigade,
Waiting the dread shock as though on parade.
Stationed above, and partly upon the road,
The grim guns form up, and quickly, silently load
With grape, and await the signal there to open—
Though all hearts are aflame, not a word is spoken.

It is an awful moment, one to try men's souls,
And the horrible din all about them rolls.
On the far left the Prussians are pounding away,
But the brave French fight sternly and hold them at bay.
All along our grand lines the French batter in vain,
Though the dead strew the hills and encumber the plain.

Dark masses of Guards climb the slope of the hill,
Stately columns coming on with confidence still;
Their guns cease fire as above the ridge they now show,
Tipped with the gleam of the sunset's red glow.
Then began that cheer those who heard never could forget—
From those famed Belgian hills doth it echo yet.
From Hougomont, near the right, with its blood-stained walls,
To Papalotte, on the left, it thunders and falls
In long-restrained, pent-up vengeance; and through
The true instinct that valor teaches well they knew

The hour of trial had come, when that wild cry flew
From rank to rank, as it echoed and thundered anew.
"They come! they come!" repeat it, and shout it again;
And "*Vive, l'Empereur!*" rolls up from the plain.

Preceded by a tempest of grapeshot and shell,
And a charge of cavalry that fought nobly and well,
Ney's column fired its volley and advanced again
With the bayonet, and was met by roar and flame
Of our raging guns that now rent him through and through.
The dark columns of the Guards, as near us they drew,
Moved obliquely to the right, then on they came—
A desperate movement in a desperate game.
Adams's brigade on their left flank's deployed four deep,
And the dark ranks of the Old Guard they rend and sweep
By successive volleys. Hot and scathing they fell;
And the blows they delivered told nobly and well.
But though scathed and mangled, still on they came—
A noble chivalry, to preserve a stainless fame.
All Europe acknowledges a devotion sublime
That shall live forever in the annals of time.
Ney, himself on foot, at their fearless head is found;
Twice his leading divisions are turned around
As the destroying fire wastes and consumes him there;
But his dauntless soul knoweth no craven despair!

By the prestige of a hundred battles sustained,
The crest of the hill they have already gained.
The artillery close up; the flanking fire from the guns
On the road dismembers, slaughters, shrivels and stuns
The famous Old Guard; and with their front blown away
Can they still crush the British and thus win the day?
The Duke seized the moment and instantly cried,
"Up, Guards, and at them!" And they uprose in stern pride,

As stately as ever, aye, as ever was seen;
And the sun's setting glory threw o'er them its sheen.

The hour of fierce triumph and vengeance had come
At the going down of the warm, peaceful June sun.
One deadly volley on the coming French they pour,
And three hundred are death-stricken to rise no more.
Then with the bayonet they charge, knowing no fear;
On the French foe they rush with a wild British cheer.
Then came the most dreadful struggle all war can present—
Crashing columns of heroes, blood-stained and rent.
Foot to foot, and eye to eye, they stagger and reel
By the furious crash of the ringing cold steel.
Long restrained, the British are furious now,
And passionate valor burns on each stern brow.

And the French generals fall fast on every side:
Michel, Jamier, and Mallet have heroically died,
And Friant is sore wounded and helplessly falls;
Ney, his dress pierced and ragged, and torn by balls,
Shouts to his wavering legions still to advance
Once more for the Emperor and Imperial France!
But his leading files now waver and hesitate
On the brink and ruin of pending fate.
The British press down upon them sternly and well;
The cavalry gallop up, and at last pell mell,
Overwhelmed and beaten, the torn French fall back
O'er the winnows of slain that encumber their track.
The decisive moment of the awful day had come,
And a thrill through the grand allied ranks did run.

CHAPTER V.

"The field is won! Order the whole line to advance.
Roll *en masse* on the wavering legions of France."
Thus ordered the Duke, and a responsive cry
Of joy and glad triumph pealed up to the sky.

On they came, four deep, and like a torrent poured
From the heights; and our hot guns boomed and roared.
A fiery wave of valor they rolled on the foe,
And irresistibly swept them to the valley below.
All along our lines, from Papelotte to Merc Braine,
Rose that thund'rous cheer of great triumph again.

"Let the Life Guards charge them," here the Iron Duke said;
And a grand brigade of horse, by Lord Uxbridge led,
Rode down on the French centre, sabreing them there.
Broken and dispirited, they waver in despair.
Incessantly our cavalry charge on the foe,
Flashing and flaming in the lurid sunset's glow;
Piercing and dismembering the French everywhere,
While the infantry press forward the laurels to share.
With the bayonet the foe they sweep from their path,
A Nemesis of fate in o'erpowering wrath.
The Prussian guns play on their right flank and their rear;
The British bayonet in front; while a panic of fear
Spreads through their wavering ranks, and the hopeless cry
Of "*Sauve qui peut!*" resounds from their ranks reeling by.
All in vain Marshal Ney, "the bravest of the brave,"
Soult, Bertrand, Gourgand, and Labedoyer, to save
The day, burst from the disorganiz'd mass, and on them call
To stand firm, to conquer, or heroically fall!
"For the Emperor and sunny Imperial France,
Steady the lines and re-form, and again advance."
A battalion of the Old Guard alone obey.
With brave Cambronne at their head, between the prey
And their pursuers they form into square and stand,
A sacrifice offering 'mid the ruin at hand—
An offering to the tarnished honor of their arms
Irretrievably ruined and fleeing in swarms
Of disorganized masses before that oncoming wave
Of British valor. No earthly power can save

The lost day! Ruin'd and beaten, and drifting away
Before that magnificent advance and array
Of chivalry, worthy of "the brave days of old."
Glorified in the sunset, onward it rolled!
Through the "valley of the shadow of death" they go,
Devastatingly rolling upon the lost foe!

Meanwhile, near La Belle Alliance, the Emperor still
Had some regiments in reserve, biding his will;
And was rapidly rallying his beaten Old Guard,
Hitherto invincible—the watch and the ward
Of his army—the last card in the desperate play
Of the game of war, hitherto winning the day.
The remnants of his cavalry he'd collected, too,
Still hoping the British to pierce and break through,

But the Duke's eagle eye fathoms his useless game,
And his valiant soul is now grandly aflame
As he launches Vivian's cavalry brigade
Against him. And oh, the immortal charge they made!
Through the "valley of the shadow of death" they tore,
And on La Belle Alliance like a torrent pour,
Sweeping all before them—cavalry, Old Guard, and all;
And like destroying angels on his reserves they fall.
Completely successful, they rode calmly back again
Proudly over the lurid, ensanguined plain!
O gallant hussars of a famous brigade,
All time shall echo the destroying charge ye made!

The Emperor strives his disasters to repair,
And with lightning speed rides thither everywhere,
Commanding, ordering, imploring, but in vain.
Broken and confused, they only exclaim,
"*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*" and fly swift from the frightful field,
Despairing masses that stagger and reel

In inextricable confusion of headlong flight,
Into the gloom and darkness of the falling night.
The Emperor by his staff was now borne away,
And disappeared in the shadows dim and gray—
Disappeared, and his sun will rise nevermore;
Gone down on the "soldier of destiny" for evermore;
But on freed Europe the sun of peace doth rise,
And the acclaims of freedom peal up to the skies.

British valor all Europe never can forget,
On that "field of fields" it is flaming grandly yet;
And Wellington's fame to posterity is given,
Through storm and tempest unsullied, unriven.

Who can forget the close of that eventful day?
And the meeting there in the fading twilight gray
Of Wellington and Blucher, clasping hands again
Mutely over the heaps of wounded and slain?
Clasping hands as brothers, with hearts too full to speak,
While tears wash the battle stain from the soldier's cheek!
Aye, that was a meeting the world cannot forget,
And the effect is lasting, it endureth yet.

EXULTATION.

All hail, old Scotia's invincible clans,
And the gallant sons of Erin's green isle,
And Britain's indomitable men-at-arms!
The genius of fair fame doth on them smile.
United, ye are e'er invincible,
A trinity that will not be denied,
The fate of imperial France at Waterloo,
The humbler of Napoleon's despotic pride.

### THE LAMENT FOR THE DEAD.

But, oh, the sight of that pent red field,
Weird and terrible for evermore!
'Mid the awful silence of the slain,
Britain's generous heart is sore.
Though the laurels of fame crown her brow,
She mourns for her immortal slain;
Though famous fore'er and signalized,
She bows her illustrious head in pain.

Thousands marshalled there that sweet June morn,
Strong and beautiful, side by side;
Eve saw them in eternal repose—
Fearless in heart they dared and died.
Play solemn dirges and bear them away,
Play them tenderly, soft and low;
Let the drum's muffled tone fall on the ear,
Steadily, mournfully, and slow.

Reverently in the valley of death
Lay them away to final sleep;
Fit place to crown the immortal dead,
Where brave, true comrades o'er them weep.
Oh, soldier hearts! grand, intrepid souls!
The years thy laurels shall renew;
Britain thy devotion ne'er can forget,
On that field of fields—Waterloo.

## THE DOVE'S SONG.

LISTEN! for I hear the dove's sweet song,
So tender and mournfully sad,
Up from the vale where the maples bloom,
And the springtime e'er maketh glad.
Hast wandered afar from a fairer clime?
Was thy home in Southern bowers?
Is life more fair, and more fragrant the air,
Than in this grand Northland of ours?

Tell me, sweet dove, for thy mournful voice
Hath wakened old memories to-day
That have only slept through the weary years
That have silently flown away.
Art thou mateless and all alone, sweet dove,
That thy dear song is never gay?
Art thou calling down the emerald glades
In vain, pleadingly, day by day?

Thy plaintive voice stirs a tenderness
Called up from the shadowed deeps,
Where a pale light flickers o'er hidden graves,
And a dream-world forever sleeps.
Surely 'tis lovely enough, sweet dove,
O'er the hills that are sunny and sweet;
And the lilies bloom in the vale below—
Nature's sweetness lies at thy feet.

The sun and the wind are caressing thee,
And all other songsters are gay;
Canst thou not forget, and joyously sing
As the bright hours pass away?

'Tis ever the same, and 'twill ever be
A mysterious, subtle regret;
There are losses that sadden evermore,
And they cling to the worn heart yet.

---

## BLINDED EYES.

THE silver band was playing divinely
At the close of a perfect summer day;
And my heart in unison was throbbing,
As I brushed a tender tear away.
In the soft glow of the golden sunset
I saw two poor blinded eyes upturned
To the purpling skies, so fair and deep,
And my soul with sympathy yearned.

He had caught the tender, passionate strains,
Swelling and dreamily dying away,
As wave after wave sweetly rose and fell,
The soul welling up in immortal lay.
The light softly fell on his blinded eyes,
And over his speaking and careworn face
Stole a holy light unutterable;
A glow of ecstasy there I could trace.

His soul was attuned to melodious strains.
What he saw through his weary, sightless eyes
I never may know; but surely it was
A glimpse of the heavenly paradise.
For surely God's pity is reaching down
To the help of the poor and sightless here;
And He takes the poor groping toil-worn hands,
And points the way to the heavenly sphere.

The sun went down, and the wan shadows came
  Merging into the dreamy, soft twilight;
The music ceased, and we stole away
  Into the deepening gloom of the night.
And in the dream and mystery of life
  We move along on our separate ways;
But the pleading look of those sightless eyes
  Will follow me all my allotted days.

Ah, me! we, too, are oft blindly groping
  In the weird darkness and danger alone;
We see not the dread pitfalls before us,
  And oft are defeated and overthrown.
Sometimes, through the cold mist and the dimness,
  We catch a glimpse of resplendent day,
And a strain of sweetest music supernal,
  The refrain of a far celestial lay.

---

## THE VETERANS' REUNION.

After the flight of thirty long years
  They came at the welcome call;
Someone had suggested a reunion
  Of the "old corps," one and all.
They came from the village and crossroads,
  The town, the shop, and the farm;
Just as they did thirty years ago,
  When their hearts were young and warm.

They met at the "campfire" of reunion,
  Clasped hands as comrades once more,
Recalled the deeds of the dauntless past,
  And their campaigns recounted o'er.

"Fall in!" the old commander shouted,
"Fall in—after thirty years!"
With the same old ring, save a tremble,
And his eyes were misty with tears.

And they formed in column by the left.
"Proved" in sections and in fours,
Just as they did thirty years ago,
Guarding our frontier shores.
But not with the same quick precision
As when young and strong and gay;
But they did it, and with kindling eyes,
Though old and worn and gray.

"Call the roll!" the old major ordered,
"Call the living and the dead!"
And a solemn hush fell along the line,
And bowed was each veteran head.
The orderly stepped to the centre,
In front of the grand "old corps,"
And called the names that were dimmed by time,
As he had thirty years before.

And the "Tommy A's" along the line
Answered, "Here, sir!" or "Dead! dead!"
The sections were thinned by the march of time,
Where all youthfulness had fled.
A route march through the town was taken
And the people *en masse* turned out,
And greeted the flag and the grand "old corps"
With welcome and loyal shout.

Then they deploy from column to line,
And turn to the right in fours;
And the band and the colors "take post,"
And the loyal heart upsoars.

They "squared" their shoulders, and looked to the front,
And the air was rent with cheers;
The band struck up, and they marched away
To the "British Grenadiers."

But not as they did thirty years ago,
For time mars the soldier's form;
Not so erect or steady the pace,
But to-day their old hearts are warm.
And, if need be, for the Union Jack
E'en yet they would take their stand,
To fight for the flag all love so well,
And our fair Canadian land.

Their ranks are formed for the last grand march
Down to a strange riverside—
The wonderful river all must reach,
That is deep and dark and wide.
They soon will have gained its margin—
God grant them safe transport o'er,
And a campfire and grand reunion,
A bivouac on the other shore.

## DISCREDITED.

Forgotten? aye, cruelly forgotten!
Passed by with looks of disdain
By the world, whose thin friendship is rotten,
That honors but riches and gain.
The poor are looked down upon coldly,
Though grand men in poverty have died;
And I assert, with just indignation,
They were slain by the world's cold pride.

They struggled alone in the valley
To win up the far heights of fame;
And they pleaded but kind recognition,
But were thrust down coldly again.
And you sneered at the lines they had written—
Lines that shall live till time is no more—
Fiery songs that light like a beacon
Along many a soul's dark shore.

And their thoughts were subtle and uplifted;
They soared like eagles on high,
Or delved in the depths of the ocean
Of knowledge that borders the sky.
They stood on the loftiest mountains,
And gazed on the circling spheres
Of starry realms, the mystery of space,
In ecstasy, rapture, and fears.

They read from the grand book of nature,
And traced there the finger of God,
In starry ways of the fathomless deeps
That lead to man's future abode.

They communed with the mystery of ocean,
  Heard its billows sing grand and free,
As they rose in the storm or sank to repose
  In murmuring tranquillity.

And over the landscape that rolls away
  Saw mountain, and river, and stream;
The undulations of emerald plains,
  In the lights and shadows that dream.
And they heard the voice of murmuring winds,
  And the blithe bird songs free and wild,
Till their souls were filled with subtle sweets,
  As nature upon them smiled.

Ah, great souls were theirs, and all things daring
  To uplift their weak fellowman,
Bringing light and freedom to the nations
  By the searchlights of Justice to scan
The wrong and oppression by tyrants wrought,
  The weak, the helpless and enslaved;
Counting it gain if but freedom's cause
  Was uplifted and fallen man saved.

## THE BATTLE OF STONY CREEK.

FOUGHT JUNE 6TH, 1813. AMERICAN FORCE, 3,000; BRITISH, 700. CAPTURED 4 GUNS, 100 PRISONERS, AND BOTH THE AMERICAN GENERALS, CHANDLER AND WINDER.

FORWARD, into the midnight,
Silently, stealthily go,—
Forward, noble "seven hundred,"
Like a storm burst on the foe!
Not theirs to falter or murmur,
But silently to obey;
And they move like phantoms forward
Through the shadows dim and gray.

Only a signal's given,
Never a spoken word;
But their dauntless hearts are burning,
By passionate valor stirred.
Still onward, steadily onward,
Moves that heroic line;
And softly the night winds murmur,
And dimly the pale stars shine.

Pauses now the "seven hundred,"
Suppressed is even the breath—
A pause on the brink of midnight,
The fateful hour of death!
"Fire!" cried the hero Harvey,
"On them a dread volley pour;"
And a flash leaped bright and blinding,
And burst a deafening roar.

Whole ranks were stricken by it
  Before that withering rain;
Then through the wild tumult ringing
  Burst Harvey's cry again:
"Forward now, the 'seven hundred';
  Close up firm your lines of steel;
Sweep the field with the bayonet;
  Let the foe your fury feel!"

Though the guns rained upon them
  A tempest of shot and shell,
And the musketry fiercely volleyed,
  And many a hero fell,
They charged with a ringing cheer
  Through the batteries' fierce flame,
And fell on the reeling ranks
  Of the foe, who all in vain

Attempted to stay the sweep
  Of that line of deadly steel.
With their torn aud bloody ranks
  They stagger, and they reel
Backward in broken fragments,
  Back into headlong retreat.
All hail, "noble seven hundred"!
  Your victory was complete.

Honor the men of "Stony Creek,"
  The dauntless, brave "seven hundred";
Long we'll remember the noble slain.
  A rescued country wondered
At the famous charge they made
  Under the dark dome of night,
Heroically storming an army,
  And putting the foe to flight.

## VOICES.

O VOICES! voices! mysterious voices!
Why are ye haunting me evermore?
Thrilling my soul with your ceaseless murmurs,
Like phantom waves on a ghostly shore?
And whether by day, toil stained and weary,
Or when eve fades into lonesome night,
Still in dreams ye haunt me like a vision,
Hovering near at the dawn's pale light.

Some are soothing and laden with sweetness,
And others are weary all their days.
Ah, me! how the voices of children move me!
God bless their tender, innocent ways!
And the dear voices of old float around me,
Though silenced by time's faded years;
Their feet have passed o'er the dark river
That winds through the dim valley of tears.

And the voice of the seasons, ever flowing
Outward and into the void of time,
Sadden my heart with their pain and losses,
And the few sweet days that were divine.
And the voice of winds at the solemn midnight,
Through realms of space as they soar on high,
Chanting weird, wild dirges o'er land and ocean,
'Neath a dreary moonless, starless sky;

Or caressing soft the beautiful summer,
Sweetly asleep 'neath the silver moon;
Or lightly playing o'er mead and far moorland
And hills asleep in the golden noon.

And the sad voice of the sea, the strange blue sea,
As 't restlessly ripples on the shore;
Or when tempests sweep o'er its heaving bosom
And mighty billows in anger roar.

And the voice of the spheres, in silent glory
Forever sweeping the vast unknown;
Revolving around some wonderful centre—
O celestial centre!—Alcyone!
Listen, my soul (for 'tis not finite), to a song
That comes from the infinite shore,
Stealing down through the far starry spaces,
Repeating its rapture o'er and o'er.

Sometimes 'tis as of a thousand harpers,
And a thousand voices blending sweet—
Can it be, my soul, that 'tis an echo
Of the angels' song at the Saviour's feet?
Sing on! sing on, ye mysterious voices!
Though I can't tell all your songs would say,
We may know the way of the starry spaces
When night-time fades into endless day.

## DIVIDED.

Hope died to-day, and I'm thinking
Of a time that never can be;
And my thoughts grow strangely tender
In asking and praying for thee.

Thou'st turned away from my pleading
The warm light of thy starry eyes,
That rival the purest beaming
Of the bluest of summer skies.

Sweet eyes, that sometimes kindled
With love-light when I was nigh—
A wistful and tender yearning
That mem'ry recalls with a sigh.

Thy voice, so low and so thrilling,
And soft as the summer wind
That plays o'er the sunlit fountains,
Entrancing alike heart and mind.

Thy face, as pure as an angel's,
Half veiled by thy golden hair,
Star-gemmed with God-like meekness,
So kindly, so wondrous fair!

In vain, oh, heart, are thy dreamings!
The flowers lie dead on the lea;
The sun's gone down in the shadows
That darken the cold, dreary sea.

The winds moan low o'er the hilltops,
The waves sob along the dim shore:
And night gathers fast in the vale—
Will thy day return nevermore?

# THE HURONS.

## CHAPTER I.

BACKWARD, backward, through time's vast
chambers,
In a dreamful reverie go;
Flitting down the vanishing ages,
Fifty and two hundred years ago.
Between Lake Simcoe and Lake Huron,
In the radius of Ontario,
Waved a grand primeval forest
In the sunlight's ebb and flow.

A great wide stretch of wooded landscape,
Interspersed by stream and rill;
With gentle swells and undulations,
And sylvan glade and shrouded hill.
And all this great wide reach was teeming
With all kinds of luscious game;
The moose and red deer roamed by thousands,
In nature's freedom went and came.

The savage bear and wild wolf haunted
This wide expanse in quest of prey;
The lynx and wildcat, too, were prowling
The dim aisles by night and day.
The crafty fox here thickly burrowed,
Mink, otter, and the festive coon;
The cunning beaver by the streamlet
Built under cover of night's gloom.

The wild fowl covered all the streamlets—
  Geese, ducks, and teal, and lonely loon;
Their ceaseless babble and their chatter
  Enlivened all the forest's gloom.
And song birds covered all the branches,
  Sweet birds of every shade and hue;
And waves of melody they uttered,
  As down the forest aisles they flew.

The night-bird, too, the night made vocal,
  The cat-bird, owl, and whippoorwill;
They wakened up the dim recesses,
  When summer nights were warm and still.
And through the awesome, stately forest,
  Mysterious voices ebb and flow;
And weird, fantastic, ghostly shadows
  Through faint, far distance palely go.

And Lake Simcoe and grand Lake Huron
  Swarmed with fish in countless store;
And the warm bays and sunny inlets,
  The streams and rivers round the shore.
And over all this wide expansion
  The sweet wild winds in rapture blew,
Rustling through the dim old forest,
  And o'er the lake's wide bosom blue.

There sun and shadow alternating,
  And skies of cloud or sapphire hue
Domed o'er the loveliness of nature—
  The far, far past this picture knew.
Here was the home of the proud Hurons,
  Fifty and two hundred years ago;
Thirty thousand happy Indians
  By the bright water's laughing flow.

Herein they dwelt for unknown ages,
By the Iroquois tribes hated so:
A fragment of some long lost nation,
Prehistoric, but who may know?
Aye, here they builded quaint, queer wigwams,
Indian towns by shore and stream,
Palisaded round and bastioned,
Double-rowed, and looped between.

Thus, to guard 'gainst outer foemen,
They builded strong, and to endure
The siege, or onslaught, or surprises,
They sought and labored to secure.
Within were store-rooms wide and ample,
With food to last at least a year,
From the Indian maize and cornfields—
Of famine they need have no fear.

And all the tepees and warm wigwams
Were blest with comfort and good cheer;
Stored with fish and game in plenty,
The winter had for them no fear.
Fine robes and mantles of warm bearskin,
Wolf and lynx, and the festive coon,
Otter, mink, the fox and sly beaver,
As soft and warm as summer's noon.

This great wide reach of lake and forest,
River and streamlet and flowing rill,
Rendered up their richest fulness
To the hunter's unerring skill.
Laws and customs they established
In some far-off, unknown age—
Who shall penetrate the mystery
That enshrouds their history's page?

And those barbaric laws and customs
Were respected and obeyed;
Sure death it was to the transgressor
Who the nation's cause betrayed.
And they believed in the Great Spirit;
Manitou they worshipped there;
A future state of peace and comfort,
The happy hunting-grounds so fair.

Within those palisaded hamlets
Strange rites and festivals were seen;
The weird, blood-curdling pagan war-dance,
A frightful and barbaric scene.
And the great council of the nation,
Many grand war chiefs, stern and brave,
Deliberated all great questions,
And cunningly decision gave.

And those red children of the forest
Had their queer games, their social hour,
A relaxation from all turmoil,
A rest from war's relentless power.
Then the great chiefs and older warriors
Smoked in peace, and stories told
Of their strange lives and great adventures,
Heroic deeds and ventures bold.

And the younger braves and maidens
Enacted what to youth belongs,
And told their tales of love and rapture,
Danced and sang their tribal songs.
Wandering by the shore or river,
Life to them was fair and sweet,
Many a dusky Indian beauty
Had her lover at her feet.

Oft in their light canoes they glided
O'er the bright waters' sparkling blue,
Lingering in the dreamy sunset
'Neath fading skies of sapphire hue.
Ah! those rude heathen souls were happy,
Communing there with Nature's heart;
Beneath the wide-domed arch of heaven
They had of life a tender part.

And the lithe children of the nation
Played in wild, ecstatic glee,
Nimble in untrammelled nature,
As squirrel leaping from tree to tree.
And marriages were celebrated,
Funeral rites were quaint and queer;
Believing Manitou was near them
The mourner's troubled heart to cheer.

Like us they had their hopes and passions,
Ambition stirred their pagan souls;
Strange fear and awe and superstition
An almighty hand controls.
And in the wind's low sob and whisper,
The waves that murmur on the shore,
The phantom voices of the forest,
And in the storm king's mighty roar.

## CHAPTER II.

And thus it was with the proud Hurons
In that far-off and happy time;
Those strange wild children of the lone forest,
Reared where nature reigns sublime.
And thus it was the Jesuit fathers
Found this strange people by the shores
Of Lake Simcoe and wide Lake Huron
In palisaded towns by scores.

There with infinite care and kindness
They labored on through blood and tears,
Suffering torture and privation
For many long and weary years.
But the grand light at last is dawning,
Their work at last is signalized;
O'ercome at last, the Huron nation
Receives, is won, and Christianized.

And the dense wilderness resounded
With song and praise to God above;
Those savage hearts grew meek and tender
When purified by Christian love.
And they followed the Great Spirit,
And with never-failing zeal
Taught the lost from tribes far distant
Of the Saviour's love to heal.

And for war no more they thirsted,
But prayed that peace might e'er prevail,
And tore the war-post from its socket—
No more they would their foes assail.
Now they worked among the maize fields,
Hunted, fished, and stored away,
Wisely, industriously preparing
For winter's tempestuous day.

Suddenly the sky grew threatening,
Shadowy forms seemed in the air;
A ghostly moan swept down the forest,
A weird, hush'd wailing of despair.
Was't to warn of danger pending
Those phantom shapes and mournful cries
Came from across the faint, far distance
Along the dismal, startled skies?

And those frightened forest children
  Gazed in awe upon the scene,
And they appealed to the Great Spirit
  That he would save, and intervene
To avert an impending danger,
  And clear the sinister skies again,
To assuage the fear that fell upon them,
  Relieve their hearts from anxious pain.

Suddenly the wild war-whoop sounded
  From the ferocious Iroquois,
And from the dense, concealing forest
  They burst with fierce and hideous noise;
And then they fell upon the Hurons,
  Stunned by fright and unprepared;
There was no preconcerted action,
  Cunningly they were caught and snared.

In vain the Huron warriors struggled,
  In vain they nobly fought and died—
They could not stem that whirlwind onset,
  And hundreds fell on every side.
The old and young alike were butchered,
  Not e'en the little child was spared;
In vain the cry for life and mercy,
  All, all that hideous slaughter shared.

Hundreds, too, of pleading prisoners
  To the torture-post were tied,
Burned and mangled and insulted
  When on God for help they cried.
Aye, like wolves compelled by hunger,
  They thirsted for the Hurons' blood;
And remorselessly they slaughtered,
  Revelling in the crimson flood.

And when sated, like the wild wolf,
They glide like serpents swift away,
And gain the dense, concealing forest,
Disappearing 'neath the shadows gray.
There then was mourning in the wigwams,
O'er their kin in hundreds slain;
Burned and rifled habitations
Make sore the heart by loss and pain.

### CHAPTER III.

Thus commenced those dread incursions
Of the relentless Iroquois;
Unceasing in their deadly hatred,
They burst with a frightful, cruel noise
At hours or moments unexpected,
On the despairing Hurons there,
Slaying, burning, and desolating
The Huron nation everywhere.

All their good towns were laid in ashes,
And thousands slain in bloody strife;
Hunted and pursued forever,
Their certain doom the scalping knife.
Amid it all they prayed unceasing,
Through dire distress and fell despair—
Pled for mercy and deliverance,
And for Divine protecting care.

Driven at last to desperation,
They left their homes and stole away,
And gained the Island of St. Joseph,
In the lovely Georgian Bay.
Here they built a fortressed mission,
And by thousands huddled round,
With the stern winter-time upon them,
A storm-swept region, iron bound.

There with suffering and privation,
And their dread foemen lurking near,
With pestilence in thousands slaying,
And tortured by consuming fear,
They prayed for peace and preservation,
Sustained in that dread anxious hour
By the assurance of the Great Spirit,
Trusting still His mighty power.

All through that direful time malignant,
Of persecution, blood, and flame,
The intrepid Jesuits preached unceasing,
Absolved and blessed in Jesus' name.
Driven by want and sheer starvation,
O'erwhelmed now and desolate,
They leave their lone, bleak island fortress
In desperate, appalling state.

Hell only hath a rage co-equal
To the ferocious Iroquois.
Again they fell upon the Hurons,
Gloating like fiends, with hideous noise;
Torturing, exterminating, burning,
Glutting their diabolic hate,
Red demons of incarnate fury,
A hideous and satanic state.

In vain the Huron braves did rally,
Fighting all desperately there,
Only to fall in the dread *mêlée;*
Beaten, massacred everywhere,
They fled now through the awesome forest,
Fled by river, and stream, and rill,
Seeking all vainly for concealment
By lonely vale and towering hill.

For an implacable foe pursues,
And o'er this wide expanse so fair
Reigned a woe unutterable,
With grim death revelling everywhere.
And it ceased not for a moment,
That frightful carnage, by night nor day,
Till *en masse* the Hurons perished,
Swept from their mother earth away.

No more Lake Simcoe and Lake Huron,
Nor all that great wide reach between,
Shall echo to the Huron's war song,
A weird, strange life, which like a dream
Hath floated out by mystic spaces,
Down the silence of ceaseless flow,
Lost and mouldering with the ages.
Fifty and two hundred years ago.

And I pause in reverie dreamful
By blue Lake Huron's liquid tide,
But no primeval forest greets me.
O'er the expansion far and wide
Are dotted homes, reposing peaceful,
Gemmed by river, hill and stream,
Crowned by the sunlight's golden glory,
Where pagan wigwams once were seen.

## ON THE HEADLAND.

It stood on a lonely headland,
Pointing far out to sea,
Braving the storms of centuries,
A venerable, giant tree.
And no other ones grew near it;
It towered there alone,
As if forever listening
To the ocean's weary moan.

And phantom, mysterious voices
In its topmost boughs were heard
When the wind sobbed o'er the ocean,
And its giant form was stirred.
It crooned perhaps of a thousand years,
Of a thousand years ago,
When all life was summer-laden,
A tender and golden glow.

It stands no more on the headland,
Pointing far out to sea;
It welcomes no more my coming,
It complains no more to me.
It yielded at last to the tempest,
'Twas forever swept away;
Alas, for the vacant places!
Time ever winneth the day.

I stand to-day on the headland,
Looking far out to sea,
Tired of life and the burden
Forever resting on me,

And over the lonely ocean
The cold clouds roll stern and gray,
Obscuring a tender vision
Of a fair land far away.

---

## ONLY A VISION.

ENVISIONED on a loftier mountain
Than e'er this strange, wide world hath seen,
I gazed down a deep, dark valley,
Where strangely rolled between
Lone shores that were weird and unearthly,
A river as black as death's doom,
When a hopeless soul is departing,
And night comes in horror and gloom.

And the old and young there assembled,
With burdens too grievous to bear;
And their moanings and their lamentations
Rose up anguished from everywhere.
I saw by a cold light dim and waning
A river of deep, dark despair,
And a voice, as of God, sternly warning—
Up on high it floated somewhere.

And I raised my eyes toward heaven—
Not a ray of sunlight was there;
And fierce clouds swept along, as if driven
By fiends through the desolate air.
I listened in awe as that warning
Came in tones stern, yet tender as love,
Reaching down in that sorrowful valley,
Saying, "Hopeless souls, look above."

And up from those depths dark and dreary
Rose a prayer such as earth never heard,
So full of unutterable pleadings,
The very hills and mountains were stirred.
And suddenly the clouds rent asunder,
Rolled back, and the light of the spheres
Burst forth in intenseness and vast glory,
Lighting up that lone vale of tears.

And I heard songs of praise and rejoicing,
Such music as earth never heard,
Entrancing my soul with its rapture,
Such immeasurable joy it conferred.
And quickly that weird vale, late so barren,
Bloomed with fruits and the fairest of flowers,
And gay music and laughter came rippling
From hillsides, sweet vales, and green bowers.

And the river flowed on in its beauty,
By mansions so fair on the lea;
On and on, flashing in the warm sunlight,
Gliding peacefully to the sea,
And I knew there was rapture in heaven
When the wanderers returned to the fold,
For I heard the glad songs of the angels,
Attuned to their sweet harps of gold.

I, too, would have joined in rejoicing
With the friends of the long ago,
For one fair as the angels awaiteth
Where the sunset gates are aglow.
But suddenly the thought came to me
That I was forsaken and lone,
On a desolate and far mountain height,
Cast out ever from friends and home.

For there was no way from the vast mountain,
And I sank with a bitter cry
On the bleached and tempest-swept rocks,
O'erwhelmed and alone to die.
Many years have passed since that vision
Rapt my soul on that fatal day,
And still I am lost on the far mountain,
And heaven seems far away.

---

## THE WORLD WANTS A SMILING FACE.

THE world wants a smiling face, my boy,
The world wants a bright smiling face;
'Tis the passport to favor on sea or land
In every profession and place.
The world cares little, my darling boy,
And heeds not the lonely and sad;
But caresses ever the smiling face,
And whatever maketh it glad.

Besides, 'tis a duty, my noble boy;
God gave man the instinct to smile,
To lighten the burden his brother bears
For many a lone, weary mile.
Then keep your heart pure, my darling boy,
Doing ever the Father's will;
And whatever your station in life may be,
Rich blessings thy years all shall fill.

Remove the obstacles from your path,
Though your hands be bleeding, my boy;
The brave and the pure that fight to the last
No evil can ever destroy.

Smile, though your heart be breaking, my boy;
To the world say never a word;
Go fearlessly on, and you'll win at the last
The victory, though long deferred.

Smile on the children, my darling boy,
"Of such are the kingdom of heaven";
From the loved of home withhold it not,
'Tis a potent and sunny leaven
Raising the despondent to strength again,
Removing the gloom from the day;
It crowns all life with a nameless grace,
Putting sorrow and care away.

Your brother needs your bright smile, my boy,
And the clasp of your strong right hand;
His pathway may be with danger beset,
In many a strange, far land.
Pass not the sin-stained of earth, my boy,
Raise the fallen again if you can;
A purified soul, forgiven and blest,
Rejoiceth the Saviour of man.

Smile on the unfortunate, my boy,
Take the hand of the poor and old;
Sympathy warmeth the desolate—
'Tis better than silver and gold.
It leadeth up to the starry heights,
'Twas divinely, wisely given;
Soothing and blessing all the long way,
It surely entereth heaven.

## THE VOICE OF TEARS.

'Twas only the voice of a stranger,
  But never through all the years
Have I heard a tone so pleading,
  So unutterably full of tears.
I looked, and I never have seen
  A face so touchingly sad;
Surely all hope had flown away,
  Never again to be glad.

His eye had a far-away look,
  A shadow of nameless pain;
A patient and pathetic gaze,
  That never would smile again.
What was it, oh, thou tearful voice?
  Was fortune against thee arrayed?
Did all hope and trust flee away?
  Was thy love and friendship betrayed?

'Twas only a meek, worn stranger,
  All alone on life's highway,
So patiently moving onward
  To the close of a weary day.
Ah, me! but my eyes were blinded,
  And never through all the years
Was my heart so moved for another,
  Oh, desolate voice of tears!

## THE GARDEN.

'Twas an Eden of bloom and beauty,
At the dawning sweet and fair,
And the incense of sunny bowers
Perfumed the summer air.
The azure sky domed above it,
And the wind that softly sighed,
And the song of nature, subtly sweet,
I heard there on every side.

The car of time, with its worn-out years,
Moves sadly along the way;
The lonesome voice of the autumn winds
Sobs low with the dying day.
And once again in the dimming light
I stand in the garden gate,
But I start—and the tears dim my eyes,
'Tis so faded and desolate.

---

## THE BATTLE OF QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.

Fought October 13th, 1812.

They crossed in the gray of the morning,
Stole o'er from the other shore,
To invade the land of the Maple Leaf,
Two thousand proud foes, or more.
A detachment of the old Forty-Ninth,
And Dennis's brave volunteers,
Opposed their landing determinedly,
Opening on them with cheers.

The roar of the guns from the battery
Rolled down Niagara's gorge,
Awakening Brock and his fearless men
From their rest at old Fort George.
And in hot haste Brock and his *aides-de-camp*
Rode fast through the pale, cold light,
Bidding Sheaffe and his men to follow on
To aid in the coming fight.

Meanwhile the Americans won the heights,
And the guns half way below;
Their loss was a serious menace, too,
In the hands of the haughty foe.
Swift as the fleet wind Brock gained the vale
And lifted his flashing eye,
Measuring the foe on the cold, gray steeps,
And the battery nearer by.

"The guns must be won!" Brock quickly cried,
And came an answering cheer
From the intrepid, ready Forty-Ninth—
Brave souls devoid of all fear!
"Forward! charge home to the battery's side!"
And dauntless he led the way,
Driving the foe from the smoking guns
By the cold steel's deadly play.

Heroically leading, he drew their fire,
And fearlessly fighting fell,
Pierced through the breast by a mortal shot,
The leader all loved so well.
"Don't mind me," he thoughtfully cried;
"Push on, brave York volunteers!"
Sent a message to his sister over the sea,
His eyes suffused with tears.

Thus perished war's genius gloriously,
A great leader, young in years;
So loved and mourned for, brave, pure soul,
Thy name we bedew with tears.
Gallantly Sheaffe by St. David's moves up,
Turning their flank by the way,
Gaining the heights by an impetuous rush,
Not a moment held at bay.

Consuming volleys they hurl on the foe,
Then charge with their deadly steel,
And hundreds are slain in the mad *mêlée*—
See, the foe in panic reel!
The British line sweeps resistlessly down;
The proud foe must surely yield.
Ha! they break—they break into headlong flight
In defeat from that blood-red field!

Over the heights in mad flight now leaping,
Some were impaled on the trees,
Where mockingly their garments fluttered
For years in the storm and breeze.
Some plunged in the cold, rushing river
To gain safely the other shore,
But were lost in the swirl of its waters,
And were heard of nevermore.

Nine hundred men surrendered to Sheaffe,
A force greater than his own.
Ah! 'twas a gallant day, and nobly won;
Signally the enemy were overthrown.
And, standing there on the glorious Heights,
They cheered for country and King;
They unfurled the "flag of a thousand years";
Their shouts o'er the scene did ring.

'Twas a far-famed day for our lovèd land,
Ring it over the world so wide;
Like veterans Canadians fought that day,
With the regulars side by side.
Dearly the victory was won for us
In the death of beloved Brock.
Immortal hero! thy irreparable loss
Was to all a grievous shock.

They muffled their drums and reversed their arms,
And marshalled around his bier,
And solemnly bowed their war-worn heads,
And silently dropped a tear.
E'en the painted savages loved him well,
And o'er each stoical face
Stole a shadow of pain and tenderness,
Hallowing that sacred place.

A grateful country has planted there
A monument tow'ring high,
His memory e'er to perpetuate,
Pointing ever to the sky.
The hero and his *aide*, parted not by death,
Secure their relics rest there,
In the lovely land of the Maple Leaf
Ever so loyal and fair.

Aye, a grateful country placed it there—
On earth there's no grander scene—
And we sing with a grateful, fervent heart
To our country and our Queen.
Revere, then, the dead, and honor them still,
They died our freedom to save;
God bless the flag of a thousand years,
May it long o'er us proudly wave!

## A FOREST DREAM.

BARE and gaunt the forest standeth,
  Reaching out so wide and high,
As if mutely supplicating
  Mercy of an angry sky.
Oh! such hollow and weird voices
  Issue from its solemn aisles,
As if lonely forest phantoms
  Mourn the loss of summer's smiles.

I have sought the dim old forest
  And its old familiar ways:
Frozen streams, dark glens and bowers,
  Dear to me in childhood's days.
All is silent and forsaken,
  Leaf and flower lie cold and dead,
Mute appealing to the memory,
  Telling of a day that's fled.

I have known when summer's mantle,
  Fair and sweet as poet's dream,
Covered in a wild profusion
  These old haunts with rustling green.
Then the forest aisles were merry
  With the glee the song-birds made,
And their gentle echoes followed
  Every stream and fragrant glade.

Then I sung with boyhood's rapture,
  Leaped and shouted in the dell,
Till the golden hush of sunset,
  With its silent shadows, fell

O'er the hills that, rapt in dreaming,
Watched the moonrise on the sea,
Where the wavelets danced and murmured
Low voiced and mysteriously.

Life was one long dream of gladness—
All unknown the future lay;
Ah! the years have brought deep sadness—
Summer's merged in winter's gray.
And I wander, bowed and weary,
Grieving o'er the faded past,
As the snowflakes flit around me,
Borne upon the winter's blast.

---

## WOMAN.

O JUNE, thou art beautiful as ever!
Nature's wrought in her wondrous way
A dream reverie of lilies and roses
Wherever we wander to-day.
Breathing up so tenderly everywhere
A dreamy fragrance, subtly sweet,
Where the soft, low winds kiss the sunny hills,
And the waves fall down at our feet.

But woman is fairer and sweeter still,
And divine as a spirit dream;
And claiming all homage and tenderness,
And to reign in man's heart supreme.
Thus, crowned in her perfect loveliness,
All alight are her witching eyes;
And peeping therein we dream, aye, we dream,
Of the angels in paradise.

O winsome woman ! this lovely June day
More fair than the roses in bloom,
Or lilies that ope by the purling stream,
That fade from our life's way too soon,
We pay thee court, we acknowledge thy sway,
We lay all we have at thy feet ;
The cottage is home, and the mansion's alight,
When blest by thy presence so sweet.

When the heart would faint in the battle of life,
And our strength and our courage would fail,
We are roused by thee to a nobler strife,
And again the foe we assail.
And if thou art true and point us the way,
We face all opposing powers ;
Though the fight be grievous and sorely long,
The vict'ry will surely be ours.

---

## THE JESUIT.

Consecrated to a lonely life of celibacy,
Seeing only a vain delusion and a fallacy
In terrestrial unions—man's uncertainty of bliss,
Suspended in the balance o'er an infinite abyss—
Appalled by sin and its delusive elements everywhere :
The cry of a lost world—an intonation of despair
Rising up from the depths of impenetrability ;
The infinite to the finite, out from dread eternity,
Breathing subtly to the spiritual, the list'ning soul
Answereth " deep unto deep."

And responsive to the irresistible communion
(Wond'rous affinity ! mysterious, inscrutable union !)

Impelled to consecrate all of life, and all that life e'er gave,
To the cause of Christ, and by field and flood a world to save.
Moved by pity for man's fallen and suffering state,
O'erwhelm'd in the vortex of a direful, impending fate,
Man must be lifted up and placed upon the narrow way,
More in the divine radiance and pure celestial ray
Of God's own light. And thus the Jesuit is impelled;
By an undying enthusiasm of religious zeal
He goes forth to the rescue, to alleviate and heal.

And deeply learned and skilled in every earthly lore,
He gleans the gems of thought from the deep mines of every shore;
Searches for knowledge down the long vistas of the past,
Surmounting all impediments, winning the field at last.
Thus equipped, a diplomat, he is found near thrones of kings,
In palaces and parliaments; his subtle influence brings
Nations to the Church's imperious, predominant feet:
To her insatiable interest all things must bend and meet.
With black cassock, the cross and rosary at his girdled side,
He goes forth, the Church's consecrated champion and her pride.

No distance is too great to stay his eager, tireless feet;
Nor heat, nor biting cold, nor raging tempest, rain and sleet
Can deter him from his purpose. On his devoted head
The elements beat in vain. Unsheltered and unfed,
He is found in the lonely wilds of every land and zone,
Fearless of every danger, oft suffering and alone.
Braving disease, pestilence, and the martyr's tragic death;
Having no home, no wife, no country, only heaven in view,
And the redemption of the heathen, a weary work to do;

Sacrificing all desires of the weak and mortal frame,
Sustained through hard years of toil by heaven's quenchless flame.

Such was Jean de Brébœuf, the Ajax of the Huron tribe,
A martyred hero, who all impediments, e'en death, defied
In the pursuit of duty, the lost lonely wilds to save,
Winning a crown of victory, and at last a martyr's grave.

Over the far ocean the impassioned zealot came,
Hot in the pursuit of duty, with heart and soul aflame;
Stemming swift rivers along the rough and tortuous way,
Pressing forward through the dense, lone wilderness day by day,
With soiled and tattered garments, and naked, bleeding feet,
Bearing a weary burden, his necessities to meet.
He sought, and found by Lake Huron's vast and majestic side,
The pagan Huron nation in all its savagery and pride—
A vast tract stretching from Lake Simcoe to the Georgian Bay,
A scene of rustic loveliness in that strange time far away.
Thirty thousand Hurons, in palisaded towns by scores,
Built within the shadowy forest and along the shores;
A strange people, the red Hurons, of some far, forgotten age;
An unsolved mystery, a blank on history's page!

Boldly entering the towns and wigwams, undismayed
By barbaric savagery in threatening form arrayed;
Through lines of spears and warclubs, tomahawks and flashing knives,
Stained by the blood of foemen, red with a thousand lives!

Aye, he went with but the cross of the Saviour at his side,
Raised a prayer to the Father, and to the red men cried,
"Peace! our mission's peace; we come in the Great Manitou's name,
To bid our red brothers war no more, but to enkindle a flame
Of peace and friendship; for 'tis the Great Spirit's loving will
That his red children should war no more; that hate no more should fill
Their hearts, and as brothers to abide in a lasting peace—
In seeking the 'happy hunting grounds' strife and war must cease."

With Père Daniel, Lalemant, Raguenean, Garnier, and Davost,
He built a mission house and chapel, watched by friend and foe,
Thus raising a Christian altar where pagan orgies reigned,
Upheld by a lofty purpose, by power divine sustained.
Unwonted sounds and echoes woke the lonely forest aisles,
The chant of ancient litanies down the weird, dim defiles;
The pleading, passionate prayer rose, swelled, and died away
Down the vast corridors of the wilderness weird and gray.

Thus besought were savage tribes to espouse the sacred cause,
To abandon their pagan usages and barbaric laws.
The story of the Cross and God's infinite love was told
By the fearless Jesuits, and passionately unrolled.
But it fell on stolid ears, and the dark, benighted mind
Of the Huron nation. A stoic heathenism, all blind,
Repelled the Cross, and in derision turned away
With muttered imprecations; and threatenings day by day

Fell on the unswerving servants of the altar and Cross,
Counting all suffering but gain, and even life no loss,
If the cause of Christ with the Huron nation should prevail.
Then let evil, every danger, e'en hell itself assail,
They would lay their lives, their all, at the Saviour's sacred feet:
For their red brothers' redemption they would all torture meet.

For years they met with but discouragement, grief, and care,
Scowls and menaces, distrust, and persecution everywhere;
Fierce jealousies, stirred up by the tribal "medicine men";
A subtle pagan power, cunningly concealed, and when
Their ascendancy was threatened, stirred the dark, benighted mind
To acts of cruel violence—a superstition blind.
Thus suffering hunger, thirst, cold, heat, almost in despair,
And the powers of darkness combined; the spirit of the air
Echoed demon laughter; up from the deeps it rose and fell,
Up in derision from the very maw and counterscarp of hell;
And the wolf howled down the phantom corridors of the night,
And lost spirits shrieked, and all of good seemed put to flight.

But 'mid it all those devotees toiled on incessantly;
As one they sought God's help in prayer and pleading unity.
Though scoffed and mocked, they importuned the Huron warriors still
To espouse the Saviour's cause and obey His loving will.
And when the deadly pestilence subdued the nation's pride,
And pale death stalked among the sad wigwams far and wide,

And a thousand braves were stricken in this disastrous hour,
And a thousand maidens perished by its fell, destroying power.
The aged and the children, too, were in hundreds swept away,
And the Huron hearts were breaking 'mid the horrors of the day;
And pitiful distress and helplessness reigned everywhere,
And the nation bowed in mourning in the frenzy of despair.

'Twas then the Hurons realized the Jesuits' noble worth,
Learned to love their pale-faced brothers in that time of death and dearth;
For moving 'mid the dying and the stricken night and day,
Nursing, soothing, absolving, and bearing the dead away,
Won they the Hurons, and the Saviour's story they receive,
Taught in their adversity to repent and to believe.
Thus was that strange people redeemed and Christianized,
And God's cause established, and the Jesuits signalized.
The Hurons sought war no more—'mid blessings of peace and love,
Longed for Manitou, and "the happy hunting grounds above."

But a scourge more dreadful now on the repentant nation fell:
The unsparing Iroquois, with the malignancy of hell,
Swept down upon the Hurons, caught by stealth, and unprepared.
All, all that hideous slaughter met—not one, not one was spared.
Though fighting sternly to the last, with the courage of despair,
They could not stem that fierce onslaught—pale death was rampant there.

Their palisaded towns were burned in rage by scores and scores,
And exterminating war reigned round Lake Huron's lovely shores.

Amid it all Brébœuf, of the Huron mission, stood
With the gentle Lalemant, a brother supremely good;
And they absolved and blessed, fearless of their impending fate,
Caring for the wounded and dying, braving the foeman's hate;
Amid the dreadful carnage, surrounded by flashing knives,
Red with the blood of the Hurons, red with a thousand lives!

Captives at last, by bloody hands borne to the torture-post
With hundreds more, and surrounded by a gibing, fiendish host,
They met death by the most awful torture without a groan,
Blessing e'en the hands that mangled and seared to the very bone.
Aye, without a murmur, those steadfast souls bore the pain,
Exhorting all to look to God; that they should meet again
Where the cruel torture and life's dread sufferings are o'er,
Meet Manitou in endless life, where sorrow comes no more.

And thus perished those martyred, heroic, devoted souls
For the cause of Christ; and as long as the grim ages roll
Shall their immortal deeds and imperishable fame be sung,
Till the last trump to waken the dead through all space be rung.

## UNDER THE STARS.

I ARISE sometimes in the night-time,
And go out 'neath the stars alone,
In the dim and silence of night-time,
When the skies are tender of tone.
In the holy silence of nature
I calm my anxious soul,
Sometimes by the hard day grown weary,
And beyond my will to control.

And I go where the waves' low murmur
Soundeth ever along the dim shore,
And I'm soothed by the voice of the waves,
And peace cometh to me once more
When the winds are caressing the roses,
And there steals an answering sigh
From the dew-bespangled foliage
To the wanderer passing by.

I stand on the bridge of the streamlet,
Where we met in the long ago;
Where we met, and where we two parted
In the twilight's silvery glow.
I listen again for her coming,
Though 'tis only an empty dream,—
All I hear is the night wind sighing,
And the low rippling of the stream.

Then I pass where the vale is sleeping,
O'er the emerald, moonlit hill,
And gain the haunting, awesome shadows
Of the lone forest deep and still.

And through the still gloom and the distance
I hear the faint and far-off call
Of elfin and strange phantom voices—
On my ear they dreamily fall.

O thou holy silence of nature,
I am calmed with a pure delight!
Hush! for man's voice would but desecrate
The grand harmony of the night.
All sinless the planets are glowing,
Penetrating the vast, far voids
Of the mystery of creation
Beyond the lone asteroids.

Subdued, and again submissive
To whatever's in store for me,
I strive to be uncomplaining,
Though beset with adversity.
And thus, when the spirit is weary,
My strength kindly nature restores;
Through her vast, illimitable chamber
My calm soul in ecstasy soars.

---

## UNEXPLAINED.

THERE are many ways in this feverish life
Where the rocks are grim and bare,
With no soil for tender plants and flowers,
Nor warm rain nor dew is there;
And where the sterile rocks are bleak and bare,
And the skies are shrouded and gray,
With sweeping winds from a desolate sea,
Where there's never a summer day.

And a burning sun in a desert land
And the winter stern and cold,
And the wandering feet without a home,
And weary and poor and old;
And the poor in heart, where all love hath died,
And the dreary, haunting years,
And the friendship dead, and the broken home,
And regret and pain and tears.

And the hopes that died, and the broken vows
That severed far and wide,
And the toilworn hands, and the sad unrest,
And the loss on every side;
And the favored ones 'neath sunny skies
That dream there the hours away,
And the struggling poor in barren lands,
Where sad day follows day.

And the ships that sail over angry seas,
And nevermore reach the shore;
And the aching hearts and the weary watch
For the loved that come no more.
Ah! I cannot still all these strange, sad thoughts,
Nor stay these poor falling tears;
The lonesome way is rough and so long
Through life's stern, uncertain years.

And at times in the solemn night-time still
I sink by the way alone,
With the voiceless silence around me,
And my troubled rest a stone,
There comes to me a glad thought through the gloom,
That rest will the sweeter be
When the weary burden is cast aside
On the shores of eternity.

# LIFE'S HIGHWAY.

## CHAPTER I.

LIFE began in an old cottage,
Near the margin of a stream,
Close beside a grand old forest,
Where I saw the sunlight gleam
O'er the hills lit up with splendor
By the radiance of its light,
Searching out the dim recesses
Of the borders of the night.

Shimm'ring o'er the vales and woodlands,
Wak'ning all the birds and flowers;
Caressing breezes through the leaflets,
Murmuring in fairy bowers.
Oh, the melody of song-birds,
I can hear it, hear it still,
Flooding all the fields and woodlands,
Rising o'er the rippling rill.

And I hear the tinkle, tinkle
Of the bells and lowing kine,
Echo, echo down the grasslands,
Near the cornland's waving line.
And I hear my father singing
Quaint old songs by field and fell:
Memory retains them fondly,
Still I love on them to dwell.

And my school days were so happy;
All my tasks seemed light as air,
My companions kind and joyous,
And the world was bright and fair.
How we tripped along the hilltops,
Played beside the quiet stream,
Frolicked in the leafy woodlands,
Where the lights and shadows dream.

There we planted in the springtime
And tilled in summer weather,
And the days went by so merry
As we sang and wrought together.
And we reaped the harvest gaily,
Sending many golden wains
From the wheatlands and the cornlands,
Rich with summer's welcome gains.

And we stored in golden autumn,
'Gainst the white-robed winter-time,
Food in plenty for the household
And the fowls and many kine.
And we laid away the apples,
Hoards of russets, red and gold,
Put the cider in the cellar,
And defied the winter's cold.

Then, when the gold leaves were falling
In the mellow light and shade,
How we fought the frisky squirrels
For the chestnuts in the glade.
We had many nooks and crannies
In the old house by the stream,
Up among the dusty rafters,
Where none but gay boys would dream.

And when winter's storm-king covered
All the hills in white array,
And the legions of the northland
Were assembled for the fray—
All the fierce and white-robed legions,
Sweeping down from Arctic seas,
Flinging out their frosted banners
In defiance to the breeze—

And when day was darkly closing
In fierce storm, and sleet, and cold,
We secured the fowls in safety,
Put the kine within the fold.
Then with evening's gathering darkness
The warm lights were all agleam—
The bright, ruddy, dancing firelights
In the old house by the stream.

And we boys went in a-romping
With no ceremonial fear,
All aglow with health and gladness,
To dear mother's welcome cheer.
Then we sought the nooks and crannies
Where the chestnuts could be found,
Brought the cider from the cellar,
Passed the ripened fruit around.

While with many a quaint old story
Of weird legion, love and war,
We whiled away the hours so happy,
Scarcely ever knew a jar.
And we joined with hearts o'erflowing
In glad music and in song;
Scarce dreaming of the world beyond us,
With its mighty, restless throng.

When the moon was brightly beaming,
Silvering the ice-bound rill,
We skated on the frozen streamlet,
Or toboggan'd down the hill.
Our light hearts were glad within us,
And our blood was pure and warm,
As we fought the white-robed legions
And defied the fiercest storm.

There was brother Jack and Mollie Dean,
Sister Nell and Lawrence Dare;
And I and blue-eyed Minnie Lee,
And scores of youths and maidens fair.
How we made the hillside echo
With song, and jest, and laughter gay;
Frolicked to our hearts' contentment,
Then homeward wound our merry way!

And 'twas thus in peace and plenty
The years went too swiftly by;
We had never known a sorrow,
Nor had scarcely felt a sigh.
Ah, thou generous, good old home,
Thy dear circle was complete;
We had no absent ones to roam,
"No weary, wandering feet."

## CHAPTER II.

'Tis well that childhood and youth should be bright,
All sunny with bloom, and the golden light
Of innocent days of love and fair hope,
Gathering strength with life's battles to cope.
Awake or asleep, a vision, a dream;
The real and unreal are floating between
Mysterious shores, as the stream glides away;
The mystery of life, and the grace of a day.

Ah, who can measure the fleetness of years?
The height of our joys, the depth of our tears?
The horizon bounds our dim vision here,
And our thoughts are vague as the boundless sphere
Bordering around us—vast, ethereal sea
On the awful confines of eternity!

Anxiously we peer into the abysmal gloom,
Striving to read there futurity's doom;
And we walk with hope in its radiant light,
Or grope lone and lost through the realms of night.
'Tis either a season of bliss or pain,
Of grievous loss or of welcome gain;
And the peace of love, soothing every care,
Or a barren waste and a grim despair.
A few there are that glide calmly between,
Leading sunny lives, knowing no extreme
Of love or of hate, of sorrow or pain.
Caring not for the world, its wealth nor its fame,
Serenely they glide like a summer day
Down the stream of time, flitting swift away.
What are thy works, thy wisdom, O man?
A little point in God's marvellous plan
Of creation; a weak dependent, thou,
On help Divine; doubt written on thy brow.
E'en the orb we inhabit, we dimly trace
Its spectral course through the far realms of space,
As careening we sweep through voids unknown,
Round an infinite centre, Alcyone!

Aye, life's a mystery, a fleeting breath,
Pursued by phantoms, o'ertaken by death.
'Tis merely a step from day into night,
From darkness into the marvellous light
Of a day of golden, supernal bloom,
Beyond the confines of death and the tomb.

Our childhood's a joyous and peaceful dream,
With no set purpose to darken between;
To sing and to shout, to frolic away
The bright, happy hours of the rosy day.
But youth will awaken, and hear afar
The muffled roar of the world's stern war.
Ambition will rise in their hearts of fire,
To fame and honors they, too, will aspire.
And thus it hath been, and ever 'twill be,
Till time dies out in eternity.

## CHAPTER III.

We boys had hopefully crossed the Rubicon
And entered the arena, the battle of life;
An ensanguined field, where millions of men
Engage in the ruthless and pitiless strife.
Glowing pictures of the world beyond had reached us,
Alluring our tender, untried feet to roam;
And we grew ambitious and unsatisfied,
And wandered away from the dear old home.

Out on the highway, the strange highway of life,
We joined in the conflict, with hope beating high,
Heeding not the mutterings of the storm afar,
As it darkened along the edge of the sky.
We saw not the foes that lurked by the wayside,
We knew not the road was so dreary and long;
We only were eager to join in the conflict
For wealth and fair fame with the ravenous throng,

But our paths diverged, and my brother and I
Parted, to meet in this life nevermore;
And a lonesomeness and heartache came unto me,
A poor wanderer; and weird shadows stealing o'er
The way that I must go with pain and vague regret;
And haunting dreams of the loved ones and of home
Were ever with me in the conflict's surging tide,
Where I strove for victory unsupported and alone.

And brother Jack went on the sea,
  And sailed its blue depths far and wide,
In quest of wealth and tempting fame
  To crown his patient, waiting bride.
Many a day hath passed away
  Since Molly Dean watched on the shore,
With fading face and weary eye,
  For brother Jack will come no more.

Far, far away on southern seas
  The wild typhoon in fury fell;
Of Jack's good ship and gallant crew
  Not one was spared the tale to tell.
They say 'twas at the eventime,
  When sunset's glory crowns the lea,
They found poor stricken Molly Dean
  In her last sleep beside the sea.

And when the summer had faded,
  And bird songs no longer were gay,
Minnie Lee drooped low like the lilies
  And peacefully passed away.
They laid her to rest where the roses
  And lilies in summer may bloom;
And the winds sigh to the daisies
  That modestly mantle her tomb.

By the shores of a western sea
  Dwelt sister Nell and Lawrence Dare;
For them the skies were ever clear,
  And all the world was kindly fair.
But in the old house by the stream,
  The old folks mourned from day to day;
In loss and loneliness they pined,
  And faded swift from earth away.

And they are resting side by side,
  Near Minnie Lee and Molly Dean,
In the still City of Repose,
  Near to the margin of the stream.
Sleep on! sleep on! oh, loved and lost,
  The lonesome winds around thee sigh;
Sleep through the years we trust will bring
  A never-ending "by and by."

### CHAPTER IV.

I'd sought the busy marts of men,
  The city's fev'rish, ceaseless din,
Where strife and vile rapaciousness
  Are steeped in crime and vaunted sin.
The rage of commerce and the clash
  Of steel and iron works that fill
The air with vibrant, rasping sound,
  And human voices harsh and shrill.

Machinery's fierce and grinding roar,
  The shouts of lab'rer and artizan,
As stroke on stroke with might and main
  They strive to lead the rushing van.
Remorseless as the hand of fate
  Stands capital with sword in hand,
To grind the toiling millions down
  To servile state through all the land.

A thousand vehicles that ply
  Along the hot and dusty ways,
The rushing of a million feet,
  A universal, hungry craze
For wealth and pomp, pride and power:
  All heedless of the anguished cry
Of weaker fellows trampled down,
  Unheeded, helpless, and to die.

In the arena packed and pent,
The speculative gambler's bower,
Where stocks are fiercely bought and sold,
And men are ruined in an hour:
Hark! the frenzied, madden'd shout,
Exultant or despairing cry;
Triumphant ones go proudly forth,
Or, ruined, creep away to die.

A few there are that win the way
Through battle's fierce and fiery flame;
Their dauntless and intrepid souls
Win up the dazzling heights of fame.
A few that dwell in palaces,
Afar removed from toil and strife,
There idly dream the years away
That bound their vain, luxurious life.

A few there are of noble heart
That heed the orphan's pleading cry,
The widow's want and helplessness,
And to the rescue gladly fly.
They come like sunshine from above
To light and cheer man's lonely way;
Their mission is of charity,
To help his darkest, doubtful day.

'Tis theirs to soothe the broken heart,
To see the wicked wrong redrest,
To lift the fallen up again
And give the homeless wanderers rest.
'Tis theirs to bear the dead away,
To hear the last sad plaint and sigh,
To teach the mourner patience still,
And the suffering how to die.

'Tis theirs to point the narrow way
That leadeth where there are no tears,
No night, nor sin, nor selfishness,
Beyond life's disappointing years.
God sees and hears these noble souls
That fight through every ill and pain;
Giving their all, it shall be said
Their lives were not, were not in vain.

I mingled in the stern affray—
Ah! how I strove to win the prize
Of wealth, position, and a name,
By bold, successful enterprise.
Oh, days of anxious thought and toil!
Oh, nights of fev'rish restlessness!
Either elated or deprest
By hope's uncertain, wearing stress.

And though I gained some stubborn days,
And won the smile success attains,
A cringing world I found would laud
The potent power that wealth maintains.
Aye, though I crowned the stubborn heights,
I could not hold the fateful field,
The combinations were too great:
When all was lost I could but yield.

I fled far out along the way,
Beyond the city's ceaseless din;
I sought for nature's quietude,
Beyond its cruel haunts of sin.
The arena knew my face no more;
I longed for quiet and for rest;
A tender peace stole o'er my heart
As light was fading in the west.

CHAPTER V.

And I was saddened and subdued;
No friendly smile would on me beam;
I longed then for the olden days,
And the old home beside the stream.
But destiny had made decree
That I should nevermore return,
But on and onward go alone—
Ah! how these tears my eyes do burn!

Ambition stirred my soul no more,
And I had very weary grown;
A nameless sorrow filled my breast,
Life's every hope was overthrown.
I stood alone on life's highway,
With empty hands that wrought so long,
Alone, unheeded and forgot,
As some lost dream or phantom song.

The summer sun was burning still,
Though autumn days were drawing nigh;
The song-birds sung in fading bowers,
And sad-voiced winds went sobbing by.
But nature's song is dear to me,
It searches out my every care;
Its subtle voice brings peacefulness,
As soothing as an angel's prayer.

And thus I move along the way
That leads me toward the setting sun;
I see the lengthening shadows grow,
And leaves turn crimson one by one.
The harvest days are over now,
The meadow-lands are safely mown,
And calmness broods where plenteousness
Enriches many a happy home.

But from the fields all reaped and brown
There comes a weird and haunting strain;
Where late was heard the reaper's song,
Strange phantom voices plead in vain.
They seem to plead for some lost cause;
An invisible, unknown power
Speaks through the shorn, deserted fields,
And faded leaf and blighted flower,

And in the calm autumnal days
A solemn gladness comes to me,
And though I go with empty hands
Resignation hath set me free.
The mournful winds sob sadly now,
The lengthening shadows grow apace,
The skies in sombre hues are dressed,
And dead leaves flutter in my face.

And still I press along the way—
'Tis growing rough for tired feet—
I hear the muttering of the storm,
And watch the vivid lightning's leap.
Its blinding flashes rend the skies;
The rain a torrent on me pours;
The mighty oak is rent in twain,
And the dread tempest round me roars.

And thus I march along the road,
Though blinded oft by sleet and rain;
I shiver in the chilling winds,
And moan with weariness and pain.
And when the shadows gloom the way,
The darkness of the lonesome night
Brings out the stars in cold array,
And frost gleams in the ghastly light.

Then I upraise a pleading prayer,
And sink exhausted to the ground;
With but a crust my ev'ning meal,
I fall into a rest profound.
And dreams of old come unto me,
I climb again youth's shining hills,
And view the woodlands and the fields,
And song of birds my glad heart thrills.

I hear again my father's voice,
And brother Jack is by my side.
And sister Nell and Lawrence Dare,
And Minnie Lee, the village pride;
And all the friends that blest my youth
On me their loving glances beam,
And life once more is blithe and gay
In the old cottage by the stream.

My mother's hand is on my brow;
To me a perfect rest is given;
I hear the songs of heavenly choirs,
I dream, my soul, I dream of heaven.
I hear what mortals may not tell,
A sacred greeting meets me there,
And ecstasy my being thrills,
Heaven opes to me so wondrous fair.

The dawn's cold light falls on my face,
I wake benumbed by frost and dew,
I pray for strength to bear me up—
Again my journey I pursue.
My thoughts flow backward as I go,
And yearning still for other days,
The shadows colder, denser grow,
The skies now wear a shroud of haze.

CHAPTER VI.

Golden light of life's glad morning,
Oh, so long, so long ago,
I am looking, looking backward
From the hills all white with snow.
And it is so bleak and dreary,
Oh, this long and toilsome way!
And my feet are worn and weary
Marching onward day by day.

And the road is growing rougher,
Desolate on every side,
The mountains tower higher, higher,
And the storm sweeps far and wide;
And the skies are ever shrouded
By the clouds, all stern and gray,
And the light grows dim and dimmer
As night-time closes down the day.

And I scarce can trace the pathway
That I tread with pain and moan,
And I have no place of refuge,
And my rest is but a stone;
But I'm marching, ever marching
Toward the far-off, sunset shore,
And I sometimes catch the flashing
Of its rays that glimmer o'er

The rugged, bleak, and lofty mountains,
That seem e'er to bar my way
Toward the "city of the sunset"
That I'm nearing day by day.
Up and down the grim, dark mountains,
Where the torrents leap and roar,
I am struggling onward, onward,
Oft with heart so faint and sore,

Through the vales of desolation
Where no living thing is seen,
Over crags and yawning chasms,
Where dread dangers lurk between.
But I press on through all perils,
While the days pass one by one;
Soon I'll reach the "City Golden,"
Beyond the setting of the sun.

The light that glows above the mountains
Grows brighter, nearer, every hour;
It sustains and cheers me onward,
Renews my courage by its power.
And I'm trusting for a meeting,
Where the lights immortal beam,
With the friends that blest my childhood
In the old cottage by the stream.

---

## THE BATTLE OF ABRAHAM'S PLAINS.

WOLFE had gained the Plains of Abraham
Ere the slumbering sun uprose,
Formed his lines, and calmly waited
The onslaught of England's foes.
And the September sun all golden
Rose upon the glorious scene,
Lighting up the hills far distant,
And the mighty, murmuring stream;

Touching with peaceful, glowing fingers
Wall and tower and citadel;
Toying along the smoking cannon,
And ramparts torn by shot and shell.

It played along Wolfe's Highland clans,
Those kilted, plaided, fearless men
From Scotland's heathery hills afar,
And Lowland vale, and loch, and glen.

It burst on old England's scarlet lines—
Those living walls glowed like a flame—
And flashed along their bristling steel,
Resistless all in war's dread game.
Oh, it was a sight most glorious,
Those silent lines abiding there
In the ruddy light of that fair morn,
Terribly grand, and yet so fair.

Meanwhile, from Beauport and Point Lévis,
Wolfe's besieging batteries roared;
Shaking the doomed and tottering town,
As on the citadel they poured
A storm of iron like a torrent,
Rending and smashing everywhere;
Filling the heroic defenders
With dread suffering and despair.

And their calamity but deepens—
A breathless messenger appears,
And news of sudden, dreadful import
Falls upon their startled ears
As they learn with dread amazement
Wolfe has climbed to Abraham's Plains,
And has made his dispositions
With lightning strategy and pains

But Montcalm, the heroic Montcalm,
Though o'erwhelmèd by surprise,
Issues swift his ringing orders
As from point to point he flies.

And there was blaring then of trumpets
And the roar of trampling feet,
And tumultuous preparations
Their stern, awaiting foes to meet.

Ha! they issue forth in swift, hot haste,
And form upon the noble plain,
A chivalry worthy any cause,
Their country's laurels to maintain.
Now they advance in swift array,
Seven thousand Frenchmen side by side:
Rolling upon their intrepid foes,
They come in their undaunted pride.

The issue is half a continent,
But unmoved, as if on parade,
Wolfe's valiant line awaiteth there,
Invincible and undismayed.
Aye, tumultuously the French come on
To sweep the British from the plain,
And all along their furious lines
Burst sheets of blinding smoke and flame.

And as crash on crash of musketry
Leaped in fierce, incessant roar,
The brave French continued to advance,
And a murderous fire to pour
On Wolfe's intrepid, impassive lines,
That stood there awaiting the word;
And obeying, even unto death,
Not a man there flinched or stirred.

What, still unmoved the British line,
Though ghastly, gory gaps are torn
Through those gallant ranks unmovable,
And of many a hero shorn?

Still, still unheeding, impassive still?
And no answering, no reply?
And Montcalm's ceaseless volleying lines
Are drawing very, very nigh.

All along those kilted, scarlet lines
Wolfe had flown with swift, hot speed;
"Fire not," he said, "without the command.
Stand firm, brave hearts, and never heed
Montcalm's clamorous, advancing lines.
Abide like rocks and never fear;
Listen for the word, and be prepared
When the fierce foe draws very near."

At last Wolfe's ringing voice cried, "Fire!"
And thus the welcome order came;
And instantly from that gallant line
Leapt a withering sheet of flame.
And the roar resounded through the hills,
And when the dense smoke rolled away,
Revealed was the foe's torn, bloody ranks,
Where hundreds of their brave dead lay.

Another volley is instantly poured
On Montcalm's now shattered line;
Then with a cheer that waked the hills,
And a grand rush that was sublime,
They fell upon their struggling foes
With the bayonet's deadly play,
And swept the French from that gory field
In ruined, disorderly array.

"They run! they run!" shouts an *aide-de-camp.*
"Who run?" brave Wolfe quick cried.
"The foe, sir," and then Wolfe exclaimed:
"God be praised," and calmly died.

For sorely hurt by the first French fire,
  Heroically leading the way,
The beloved commander faltered not
  Until won was that great day.

And another of immortal fame
  Was on that great day laid low
On the red field of Abraham's Plains,
  By the great river's ebb and flow.
Montcalm, the e'er intrepid Montcalm,
  Beloved, revered, and honored so;
A true patriot, with a great white soul,
  Gave his life there long years ago!

And 'tis fitting now in after years,
  That a united brotherhood
Should bedew their mem'ry with our tears,
  Those two, who on that great day stood
Contending for their country's cause.
  Time the barriers hath swept away,
And a united people celebrate
  In true, abiding peace to-day.

'Tis well that from that far-famed field
  A united monument should rise,
Upbearing two illustrious names
  Toward the glory of the skies.
There, towering o'er the famous scene,
  Keeping the watch of death evermore,
Fierce storms of time shall not dissolve
  The tribute by the river's shore.

## MINNIE LEE.

I SHALL never see thee more, Minnie Lee—
Minnie Lee, with thy gold-brown hair,
And thy violet eyes, so sweet and pure,
And thy face so wondrous fair.
I've loved thee long and well, Minnie Lee,
But the dream was all, all in vain;
And the busy years that drift slow away
Have left but a ceaseless pain.

Do you remember a time, Minnie Lee,
When we wandered hand in hand
By a silv'ry stream in the warm sunlight,
That wound through a fair summerland?
The world was all glad and bright, Minnie Lee,
And mantled in wondrous bloom
Of beautiful foliage and flowers,
And laden with richest perfume.

The emerald fields stretched far away
In the mellow and rosy rays;
And the crown of the distant hills was lost
In a purple and golden haze.
And the soft south wind toyed with your hair
And sighed among the flowers,
And, wandering o'er the billowy lea,
Was lost in far woodland bowers.

Sweetly and gladly the gay songbirds sang,
Aye, thrillingly glad, and so free;
And gazing enrapt on thee, well I knew
That time was a heaven to me.

But the summer passed, and changes came
O'er the face of the world so wide;
And an iron hand prest cold on my heart,
And banished me from thy side.

I shall never see thee more, Minnie Lee,
And I'm tired and sad to-day;
I am longing for rest, but finding none,
As the years drift slowly away.
And I bow my head while the tears fall fast,
And my soul is heavy with pain;
I can only see the gathering gloom,
My prayer was all, all in vain.

---

## THE SOUL.

THE soul is like unto a mighty ocean
In unfathomable sublimity,
In calm, or storm, or wild commotion,
And is measured but by eternity.

The body, its fitting earthly receptacle,
Must perish and dissolve beneath the sod;
It hath but a span to bloom and to fade,
But the soul is co-existent with God.

## THE PRODIGAL SON.

THE prodigal son had wandered
Far away in a foreign land,
And squandered the portion given him
By a father's bountiful hand.
Alone, as the chill night was falling,
And all through the black, dreary day,
The damp wind swept cold from the mountains,
And the sky was sodden and gray.

Famishing, weary, and forsaken,
Poor wanderer, thy ruin's complete;
Thou fain wouldst have appeased thy hunger
With the mere husks the swine did eat.
Where now are the friends that lured thee
To scenes of mad folly and vice?—
False friends that thy wealth had purchased
At such a grievous sacrifice.

Heavily the chill rain was beating
On his poor and defenceless head;
None but the Heavenly Father knew
Of the repentant tears he shed.
"How many servants of my father
Have bread, aye, enough and to spare,
And I perish here of fierce hunger?"
His cry rang out on the air.

But list! he prays for deliv'rance
In very abandon of despair;
His sobs pierce the night, and e'en heaven
Is moved by that passionate prayer.

And a holy voice whispered "Peace!
Thy sins are forgiven thee;
Henceforth let thy life be stainless;
Rise up, go forth, and be free!"

Then the rain ceased its dreary beating,
The wind sank to a gentle sigh;
The moon looked forth in her beauty,
Silvering earth and the vault on high.
And blest was that son worn and weary
As he sank to restful repose,
And in dreams his spirit wandered
To the land of the vine and rose.

And just as the sun lit the mountains
And in glory shone on the lea,
He rose and returned to his father
Far over the wide rolling sea.
And, oh, there were hearts filled with rapture
When that wayward son was forgiven;
Voices in prayer and thanksgiving
Ascended like incense to heaven.

---

## AUTUMN RAIN.

All day I've sat and listened, and watched
The drearily falling rain,
Driven by wearily sounding winds
Against my cold window pane.
And the clouds drift low in the valley,
Obscured is the lonely sea;
Yet mournful tones from her far bosom
Are borne on the winds to me.

All nature seems dead or dying,
Enshrouded as by a pall;
Mouldering leaves in eddies flying
Patter dank against the wall.
All the day, on my sensitive ear,
'Mid the sere grass and the flowers,
Beats the dreary rain like mourners' tears,
Grieving sadly through the hours.

There are lonely graves on the hillside,
And thoughts that are full of pain,
And dreams and regrets that are wakened
To-day by the autumn rain.
I listen in vain for a footfall,
And a voice that's hushed and still,
Whose gentle, flute-like tones so tender
Could all my warm being thrill.

There is silence upon the uplands,
Save the sob of wind and rain;
No dear note of the song-birds greet me
From forest or vale or plain.
They're flown with the beautiful summer
To a clime by the south wind fanned,
With never a care nor a sorrow
In that far-off southern land.

And I would go hence in the gloaming,
Ere the light of the soul be dead;
I would rest where no earthly turmoil
Could disturb my lowly bed.
Perhaps at the heavenly dawning,
Far beyond the light of the spheres,
I may hear that voice and light footfall
Through eternity's changeless years.

## THE BATTLE OF THE CANARD RIVER.

FOUGHT JULY, 1812. AMERICAN FORCE UNDER GENERAL HULL, 2,500. BRITISH AND INDIANS UNDER COLONEL PROCTOR, ABOUT 400.

HULL crossed the strait at Sandwich
With near three thousand of the foe,
Occupied the site of Windsor,
And prepared to strike a blow
He believed would prove fatal
To our south-western borderland;
Demanded instant, full submission,
And the support of his command.

Ah! he knew not how Canadians
Loved the brave old Union Jack,
But scouted at the dauntless souls
That sternly drove the foeman back.
He, with o'er-confidence and pride,
Formed his invading force once more,
And marched away that summer day
By the noble river's shore;

Marched downward by the river
With their banners bedight and gay,
To subjugate the British post
That firmly held him there at bay.
Swiftly out from old Fort Malden
Proctor led his valiant band,
Formed beside the Canard River,
Taking a bold, intrepid stand.

A handful of British heroes,
With Indian allies fierce and brave,
Cunningly taking position
Our south-western border to save,
In silence grim they awaited
The clamorous march of the foe,
And the wind sighed in the foliage,
And the river made murmur low.

As the dead the British were silent
Till the American line drew near;
Then thundered on them a volley,
And defied them with cheer on cheer.
The advancing foe was staggered,
And confused by the deadly rain
That Proctor hurled from the Canard
In volleys again and again.

And all in vain Hull struggled
His wavering line to maintain;
His men were falling around him.
And the field he never could gain.
Proctor swept them from left to right
In confusion; Hull strove in vain,—
In sore defeat, and put to retreat,
He fled by the river again.

## THE TAKING OF DETROIT.

AUGUST 16TH, 1812. AMERICAN FORCE, 2,500. BRITISH AND CANADIANS, 700, AND 600 INDIANS. AMERICAN ARMY SURRENDERED TO GENERAL BROCK, WITH DETROIT AND THE WHOLE STATE OF MICHIGAN.

'TWAS summer, and over the lovely scene
The golden sun shone mild and serene.
Shimm'ring o'er the stream in murmuring flow,
And the whispering winds blew soft and low.
All nature at rest, peaceful, dreamful, bland,
Claspt tenderly our dear Canadian land.
But around o'er all is clamor and war;
Passion, destruction, are near and afar.
The murmuring stream, the foliage that stirred,
Nature's subtle pleading, never are heard.

Hull with his army had recrossed the stream.
Baffled and beaten, his ambitious dream
Of conquest had ended in sore defeat;
From Proctor's front he was forced to retreat.
Brock placed his guns by the riverside—
A gallant soldier with a soldier's pride—
Protected his front there sternly and well,
Demanding the surrender of Fort Springwell.

Refused, Brock opened with thunder's roar,
Shaking the trembling river and shore.
The *Queen Charlotte* and *Hunter* swept around,
And rent and ruined trench, moat and mound.

Covered by the guns, Brock crossed the stream,
And forming his little columns between
Flanks of Indians, moved forward once more
To storm the fort by the great river's shore.

Hull's courage failed, and his flag he hauled down,
Surrendering the State, fort and the town;
And his beaten forces, guns, stores and all
Were included in that momentous fall.
All Canada rang with Brock's deathless fame,
And every heart was all grandly aflame.
They raised the Old Flag o'er the conquer'd foe,
Where the stream goes by in murmuring flow.

---

## THE DANDELION.

I WAS weary of toil and heartache
And the ways of selfish men,
And wandered away through the woodlands,
By streamlet and lonely glen.
And soothing and sweet was the greeting
The grand old woods gave to me;
A whisper of angel voices,
And a glimpse of eternity.

And out where the green hills were smiling
In the sunlight's mellow beams,
I wandered all enraptured
By subtly happy dreams.
The glad morning never was fairer,
A gracious and perfect day,
And the wondrous bloom of the springtime
Had crowned the loveliest May.

And a thousand gay songsters warbled
In melody sweet and clear;
From nook and glade and wild-wood bower
It ravished the list'ning ear.
And the soft skies never were bluer,
The breezes never more bland,
And a restful calm and peacefulness
Brooded sweetly o'er the land.

I turned my eyes from the fair blue skies
To the turf beneath my feet;
And it mantled the rolling landscape
In emerald waves complete.
I paused with a thrill of pure delight—
Gleam as of sunset bars
Shone from innumerable dandelions,
That twinkled like golden stars

By stream and mead and sun-crowned hills
As far as the eye could trace;
And the little busy honey bees
Sipped the dew from each golden face.
Ah, little life of a few sweet days,
Born when the world is in bloom,
Thou never wilt know the blight and chill
Of winter's dreary gloom.

Aye, a few sweet days to bloom and fade,
And gently to pass away,
Caressed by the sun and murmuring winds,
And the song-birds' wild, sweet lay,
Ah, spring and summer, ye fade too soon
With all your beautiful days;
Ye leave us in loneliness and tears,
Along life's stern wintry ways!

## THE DEATH OF SUMMER.

WHERE are now the gladsome summer
  Singing birds, whose wild songs thrill
Dark green foliaged, waving wild-wood,
  Fragrant glade and rippling rill?
And the voice, as soft as angel's,
  Of the low caressing wind,
As it kisses earth's warm beauties,
  Wooing gently and so kind?

Where the whisper and the murmur
  Of the sunlit, dancing sea?
The mysterious deep-toned music
  Of the waves so grand and free?
Looking where the isles seem sleeping,
  Gemmèd on the slumbering flood;
On and on through sunlit vistas
  Fancy free our souls have trod.

And the hazy cloudlets floating
  All the laughing sunlight through,
Mirrored on the glorious splendor
  Of the sky's infinite blue?
Leading up the vaulted highway
  Of the planets' centring spheres,
Till our souls are lost in wonder
  'Mid ecstatic thoughts and fears.

Where the dreams we wooed at twilight?
  Fairest time of all to me;
When the silver moon beams softly,
  And the stars gem earth and sea.

Oh, the whispering, murmuring music!
Oh, the songs of summer night!
Unseen harps in tones of rapture,
Thrilling me with strange delight.

Ah, to die at close of even,
With the heart so strangely glad—
Blissful as a dream of heaven—
Death could not be drear or sad.
Fairest joys the soonest vanish;
Summer died but yesterday;
Chill and blight of autumn banished
All her loveliness away.

---

## "BIG MIKE FOX."

A NOTED CHARACTER AND PIONEER IN THE EASTERN PART OF ESSEX COUNTY, ONTARIO.

BIG MIKE was a giant Canadian
Who never was known to do
A mean or an unmanly action:
His great heart was kind and true.
He loved with a steadfast devotion
The kind friends of his early youth;
And he fearlessly did his duty,
And as fearlessly spoke the truth.

He was a terror to evil-doers,
But a friend to the poor and old;
And Big Mike had a home of plenty,
And a heart as good as gold.
He was one of nature's noblemen,
One of Canada's pioneers,
A specimen grand of true manhood,
Honored by fulness of years.

He hewed him a home from the forest—
  Who has heard not of Big Mike's fame
As an axeman and famous hunter
  Of the red deer and savage game?
Yet his was a calm, kindly nature,
  And tender and void of guile;
His friends and neighbors all loved him,
  And sought his approving smile.

He loved "this Canada of ours,"
  And the grand old "Union Jack";
And traitors did well to keep shady
  When Big Mike located their track.
With an ever unswerving purpose,
  He never was known to fail;
In pursuit of a worthy object
  He never relinquished the trail.

When rebellion was in our borders,
  Prepared for the coming fray,
He shouldered his trusty rifle,
  And to the frontier marched away.
And bravely he did his duty
  With his manly breast to the foe.
He was every inch a soldier
  In those days that tried men so.

Big Mike heard voices in nature
  That appealed to his thoughtful soul—
The sounds of the wind in the night-time,
  And the thunder's mighty roll;
The drip of the rain, and the sunshine,
  And the shadows that fall between
The golden sunset and twilight hours,
  And the beauty of night serene.

The songs of birds, the humming of bees,
The flowers that bloom by the way,
And the awesome tones of the forest,
Through the distance dim and gray.
The rill, the streamlet, and river,
That murmuringly onward flow;
The hills, and the towering mountains,
Cloud-capped in eternal snow.

The splendor of the starry ways,
And the awful solitude,
The frightful voids and the spaces vast,
The mystery of infinitude!
And all things that God hath created,
From the sea to the tiniest flower,
Were a source of proof and assurance
Of divine and mighty power.

Being wedded to one he loved dearly,
Time's changes could never destroy
Their mutual love for each other;
And 'twas ever a source of joy.
But the years that are swiftly going
Bear man's joys and sorrows away,
And his youth and his manhood's vigor,
Remorselessly to decay.

The summer to autumn was merging
When the wife took ill and died;
As by a tempest he was shaken,
Uncontrollably the strong man cried.
Somehow Big Mike was never the same
From that irreparable day;
And he strangely weary and silent grew,
And his look was far away.

Over the fields, by the nooks and ways
That had blest his early life so,
As in a dream with her so loved
He silently went to and fro.
Sometimes with his trusty rifle
He sought for the lurking game;
But, lost forever the incentive,
The hunting was never the same.

And all aimlessly he wandered
Through the forest gray and dim,
Through the stately and awesome forest,
That was ever so dear to him.
The old friends, concerned for his welfare,
Said, "Why don't you get wedded again?"
But Big Mike raised his stately head,
And a look as of nameless pain

Spread over his grand and honest face,
As he said (with voice full of tears),
"I loved my wife when she was but a child—
I have loved her all these years—
Aye, and I love her supremely still;
And far more precious to me
Is the grass that grows on her quiet grave
Than another can ever be.

"My heart is laid in her lonesome tomb,
And there will be no change in me;
Faithful in life and faithful in death,
And through all eternity."
And there came a day when Big Mike sat
By the shore of the soundless sea;
There calmly waiting to launch away
Into endless eternity.

Then they laid him by his dear one's side,
Where above them the grass doth grow;
And the sighing winds, and the sobbing rain,
And the seasons that come and go
Are all unheeded by Big Mike now.
Ah! 'tis seldom his like is seen;
Put a fadeless wreath on his silent brow,
Keep his mem'ry ever green!

---

## WINTER-TIME.

I'm tired to-night of the winter-time,
Its dreariness, moan, and woe,
The lonesome wind, the sleet and the snow,
That continually come and go.
And the chill white robe that enfoldeth
The earth in a cold embrace—
Just as we shrouded the form we loved,
And covered the pale, dead face.

The blast rolls down from an icy zone,
Where the lonely arctic sea
Hath stormed and raged through infinite years
In terrible, desolate glee.
The trees are rocked and the hills are swept,
And the vales are pent with snow,
By the furious sweep of the icy winds
That ceaselessly come and go.

The trees are bare and the hills are dead,
And the vales are shorn of their bloom;
Where all was joy ere the summer died
Is now but a mocking tomb.

The stream is hushed, and the river stilled,
And the sky is dark as doom,
And the merciless swirl of the snow
Makes deeper the dismal gloom.

Relentless winter! thy iron clasp
And withering, icy breath
Earth's fragrant loveliness have slain—
Thou art but a type of death.
And phantom hands seem beckoning me,
And voices as from the dead—
Dear spirits of long ago—
As I bow my stricken head.

My heart is full and the tears will fall,
And my thoughts are heavy with pain;
I'm weary of loss and loneliness,
And this wild, dark winter plain.
I long, so long, for the summer-time,
With its birds and fairest flowers,
The sun-crowned hills, the song of the sea,
The meads and the greenwood bowers;

The murmuring rills and soft twilight,
The sigh of the wandering breeze,
Caressing the sea, and dying away
To a whisper among the trees.
But as I dream and the snow falls fast,
Comes this thought with glad surprise:
There'll be no grievous loss nor death,
No winter in paradise.

## I SAW HER FACE TO-DAY.

I saw her fair face to-day
After the far flight of years;
I saw, and my eyes grew dim
With a mist of weary tears.
Lost, when the summer faded
Into the sere autumn-time,
And the winds grew melancholy—
A tender and sad repine.

Sad and silent we lingered
As the twilight crept away,
And the shadows nearer drew
Through the stillness soft and gray.
We'd loved with a love as holy
As mortal heart e'er knew,
But we severed the tie and parted,
Into lonesome night withdrew.

Wandering, and never at rest,
After the long flight of years,
To look on her face again
Through a mist of weary tears.
The sun of life is falling
Low down the pale, wan west;
The twilight draweth nearer,
'Tis the time for peace and rest.

# THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

## CHAPTER I.—THE CREATION.

THE flight of Time! how strange, aye, how strange thy story!
Thou wast when vast creation's wondrous glory
Lighted up the weird inanimate universe,
And bade the intense darkness and the gloom disperse.
Aye, when the earth was shrouded in Plutonian gloom,
All without form, and void, and lifeless as the tomb,
'Twas then God said, "'Let there be light,' and there was light,"
Establishing divisions of the day and night;
'Twas then the boding shadow of thy mighty wing
Fell on the brooding sea and every earthly thing;
And when the lighted spheres stood forth sublime,
Commenced thy inexorable flight, O Time!

And wast thou amazed at that momentous hour?
Didst veil thy face to God's stupendous power?
Thou heardst the song the planetary systems sung,
As o'er the deeps and through the starry heights it rung.
And earth was glad with sunshine, and her lovely hills
Bloomed fair beside the rivers and the rills;
And waves of melody rolled down from hill and vale;
Sweet breath of flowers was borne upon the gale.
Created man rejoiced in Eden's innocence,
His every want supplied without recompense;
He dwelt with fair Eve in ever-blooming bowers,
A man and woman unconscious of their powers.

And thou wast there when lovely Eve, the tempted, fell,
And man was hurled from thence to verge of hell!
Then was vice and death and carnage ushered in,
And vile deceit, and cunning, by the scourge of sin;
Man became an outcast, with a curse upon his head,
Doomed to toil and drudgery for his daily bread.
Leaving lovely Eden and innocence behind,
With sore tempted and troubled heart, and all blind
With remorseful tears, and vague dread of the unknown,
Clasping the hand of Eve, they faced the world alone!

Wast thou moved to pity, O remorseless Time?
For ne'er was scene more pitiful or more sublime.
Oh, momentous, measureless, sad, and direful fall!
A covert sin, an act, that sorely smote us all,
Making man's feverish life a battle all the way,
From earliest morn unto his latest day;
Beset by every evil, no rest is given—
A lost and ruined soul, with scarce a hope of heaven!

But the world was peopled, and from every plain
Rose cities grand that gained an envious fame;
And the ships of commerce whitened every sea,
And men and nations all strove for the mastery;
And war and cruel bloodshed was the common lot
Of nations, who supremacy and conquest sought:
The centuries were marred by pomp and pride,
And servility and wrong were rife on every side.
And through the grinding cycles of corroded years
Thy tireless pinions swept through seas of blood and tears
Of nations, and of peoples, who rose up and fell—
Many nations, who unto death fought brave and well
For country and their loved country's deathless fame,
For tempting martial glory and a deathless name;
Nations, who in pride and lust of power forgot
God and justice, and only aggrandizement sought.

### CHAPTER II.—THE EXODUS.

Imperial Tanis in the setting sun did gleam,
Reflected in the gliding Nile's majestic stream,
Egypt's famed metropolis. In glory shone
Her palaces, vast temples, minaret and dome.
Proud Pharaoh strode perplexed his palace home,—
His stern, unbending, iron will had harder grown,
And would not bow to Heaven's diviner will;
The scourge must fall again, and Egypt suffer still.

And calm had grown soft evening's closing hour;
The fading light fell weird on wall and tower,
And cooler winds breathed tender, soft and light,
And deeper, denser grew the lonesome shades of night.
Strange stillness brooded o'er the unhallowed place,
A look of awesome fear filled every face.

Stealthily the Hebrews withdrew to watch and pray
In their habitations unto the dawn of day,
Listening intently through the boding night
For the destroying angel on his dreaded flight.
Stern warning had been given to Israel's watching host,
And sprinkled with lamb's blood was every entrance-post.
Well knew they that their deliverance was at hand,
That they should turn their faces to the promised land.

Hark to that awful cry just at the dawn's pale day!
Up, Israel! up! and with the Lord's own help away!
Every first-born of Egypt that dread night was slain,
And lamentations rose from city, hill and plain.
On, Israel! on! seize this momentous hour;
Have faith, and thou shalt see thy God's protecting power.

And out from Rameses they poured along the way,
Filled with thoughts of freedom through the anxious day.
Pharaoh was obdurate and with revenge embued,
And with his fiery hosts the Israelites pursued.

But God was with Israel, and set before their sight
A pillar of cloud by day, and one of fire by night—
A guide to lead them in their sore and troubled flight
By which they may escape Pharaoh and his might.

The sea is now before them, the enemy in rear;
Hemmed in on every side, their hearts are filled with fear.
But Moses is with them, they hearken to his word:
"Stand still," he said, "and see the salvation of the Lord:
The Egyptians ye shall see no more for ever.
Look up to God and pray mightily together."
Then he stretched his mystic rod out o'er the sea,
And the waters were divided, and Israel was free.
And as they passed through safely to the other shore,
Joy beamed on every brow—they were slaves no more.

But the Egyptians pursued them with chariot and spear;
Beset by deadly danger, they grow pale with fear.
Ha! the waters are upon them—no hand can save;
They sink! they sink to death in one pent, dreadful grave!

Didst thou hear it, O Time, that swelling, joyful song
Of great deliverance from Israel's grateful throng?
Art thou glad when ravening tyrants meet their fall,
And freedom's cause is lifted up high over all?

## CHAPTER III.—BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

Stern Time, thou wast at proud Belshazzar's sumptuous feast
When the pomp and splendor of the sensuous East,
Robed in gold and crimson, graced the banquet hall,
And 'mid revelry saw the hand write on the wall.
Thou mark'st the look of horror on each frozen face,
And the deadly silence that fell upon the place
Of infamous lewdness, aflame with light and bloom;
Thou knew'st the hand was writing Belshazzar's doom!

The vessels of the Lord had been ushered in,
And desecrated by debauchery and sin;
Stained by impious draughts to the gods of gold,
Of silver, brass, and iron, in defiance bold.

Hark! hark! What means that ominous and boding sound?
'Tis the march of a million feet that shake the ground!
'Tis the Medes and Persians thundering at the walls,
And before whose impetuous rush proud Babylon falls!
And ere the dawn's pale light falls soft o'er all again,
Her proud and impious king is like a wild wolf slain.

### CHAPTER IV.—THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

And didst thou sing, then, with the mystic, morning star
That shone o'er Bethlehem from heaven's gate ajar?
And didst thy grateful praises like a river flow
When Christ was born there nineteen hundred years ago?
And didst thou follow Him to soothe and bless His life,
Marking His neglect and care, agony and strife?
The meek and lowly Saviour who came a world to save:
For the fallen and sinful His life He freely gave.

All His precious days to man were gladly given
In teaching him the way that leadeth up to heaven,
In visiting the poor, and soothing grief and pain,
Healing every ill, and restoring life again.
And thou heardst His accusers when in rage and hate
They rudely pushed Him forward unto Pilate's gate,
Where Pilate pled His innocence, finding no just cause
Of complaint against Him to the state or laws.

But still they loudly clamored for His precious blood,
And shamelessly crucified Him, the spotless Son of God.
O fatal sixth hour on Calvary's rugged hill!
When the sun withdrew, and in shuddering stood still,

And the temple veil in the midst was rent in twain,
And the earth trembled as if in the throes of pain,
And all nature quaked with terror and amaze—
'Twas hard for the Lord's followers on it to gaze.
The world had never seen, nor ever will again,
So great a sacrifice, nor such suffering and pain.

And didst thou, O sleepless Time, shed a single tear?
For thou didst pause awhile benumbed with fear.
And didst thou, when He rose to His Father's house on high,
Hear the singing of the angels pealing through the sky?
And didst thou there rejoice that He so freely gave
His life man's poor and ruined soul from sin to save?

Thou knewest all the prophets and their checkered life
Of noble struggle—grand heroes in the strife
With sin and despotism. To save man's ruined soul
They endured every privation, and their goal
Was heaven and immortality. They would draw
All mankind after them by keeping God's just law;
With Paul, they counted suffering and loss but gain.
Avoiding earth's allurements and the bauble fame,
They went among the lowly to help, save, and cheer,
Facing death, every danger, undeterred by fear.
And from home and country they went at duty's call,
In the work of rescuing man from his sad fall.

## CHAPTER V.—A NIGHT IN OLD ROME.

A night in old Rome! The sighing south wind blew
Down from the purple, vine-clad hills, and stealing through
A thousand bowers, summer-laden and so fair,
In odorous bloom it revelled everywhere.
A million golden stars looked upon the night;
Over all the crescent moon cast a dreamy light,

And the witchery of music floated on the air
In sweet notes gay and tender. Devoid of every care,
A million hearts were dreaming in that dreamful hour,
Tenderly enveloped by love's mystic power.
All Rome seem wrapt in dreamful, white-winged peace,
And from every wearied care wooed sweet release.

But see! the vast amphitheatre is all ablaze
With brilliant light, revealing the expectant gaze
Of a sea of eager faces packed and pent—
The fierce and gentle strangely in the weird light blent.
And tier on tier the immense radius circles round
The dread arena—fateful and most cruel ground,
Where many a brave life went out on thy red soil
Against sword and shield, or in the dread lion's toil.

All Rome was there—the proud, the poor, and great,
Her chivalry and beauty, the Emperor in state.
And the expectant throng await with bated breath
The tragedy's beginning, the revelry of death!

Hark! hark! that blood-curdling, thund'rous, awful roar,
As opens wide the den's concealing iron door!
A majestic lion leaps forth with one great bound
Into the arena, with roar that shakes the ground.
All proudly he sweeps with stern, undaunted eye
That glittering throng; but hushed is now his cry,
That chills the very stoutest heart, and makes run cold
The blood of the most dauntless, and the strong and bold.

But opes another door, and like a flash of light
Another leaps within—and bursts upon the sight
A gallant gladiator, with bright spear and shield,
Of stern and lofty mien that will not bend nor yield.
And the dread beast attacks with hungry, savage roar,
And the gladiator falls lifeless to the floor.

But in sprang another of gigantic mould,
With visage all stern, unconquerable and cold;
And he couches his great spear, and with fearless stride
Attacks the forest king, and wounds his tawny side.

Aroused to furious anger by the pain,
He rushes like a deadly avalanche again.
The dauntless foeman feels his fierce and scorching breath,
And is hurled a bleeding mass to instant death!
Another and another in pride of manhood came,
But the most horrible result was still the same;
And a dreadful shudder moves that vast, spell-bound crowd,
And tender women sorrowfully are bowed.

But amid the horrors of that ensanguined scene
Another calmly enters with countenance serene:
A very Apollo, and of most kingly mien—
A more noble form grand old Rome hath never seen.
And, though young in years, he moves with stately grace,
And a soul devoid of fear looks from a perfect face.
His only weapons are his Roman sword and shield,
With which he hath made way on many a desp'rate field.
A murmur of admiration everywhere is heard,
And the coldest hearts to sympathy are stirred
As with a courtly wave that kings might imitate
The heroic gladiator advances to his fate.

The forest king awaits him with a fiery eye,
And again is repeated that most awful cry;
And with a malignant, prodigious leap and bound
He hurls his deadly charge, but the foe is not found:
For the brave gladiator springs lightly aside,
And on his speaking face beams confidence and pride;
And again he avoids the lion's ruthless might,
And like streaming lightning flashes in the light

His Roman sword, that stills that fierce and savage roar,
And the dread forest king sinks lifeless to the floor;
And the gladiator bows 'mid thunders of applause.
But again is heard between the weird lull and pause
The gay heralds loud proclaiming Cæsar's will,
That the lists should now be open to the skill
Of the most famed gladiators, four and four—
A battle unto death, to death and nothing more.

### CHAPTER VI.—THE GLADIATORS.

The attendants quickly remove the ghastly slain,
And cover up with sand the gruesome, crimson stain.
Again the heralds with trumpets loud proclaim
Permission to begin in cruel Cæsar's name.

And they came forth bedight in crimson and in gold,
And a tempest of applause around the arena rolled.
Oh, it was a sight! those grand men all arrayed
For the conflict, all so calm and undismayed.
And fiery youth was there, and veteran middle age,
With stern front all scarred by battle's ruthless rage;
But the most imposing and kingly of them all
Was the lion slayer, responsive to the call.

And in that boding hour, there waiting for the fray,
Did thoughts steal backward along the toilsome way?
And a glimpse of home did memory bring once more,
And the welcome smile of mother at the open door;
The loved ones waiting for those that come no more?
And do they play again beside the streams and rills,
And as boys again climb the vine-clad, purple hills?
How thought of early days the yearning bosom thrills!

But the signal's given, and for the fight they brace
Their steely sinews, and sternly, defiantly face

Their adversaries with the Roman sword and shield,
And the deadly cestus, to die, but never yield.
Then leaps from the ponderous scabbard fiercely bright
Those deadly weapons that glitter in the light.
Then with a mighty clash of steel they come to guard;
Foot to foot and eye to eye they thrust, strike, and ward,
And like lightning they deliver blow on blow,
And fair women's faces turn as white as snow.
Like crashing of the hail on shielding window pane
Fall the mighty strokes on shield and helmet, but in vain.
Streams of flaming fire from their weapons fiercely fly,
Falling fast like fiery meteors from the sky;
And they leap and spring lightly aside to and fro
To avoid the deadly thrust or savage blow.

Ha! one is reached, and he totters, sinks and dies.
See! the light is fading fast from his glazing eyes,
And his proud conqueror leans panting on his sword.
But not long hath he to wait; another soon is gored
By the deadly cestus, and pierced through and through;
Then the winners seek each other, and the fight renew.
They advance and recede like waves upon the shore;
Another, and two others are stricken to the floor!
The sixth's sword is shivered, his shield cleft in twain;
In vain had been the struggle 'gainst the deadly rain.
And the two survivors stand panting there for breath
Before closing in the dreadful *finale* of death;
And a look of pity stole o'er each speaking face,
And in their eyes, late stern in battle, you might trace
A gathering tear; and the bowed, weary head,
Spoke of their sorrow for their gallant comrades dead.
But they were aroused from their reverie of pain,
And looked upon each other and the dead again.

Ah! who are they, these that survive the bloody strife?
What fate awaits them in the struggle life for life?

'Tis Julian, the Roman, that slew the forest king,
And the brave Athenian, of whom all Rome doth ring.
They turn and face each other, these men of perfect mould,
And all eyes are tearful with sympathy untold.
But 'tis over now, and sweeps a lurid flame
Over each stern and lofty brow; and again
Their Roman swords are lifted up, and they engage—
The champions rouse to dreadful battle's ruthless rage.
How the thrusts and strokes fast crash on shield and helm!
How they leap and rush and glide to overwhelm!
And the sparks of fire stream again from screaming steel,
And they deliver and recover, and they reel
'Neath the ponderous blows that on their strong shields fall.
O Cæsar! why not thy stern mandate now recall?
Save those noble gladiators from such direful fate;
Speak, most noble Cæsar! ere it be too late.

Still those dreadful swords in fierce, fiery circles scream!
How the eyes of those grand combatants glow and gleam!
For the tempting laurels they contend, and fair fame,
And the cruel pride of conquest, and a fadeless name.
Too late! too late! O Rome! see, see the crimson tide
Is streaming from the intrepid Athenian's side!
For Julian had delivered an upward, lightning stroke,
And his adversary's scarce ready guard was broke.
And sorely wounded he can thrust and ward no more,
But staggers backward on the ensanguined floor;
And the pallor of death steals o'er his noble brow,
And a weary smile—he is weakly sinking now.
Julian, the conqueror, had retired a pace,
And a look of regret stole o'er his noble face.
Now he springs to the support of his wounded foe,
And o'er his paling cheeks the streaming tears do flow,
And he tenderly clasps and holds that sinking form
That had weathered many a dread battle's storm.

"Forgive! O Phalereus! forgive this bitter hour;
We are but puppets in Rome's imperial power."
And those two clasp hands, and in mournful accents low
Phalereus speaks, and his face is whiter than snow:
"Tell my loving mother at Athens, far away,
That I have e'er missed her so, and every day
I have thought of her, and the dear remembered home,
And the peace of happy childhood forever flown.
And, Julian, there is another, a fair Greek girl,
Patiently awaiting me—precious, priceless pearl,
I have ever loved her so. Say, Julian, will you
Tell her the wayward wanderer was ever true?
Farewell, comrade Julian! hold my fast failing hand
Whilst I glide outward into the strange shadow land."

Round the dread arena but sigh and sob is heard,
And eyes are dimmed with tears and every heart is stirred.
Ah! 'twas a battle royal, those famed men four and four—
A trial unto death, to death and nothing more.

Now the throng glide away; chilled is every breast,
And stillness wraps the scene; all Rome hath sunk to rest,
And naught disturbs the silence but the watchful sound
Of the sentry of the legion on his lonely round.
Art satiated, remorseless and relentless Time,
By mankind's sorrow and life's tragedy sublime?

### CHAPTER VII.—THE FALL OF IMPERIAL ROME.

Thou beheldst the Cæsars in their sceptred power
Dominate the known world; but their kingly dower
Was vast Imperial Rome—the Romans' love and pride;
Her chivalric people were honored far and wide.

Where now is the Forum where Cicero thundered?
And the enrapt throng that listened and wondered?
Death-stilled! But though insatiate Time doth sever,

Cicero's fame shall live, and live forever.
Where now is the grandeur of the Appian Way,
And the proud Roman legions in their grand array,
As home they march with banners proud unfurled—
The stern, invincible conquerors of the world?
The barbarians of the north upon their grandeur rolled,
But the relics remain of those "brave days of old."

Thou hast looked upon Rome in all her glory—
Grand Imperial Rome, that lives now but in story;
Thou hast seen her rise resplendent as the day,
And droop, and fall to ruin, moulder and decay.
Now by the yellow Tiber, flowing on its way,
Is but the mere mockery of a grander day.

### CHAPTER VIII.—ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Forgotten of Rome! Antony, thou true son of Mars!
The invincible leader of so many wars;
A loiterer at Alexandria on the Nile,
Lost to the witchery of a fair woman's guile.
Cleopatra, thou famed wonder of the world!
For whom men went mad of love, and, reckless, hurled
Honor and fame and manhood at thy peerless feet—
Very slaves if they but win thy soft smile, replete
With fascination; and as the bees about a flower
Of poison petals, benumbed is every power.

Are there no modern Cleopatras in our day
That enslave, and even men's honor steal away?
Just as wily and just as cunning in their guile;
Just as witching and just as false their winning smile.
And they lure and beckon onward just as well,
Insidiously leading down to death and hell.
Are there no Antonys from lofty heights to fall,
That listen to the witching, wily siren's call?

Lovely woman! thy thralling power's half divine.
Thou canst lift weak man up to heights that are sublime,
Or hurl him down from duty's high and wide estate,
And destroy the powers of the gifted, good and great.
Why not use the subtle influence given thee
To ennoble and sustain in blameless purity?
And thus walking blameless, a beacon on life's shore,
"A thing of beauty and a joy for evermore."

### CHAPTER IX.—RETROSPECTION.

Let us retrace our steps along the phantom shore
Of the dead centuries, two thousand years or more,
And look upon a nation whose fame will never cease—
A learned and noble people—grand, heroic Greece.
A freedom-loving nation never could be slaves,
And many desperately fought fields are pent with graves
To freedom. Attest Marathon and Thermopylæ,
Where millions rushed to conflict on that fatal day
When Leonidas with his three hundred Spartans fell
In an immortal struggle in the jaws of hell.

Not in vain their fall—they died for freedom's glory;
Greece remembers still—all time shall tell the story.
Persia was ruined at Platæa and Salamis,
And Greece's voice exultant was raised in praise and bliss.
Shall we not, too, O Time, those dauntless deeds extol?
Though marred by thy stern hands, Greece shall be brave
of soul.

Alexander at Arbela grasped immortal fame,
And for the Macedonians an undying name;
And Babylon lay at his conquering feet,
And the conquest of the proud Persians was complete.
But the Tigris and Euphrates ran red with gore,
And Darius, all ruined, could not restore
Confidence from disaster, so fled swift away
From Arbela, crushed by disaster in a day.

Swiftly the grand Roman legions marched away
To the field of Metaurus, where waiting lay
The Carthaginians under their leader, Hasdrubal,
Hannibal's famous brother—idol there of all.
Stealthily the Roman legions swift onward go,
And at Metaurus, at the dawn, fall on the foe—
A wave of Roman valor with resistless flow
That swept the Carthaginians from the field,
After a heroic struggle compelled to yield
To the fiery Nero, all mangled and torn,
And almost destroyed since the opening morn.
All Rome went mad with joy when news of victory came,
And a wild enthusiasm, like a quenchless flame,
Pervaded all. Imperial Rome would not be denied;
She swept her foes away, and a world defied.

Why should we, O Time, repeat or enumerate
The world's decisive battles, or the remorseless fate
Of nations that went down on fields of strife and blood,
Forgetting the cause of freedom and even God?
The shadow of thy wing fell on them like a pall
Of destiny when tottering unto their fall.

Thou wast with Cambyses at Pelusium on the Nile,
When the earth shook with the collision, and the vile
And cruel Pharaoh met such a sore defeat,
And Egypt lay defenceless at her captor's feet.

Thou sawest Arminius, the German, put to flight
Varus and his proud Roman legions, and the sight
Should have stirred e'en thy unsympathizing soul—
A people freed from tyranny, winning freedom's goal.

The Romans and the Visigoths at Chalons stood
Face unto face with Attila, the "scourge of God."
The carnage of that field the world remembers still,
And the fame of Attila, and his daring will.

At Tours, in Gaul, the Saracenic leader came,
And many fine cities of the Franks were in flame,
And Moslem fury raged, pillaged everywhere,
And Christianity was in great despair.
But their noble Christian king to the rescue came,
And all Christendom doth revere and bless his name.
The furious Moslem Arabs were put to flight,
And slain was Abdurahman in the awful fight.
Charles Martel's name's inscribed on the tower of fame,
And thy savage waves, O Time, beat on its base in vain.

The last of the Saxon kings at Hastings' field fell—
Heroic Harold! England's noblest loved thee well.
Nobly Britons faced the ruthless Norman pride;
Fearlessly, desp'rately they fought and died.
Valorous souls! death were preferable to yield,
And they sank to one pent grave on that decisive field.

O'ercoming all obstacles that beset his way,
Marlborough with Eugene for the Danube made way,
Where at Blenheim Marshall Tollard was deployed,
And the French that great day were utterly destroyed.
Immortal Marlborough! thy arm never failed,
And despot, usurpers, before thy power quailed.
Imperishable is thy talismanic name—
E'en yet the thought of thee sets Britain's heart aflame.

Plassey, Jena, Wagram, Borodino, Fontenoy,
Were maelstroms of butchery, nations to destroy.
Even the "blue, lone sea" hath known man's ruthless might,
And torn hath been her bosom by the guns in fight—
The fight of navies, drowning the sea's tumultuous roar,
Shaking the very ocean, reddened by their gore:
Camperdown's fierce conflict, Copenhagen and the Nile;
Trafalgar, crowning glory of Britain's dauntless isle.
But that field of fields that stirred the whole world through,
The battle of the battles, deathless Waterloo—

The brightest gem that shines in England's diadem;
'Twas fought for liberation and the rights of men.

Unbidden they rise up, so many dreadful days—
The world is red with carnage and dreadful affrays;
Millions of tears hath fallen; despair unspoken
Hath deluged millions of hearts, and millions broken.

## CHAPTER X.—THE FLIGHT THROUGH SPACE.

Insatiable Time!
I grow weary in a vain attempt to follow thee,
Or tell the past, so full of deepest mystery;
I cannot cope with thee, for thou art everywhere,
And knowest well that I am weak with a despair
Of ever telling of thy weird, wondrous flight
Through the vast realms of space, by the glorious light
Of day, and the weird, lonesome silence of the night,
Or through awful voids of space, dead to human sight.
None but the Maker can measure the flight of Time;
Thou art man's Nemesis, from a power divine.

But in thought I'll flit with thee through realms of space,
And by the silvery moonlight we may dimly trace
Our way in passage to the dazzling god of day.
I'm blinded by its fierce and glittering ray,
For we are drawing nigh, like lightning through the sky,
So swift is finite thought to mount, to soar, to fly.
Now affright, an awesome dread, falls on our soul—
How its vast, fiery billows leap, and mount, and roll
Over the awful desolation of its deeps,
Where a whirlwind of sulphurous flame forever sweeps
In seething eddies over its frenzied plains.
What maintains the equilibrium of its loss and gains—
Immeasurable, yawning gulfs that glow and glare?
Are Satan and his dreadful realm abiding there?

And was it here the fallen angels found their hell?
See! see! the molten tides that sink, and rise, and swell,
And the volcanic bursts that leap frightfully away,
Lighting up the far phantom voids intense as day.

O Time! let's flee away from this maddening sight,
And by more mildly lighted planets take our flight.
Gliding swift onward over soundless, unknown seas,
What stupendous voids the mind in its terror sees!
O shoreless, frightful, endless, vast infinitude!
And by dread amaze unspeakable pursued,
We flit by the way where 'tis neither night nor day,
Amid a deep eternal silence; and I pray
For strength of soul my appalled senses to retain,
A calm the phantom seas may beat upon in vain.
Save us from the calamity of a mind o'erthrown,
Sunk in shoreless darkness with light and reason gone!

Oh, what glory bursts to our view on every side
As we through glowing, rosy spaces swiftly glide,
And see the grandeur of a million burning stars
All bejewelled and bedight with golden bars!
In orbits so vast they swing in ellipses round
A grand centre, a controlling power profound.
From the gleaming and glowing centre of the day
Let us glide across the far paths the planets stray.

Hail, Mercury!
All hail! thou "swift-winged messenger of the gods,"
Nearest the mighty, central heart that burns and throbs;
Holding thee nearest, perhaps the best and dearest,
Obedient to the will thou lovest and fearest.
And so swift thou rollest along these liquid seas,
The poor finite mind amazed but dimly sees
The splendor of thy far panoramic glory,
And failest in an attempt to tell thy story.

Beautiful Venus!
Time and I are drifting by thy luminous shores,
Lost in admiration as the soul in rapture soars
Around the intense splendor of thy outward form.
Surely the great Creator sought but to adorn
Thee in a halo of radiance; a golden sheen
Veils thy beauty, of which we mortals may but dream.
Ah! to penetrate the veil and look upon thy face,
Which surely is benignant with a warmth and grace
Of which we terrestrials have never dreamed nor known—
We of an orb more chilling, of a sterner zone.

And perhaps, Venus, thou hast a more happy clime,
Continents more generous, scenery more divine,
And seas that are more sunny, sweet winds ever bland,
And purer streams and rivers purling through the land;
And thy lovely valleys and undulating hills
Are glad with a grander nature, a life that thrills
To the rich, fair fulness, profuse on every side,
Where being is a blessing, full, and deep, and wide.

Do thy flora and thy fauna ever fade away?
Are thy seasons e'er balmy as a summer day?
Does the sternness of the winter ne'er come to thee?
And from death and sin art thou absolutely free?
Does love and friendship through thy years live on the same?
Man's most needed blessing, a never-dying flame.

Farewell, Venus! we are sweeping fast from thy sight.
Radiant orb, farewell! We resume our outward flight
Across the yawning chasms of eternal gloom,
In which dead worlds, perhaps, have found an unknown tomb.

## CHAPTER XI.—MARS.

Across a lessening void we mark a red glare
Rising fierce above us, menacing everywhere;
And we approach with fear and trembling, and the stars
Grow dim, as bursts on us the wrathful face of Mars.

Hail to thee, stern "god of war"!
Terrestrials have looked to thee through distance afar.
Down the centuries thou wast held in dread and fear
Through the predictions of astrologer and seer.
Holding a strong influence o'er the life of man,
The oracles communed with thee when war began.
But their predictions are found wanting, and a time
Of profound investigation and thought almost divine
Is dispelling the curse of ignorance. And the mind,
Once groping in grossest darkness, and sorely blind
To truth, is emerging into the marvellous light
Of day, and preceded by superstitious night.

And we hail thee, Mars! we greet thy great, glowing face
With wonder and delight, and by its glory trace
Thy continents and seas—so like, so like our own—
Thy towering mountains and atmospheric zone.
Thy undulating hills and valleys seem so fair,—
Say, is thy clime more genial? Is life a blessing there?
Thou hast thy clouds and sunshine, thy vapor, mist, and rain,
And seasons so like ours, that come and go again.
The sweep of storm and tempest, seas that rage and roar—
Are there ships upon thy oceans that come no more?
Are there hearts in waiting crushed by weary pain,
Grown hopeless in the cruel watching all in vain?
Or hast thou a higher strata, man a happier state,
Free from danger and the uncertainty of fate?
A life of love and plenty, and heaven very near,
Intense in soul, and perfect, devoid of all fear?

Does slavery and wrong never come unto thee?
Is man to man there equal, and absolutely free?
And do they live on there, nevermore growing old,
Exempt from decay and death, and the grave so cold,
Where merely a blest transition to man is given
Through thy gates to the immaculate courts of heaven?

Companion Time, can we not nearer, nearer glide,
To get a view more definite of Mars in all his pride?
To view those seas and oceans breaking on their shores,
And hear the thunder of the billow as it roars?
To hear the winds murmur in the lovely bowers,
Caressing the hills and woodlands, rife with flowers?
To hear the strange, sweet songsters carol light and gay,
And watch the glad coming and going of the day?
To trace the streams and rivers, and hills that die away
In blue, ethereal distance, where the mountains lay
Cloud-capped in shadow, or in dazzling light,
And the dreamy splendor of the moons of Mars by night?
To look on a race perhaps superior to our own,
A type of our first created, ere man was o'erthrown
By sin—a calamity, the direful deed of Eve,
For which our benighted world hath ne'er ceased to grieve?

Tumultuous thoughts and strange, beyond our weak control,
Flood o'er the startled mind and agitate the soul,
As, gliding by Mars' shores on our tour outward bound,
Assured by thoughts prophetic, almost profound,
That a nobler race of beings abideth there,
More blest, perhaps, and sinless—a world supremely fair.

Farewell, thou glowing orb! it may be ne'er again
To look upon thy face in pleasure or in pain;
And we bid thee now adieu, and sever thus the spell
Upon us cast by thee; forever, Mars, farewell!
And that saddest of all words floated out, away,
Down the weird and shadowy silence dim and gray;

Up from eternal distance echo repeated, Farewell!
Shudderingly receding in an appalling knell,
Still muttering in hollow, phantom tones, Farewell!
From the outer verges of the universe, Farewell!

And vague doubt and terror seize on us once more
As we dare the frightful chasms, hovering o'er
Abysses, hiding secrets only God may know,
So vast, so deep and shadowy are the seas that flow
Between Mars and Jupiter. But let's bear away
And calmly move along where unknown dangers lay.

Ha! we move on apace,
Swifter than the lightning in a weird, wild race
Toward Jupiter, passing by the lone asteroids,
Whose phosphorescent lights but glimmer in the voids.
Hail, Ceres, Pallas, Juno, and Vesta! known afar
By the vivid light, the glittering, brilliant star.
Like oases in the desert, to rest the tired eye,
To refresh the famishing, wearily passing by;
Like harbors by the ocean, or isles far away,
The mariner's haven when skies with rack are gray;
So ye, too, have your mission ever to disperse
A portion of the darkness shrouding the universe.

But we flit by the planetoids
And observe a deep'ning glow of translucent light
Pouring along the aisles of space, intensely bright,
Heralding the approach of an orb stupendous,
Of which the luminous shadow is tremendous!

## CHAPTER XII.—JUPITER.

Jupiter is before us! Stay, O Time, thy hand,
That we may gaze on an orb superlatively grand!
And we are rapt in astonishment and amaze
At a form so colossal, wrapped in an outward blaze

Of resplendent glory, whose illuminating stress
Penetrates the verges of the known universe.

Hail, Jupiter! of the solar orbs the greatest,
And thou art, perhaps, the grandest and the noblest.
In thy orbit three thousand million miles or more,
By the confines of Saturn's strange, luminous shore;
Or looking on the unfathomable unknown,
Peering into the nebulæ of systems strewn
In the eternal mystery of solitudes
Unspeakable, where scarce even thought intrudes.
But thou art a glorious sight when thy brilliant moons
Light thy radiant face in the night's resplendent noons!

And surely untold millions roam thy mighty plains,
Where existence and progression ever reigns
In peace perpetual, and friendship as true as gold—
A higher life and purer, of love and joy untold.
But thou'rt a mystery still, beyond our eager gaze,
Shadowed by clouds, or belts, and red and purple haze.
We believe man ne'er shall see but the outer line
Of worlds only known to celestial sight divine.

## CHAPTER XIII.—SATURN.

Awake, Time!
If ever thou sleepest. Draw out thy car once more,
And cleave the outer realms of space, beyond the shore
Of noble Jupiter. Out fearlessly! away!
Trusting a power that sleepeth not night nor day.
Now receding from the greatest, let's seek the strangest
Of the planets on a line remote, where rangest
In untold splendor in an orbit round the sun
Of amazing distance, luminous, stately Saturn.
But we tremble, and we shrink with an awesome dread,
At the yawning distance underneath and o'erhead!
Right and left forever the soul may madly soar,
Seeking for a limit till lost for evermore!

Look up! look up! weak and unhappy doubting soul;
Let the promises of heaven thy acts control;
Then calmly away, where 'tis neither night nor day,
Over the tremulous seas, by the spectral ray
Of stars and systems scintillating down the voids;
Back o'er the desolate sea of the asteroids,
Floating outward still, and with mind grown more serene,
Though poised o'er a yawning chasm lying between
Jupiter and Saturn, five hundred million miles! a span
To chill the bravest, and the fearless to unman.
But we win our weird way, and intercept again
A peerless planet, with eight attendants in train.

Noble, mysterious Saturn!
We have no sight to penetrate thy outward glory—
None but the Infinite may tell thy story.
We may know thee when the soul casts off its clog of clay
And sees with spirit eyes when the mist clears away.

By persistence we're nearing thee, and pierce the light
Of thy mighty outward glowing rings, and the sight,
Together with thy brilliant coterie of moons by night,
Puts the rivalry of sister planets all to flight.
What a sphere of luminous glory circles thee,
Floating ever in a tremulous, crystal sea!
And were more loving hands extended unto thee
At creation's dawn? In illumined beauty free
And perfect, subject to gloom and shadow never?
Happy thought! "A thing of beauty, a joy forever."
Who could gaze unmoved upon thy lovely face
And not desire grander powers to minutely trace
Thy inner life, which surely is noble and good?
Peerless, mysterious orb! of a sisterhood
Of grand planets, for thee our song shall ever swell.
Peerless, mysterious orb! farewell! farewell!

### CHAPTER XIV.—URANUS.

Get our bearings, Time!
Ballast well, and trim thy wondrous aerial car
For another dread abyss, lying there afar
Outward, bordering Uranus's remote, lonely shore—
A shore of frightful silence, brooding ever o'er
Appalling solitudes, o'er which e'en God may weep!
And as we launch away vague horrors o'er us creep.
But like many a threat'ning danger bravely faced,
The soul is calmed if it by right be braced.
And thus we reason as we dare the dismal deeps,
And a sense of kindest protection o'er us creeps.
And thus we win our way unerringly again,
And these tragic recesses yawn at us in vain;
And out from the dim, weird spaces, with stately tread,
Moving in majestic order, with uplifted head,
Appears stately Uranus!
We salute thee on our far journey outward bound,
And invade thy orbit—an elliptic way profound;
But though thy great moons in all thy pride are beaming,
And the tremulous stars in vague distance dreaming,
We can but view thee vaguely—thy shades sternly hide
Thy cold, averted face, and mien of lofty pride.
Perhaps a race more haughty, more selfish than our own,
In arrogated power is fixed on this far zone.
Strange that the system's otherwise immutable laws
Revolve thy moons from east to west—wherefore the cause?
Has some fierce convulsion disturbed thy outward form,
O'erturning thy satellites in a planetary storm?

Because thou art so remote we do not know thee well,
And untold millions may on thy surface dwell.
We leave thee in thy vast area of solitude,
Never again on thy presence to intrude.
And the deep, shoreless, interminable ocean
Of gloom closes round thy evanishing motion!

And I shrink on the verge of an appalling sea
Of chaotic abysses and wastes before me!

But it passes away
As for strength and deliverance we fervently pray;
And faith and full trust have returned unto me
On the verge of that dreary and desolate sea.
Look not beneath us; look up! aye, up and away!
And let not these weird terrors affright or dismay.
Like a meteor we glide in the sure car of Time,
Peering after the secrets that still are divine.

## CHAPTER XV.—NEPTUNE.

Now we seek a lone station far outward, alone,
On the confines bordering on the vast unknown;
An elliptical way of an orb that's sublime—
The sentinel of our system, on the outward line.
Like a flash from the sun we are piercing our way,
But the light from the stars flickers out in the gray
Desolation of oceans eternally stilled,
Like the seas at the poles by Arctic night chilled.
And phantasmagoria bewilderingly plays
Through the weird, sunless glens and the pale, chilly haze,
Where spectres derisively grin through the gloom,
Beckoning us downward as to a dread doom!

But the victory is ours—before us they flee—
And we rise from the gloom of that desolate sea;
And the light from the vast orb we seek meets our gaze,
Translucently illumined by a pale, cold blaze;
And it flares up before us with one pallid moon—
A stern, lonely wanderer—majestic Neptune!

Strange Neptune!
Pacing thy lone rounds through the evanishing years,
From creation's wonderful dawn guarding our frontiers:

Peering into the distance and watching the deep
Of horror and dangers deadly that never sleep
Creep stealthily from the impenetrable sweep
Of frightful desolation, and there fierce awaits
To hurl their fell attack on our far outward gates.
But an alert sentinel, ever on his rounds,
Is faithfully guarding our remote, outer bounds.

And we draw up in the shadow of thy stern form,
Grown gray in fronting the cruel battle and storm—
Draw up beside thee, weary, strange, and travel worn,
Half bewildered, o'erwhelmed, and anxiously torn
By conflicting emotions. So grim and forlorn
Are the desolate scenes of a weird, spectred form.
Here on the measureless verge of infinitude
We shrink from the indescribable solitude
That hath lain in those bottomless gulfs of dread doom—
The black annihilation of a cold phantom tomb.
Ah, how we shrink from dangers vague, undefined!
The unreal, more than the real, disturbs the finite mind.
O All-wise Father! give us faith to trust in Thee,
All fearless to sail over life's troubled sea.

## CHAPTER XVI.—THE CONSTELLATIONS.

Ho, comrade Time! Thy car!
Let's toward the constellations glimmering afar!
Take Pegasus for thy guide; mount upward, away!
Through the glory of the spheres fairer than the day.
Ah! the thrilling ecstasy of this transcendent view,
Surpassing light and shading, we are passing through.
Upward and upward, higher, higher, we aspire
To reach the bright'ning stars, aglow with heavenly fire.
Ah! we leave those horrid, grinning chasms far behind,
And they shall no more affright our frail, trusting mind.
Let the soul, that is not clay, lead the vivid way,
Thrilled by the silent song the constellations play!

What a panoramic splendor unveils before us!
Cygnus, Perseus, Lyra, Orion, and Capricornus;
Taurus, Virgo, Andromeda, and Tarandus—
A few clusters named of glowing, brillant gems
From creation's vast wealth of priceless diadems.

Ha! what lurid light is this glaring from the left—
Up over the rim of creation? Strangely cleft
Is the gloom and shadow menacingly lurking there;
Startlingly it increaseth in volume everywhere.
Is't the conflagration of a great world afar?
'Tis the lumination of a wandering star;
And it mounts toward the zenith with a bright train
Of curved, transparent light, gliding all amain,
Upward, passing Aldebaran and Pleiades,
Vanishing, perhaps f re'er, in unpenetrated seas.

Now we have won the spheres of the far starry realms,
And their gleaming glory and vastness overwhelms.
All transcendent are those huge flaming, central suns,
And through vast areas their intense splendor runs.
And these centres are surrounded by stately trains
Of worlds, thrown out on those purple, measureless plains,
And with attendant satellites escorted through the voids:
Interspersing lone spaces are untold asteroids.

And astonishment and awe falls upon our soul
As twice ten thousand mighty planets onward roll:
The lesser and the great—innumerable, untold—
The near and the remote, their glowing orbs unfold.
But beyond is more—the dim silence of a shore?
A myth? an eternal mystery? nothing more?
But beyond is surely something more. O God, where?
Our finite mind is stricken dumb with despair.

For those weird and nebulous systems so remote,
In unsearchable abysses they dimly float;

And their faint and tremulous light to us is blown
Like faint, flickering wands, out from the dread unknown.
How they glimmer in the dense deepness far away,
Those scintillescent starlets in countless array!
Is Centauri, Cigni, beyond our upward flight?
Lyra, Sirius, and Arcturus intensely bright?
So far we may not venture in our magic car,
To mount those glitt'ring heights, deep, deadly, and afar.

Art in a reverie, Time?
Look up! view the transcendent glory of the scene!
Calmly I wait thee, soothed in spirit, and serene.
Look up! and view the wonders of infinitude,
Where only thou and I, perhaps, have dared intrude.
All in grand harmony these systems move along,
Singing to their Maker a praise of silent song;
And a burning thought comes to us, and reason sees
Unity controlling these systems, voids, and seas
To us unknown, vast, lonely, and undefined;
But still as one great whole in unity combined
They swing around an infinite, all-powerful centre,
And ecstasy of soul comes to us, and doth enter
Our being the thought (it may be divinely given)
That that vast centre, supreme and fair, is heaven—
The centre of Divine government, holy and great,
Keeping ceaseless guard o'er creation's wide estate.

Oh, to reach that glowing centre of eternal life,
Blessed and liberated from sin, and death, and strife!
Never again to suffer loss and grievous pain,
Or mourn in loneliness the years that seem'd in vain.

## CHAPTER XVII.—CHAOS.

Upward, Time!
Outward and upward in desperate flight once more,
Let's peer into a region we dare not, cannot, cross o'er.

Ah! the light is fading fast on our right and rear,
And the deep'ning, pallid gloom fills our minds with fear;
Still upward those nebulous regions float away
Into eternal mystery, solemn, grim, and gray!

Hold, Time!
Stay, in mercy stay the dread rushing of thy car;
For on our front and left, deep, deadly and afar,
Rise walls of appalling blackness that grimly bar
The way; and no faint twinkle of flickering star
Lights up the impenetrable horror of gloom,
Chilling the very soul, like an impending doom.

Is this the lone region of death and fell despair?
And is hell with all its fury lurking there?
Do Satan and Apollyon roam those deadly deeps?
Gloating o'er the suffering of the damned that ne'er sleep?
Was't there the rebellious hosts of heaven found their doom.
To shriek in nameless torture in so dread a tomb?

Hist! hist! did ye hear it? that shuddering roll
Of frenzied anguish, creeping up from damnation's goal?

O relentless Time! Let's flee away from this dread sphere;
Surely death and annihilation wait us here!
With the help of heaven let us retreat! away,
Or we're lost! Loose thy car on our returning way!
Get thy bearings, and like a swift, heavenly ray
Of light, stream downward by the spaces and the voids,
Like a meteor by the planets and asteroids.

Ah, this fearful sense of falling brings a pall
Of impending danger! yet ecstasy withal
Comes to us in this thrilling, evanishing fall,
And up the starlit space I hear the faint, far call
Of heavenly choirs to the legions of the blest.
All worn in mind, the spirit sinks to peaceful rest

And dreams of home come to me where all life is free;
The years that knew no care return again to me.
But Time, that never sleeps nor rests, wakes me once more;
And we're descending still, and near our pale moon's shore.
It seems a fitting space for so fair a silver queen,
Floating in luminous splendor, smiling and serene.

### CHAPTER XVIII.—MOTHER EARTH.

Ho! Comrade, our planet!
Behold thou the glorious and inspiring sight,
Illumined thus in the solar orb's grand light!
And how his mighty seas and oceans gleam and glow,
And the summits of his mountains crowned with snow;
His rivers and his streams, like threads of silver gleam;
His hills and lovely valleys are fair as poet's dreams.
And his undulating plains are rife with golden wains
Of summer's gladness, that in peace and sunshine reigns.

But the night hath closed around us fair and sweet;
Our world in hazy, rosy dreaming's at our feet.
A scintillating glory illuminates the sky,
By star worlds glowing in the firmament on high.
Suddenly, from the shadowy splendor of night,
Bursts a shower of meteors in phosphorescent light;
And darting from the deep abysses far away,
They illuminate our pathway as bright as day—
Fitting escort to our aerial journey nearly o'er.
Lone deeps and starry oceans, adieu, for evermore!

Gently, Time!
Let thy car settle slowly to the earth again.
Say, has not our far quest for knowledge been in vain?
We sought the mighty planets, systems, voids that chill,
But the mystery of creation's a mystery still.
But with enlarged ideas we seek the solid ground,
And leave to solve the problem wisdom more profound.

Ah! at last
'Tis done! we alight safely from the car of Time,
And we give thanks for the protecting hand Divine.
Welcome, *terra firma!* Mother Earth, we welcome thee,
Our terrestrial home. We hail! we hail and bless thee!
And now, comrade Time, temporarily adieu!
Leave me and go thy way until my hour is due.
I've mark'd thee well, thou scourge, and thy cold looks of scorn;
Thou hast no sympathy for man's lot all forlorn.
I saw thy derisive smile when dangers round us fell;
And I suffered in doubt and fear, and knew well
Of thy indifference as to what became of me
In life, in death, and even in eternity!

Hast thou not e'er since thy repellent course began
Been the dread foe of nations and the fate of man?
In vain the pleading prayer to stay thy ruthless hand
For a moment longer of life at thy command:
A mother for her son—a child 'tis hard to spare—
And poverty and wrong aboundeth everywhere.
Oh, the red, fatal fields thy cruel feet have trod,
And the millions of ghastly slain beneath the sod,
And the graves of nations thy savage hands have made,
And the tomb of friendship, and hope by thee betrayed!
What is the fate of nations, man's calamity to thee?
From vague dread and uncertainty none, none is free.
Thy mandates mar all life, driving man's joys away;
The shadow of thy wing appals the fairest day.

## CHAPTER XIX.—THE FATE OF TIME.

Inexorable and insatiate Time!
Thou, too, shalt die, and dread annihilation meet!
The soul shall happier be when thy ruin's complete.
Listen, then, thou scourge! "And the angel which I saw
Stand upon the sea, and upon the earth, lifted up his hand

And sware by Him that liveth for ever and ever
That time should be no longer." Never, no, never,
In the night of eternity shall thy face be seen;
Thou shalt not break in to mar existence more serene.
In the deeps of outer darkness shall be thy doom,
In the desolate voids of black, eternal gloom.

Farewell, then, Time!
By the ruin of the dead centuries, farewell!
By the ensanguined fields of millions slain, farewell!
By the countless tears of broken hearts, farewell!
By the mother's agonizing prayer, farewell!
By the children's want and orphan's cry, farewell!
By the repentant sinner's groans and tears, farewell!
By the sick and weary wanderers, farewell!
By the tortured, dreary lives of slaves, farewell!
By the Saviour's persecuted life, farewell!
By His agony and death thou sawest, farewell!
Aye, thy cruel flight shall at last reach death's shore,
And the soul shall rejoice when thy stern reign is o'er.

## LOST AND WON; OR, WINTER AND SUMMER.

O SUMMER! thy regal splendor
Hath borne the spring-time away;
Thy proud and passionate wooing
Hath won thee a bride to-day.
Her sweet smiles and tears and sunshine,
Her glory of flowers and streams
Are gone, and alone I ponder
O'er vain, delusive dreams.

Her beautiful, tender presence
Is lost in thy eager embrace;
Thou kissest the dewy fragrance
From her lovely, lovely face.
And I who was near unto her,
Have lost my all to-day—
The chill of the grave is on me,
My sky is cold and gray.

I stand without the cold portals,
And through my frozen tears
I mark the bliss that e'er crowns you.
My own poor broken years
Lie dark in a land that never
Will bloom with fruit or flowers;
Chill is the bleak wind that sweepeth
My desolate, haunted bowers.

And thou, with thy priceless treasures,
In the land of love and song,
Amid voluptuous pleasures
Thy years glide proudly on.

Alone, with my vast surroundings,
Shunned is my weird abode;
An outcast, with but the bitter;
Forsaken by all—but God.

---

## GRANDSIRE.

Old and feeble, bowed and weary,
Trembling near the dreaded stream;
Night approacheth, and the sunset
Casts a last, expiring beam
On the silver-headed wanderer
Waiting by the turbid tide,
List'ning for the phantom boatman
O'er the Lethean waters wide.

Yet, amid the gathering darkness,
And the chill of coming night,
He croons a song that reaches heaven,
E'en in trusting and delight.
And he seems to catch a murmur,
Wafted from the other shore,
Of dear friends that are awaiting
Where the night comes nevermore.

Poor old grandsire, patient ever,
Thou hast known neglect and care,
And hast felt the dreary heartache,
Ingratitude and dark despair.
But thou'st ever been uplifted
And sustained by One who knew
All the sorrow man is heir to,
And to man's relief that flew.

Oh, ye careless and forgetful!
For your own and father's sake,
Cheer his feeble, trembling footsteps;
Do not let his old heart break.
Take his withered hand and bless him,
He hath given e'en life for you;
He will soon glide o'er the river;
God grant in peace his last adieu.

---

## ADVERSITY.

Ah, why should our tears fall down?
And why should the heart sink low?
And why should our courage fail
When adversity's chill winds blow?
Bow not thy head, my brother,
Though slander's poisonous dart,
Hurled by an assassin hand,
Find lodgment in thy heart.

And though they strew thy pathway
With sharp thorns that wound thy feet,
Press bravely on thy journey,
And dare thy proud foes to meet.
Why should we grieve so, and mourn,
When the old friends pass us by
With cold and averted face,
And we heave the weary sigh?

Still move on, though sore wounded;
Fight thou sternly for the goal;
Heed not thy vile traducers;
Be firm, thou, and brave of soul.

Aye, still move steadily on,
  Though all the world should forsake;
Though you sink beneath your load,
  And the heart at last should break.

Heed not the stony glances,
  Nor the cold, sarcastic tone;
Press on through storm and darkness,
  Though you stand on the hills alone.
Still fight onward and upward,
  There are mountains still to climb,
And heights to win, my brother,
  That in grandeur are sublime.

Should you fall by the wayside,
  And never reach the goal,
'Tis brave to die 'mid the struggle,
  Displaying a hero's soul.
And as you near the sunset
  Proud peace you may gain at last;
When the skies are aflame with glory
  You may rest from the weary past.

## FULLMER'S LANE.

After years of feverish wandering,
Long years of loss and of pain,
It comes like the tenderest wooing,
The memory of Fullmer's Lane.
There was a winding way through the forest
I lovingly recall again—
A wild wealth of nature's loveliness,
Leading onward to Fullmer's Lane.

And how often, O heart! how often
In the years that have flown away,
When all life was a sunny gladness,
A full song of the summer day,
We went with a light-bounding footstep,
At morn or the calm afternoon,
Along the way so sweet and so fair,
Wreathed o'er by a billow of bloom.

There was a wealth of song from the glades,
And by upland and shadowed hill;
By lonely tarn and the winding stream,
And the tiniest silver rill.
The robin, bluebird, and bobolink,
And the sweet redbird soft and low;
The quail, with its festive shout "Bob White,"
Broke in on the rhythmic flow.

And we burst from the shadowy wood
Overlooking the meadowy plain,
And gained the home by the pebbly stream
Bordering on Fullmer's Lane.

Dear friends awaited our eager feet
In that rural home ever dear;
Alight with love and the jewel content,
And the essence of right good cheer.

And we quaffed from the delicious spring
Bubbling up from the dark ravine;
And played on the banks, sloping away,
And bathed in the running stream.
We chased the squirrel from tree to tree,
And joined in the bobolink's song
That rose from the meadows joyously
And gaily followed along.

We saw the sun in the west sink low,
And the moon rise over the plain,
And listened to the winds go by,
And knew not a shadow of pain.
But partings come, and the world rolls on,
'Tis ever, aye, ever the same;
And relentless fate dissevered the ties
That drew us to Fullmer's Lane.

After the flight of pitiless years,
With a heart grown heavy with pain,
I seek for the beautiful, winding way
That led us to Fullmer's Lane.
The stately forest is swept away—
Not a vestige of it can we trace
As we look for the way to Fullmer's Lane
And the old, familiar place.

The day is as lovely as ever June
In its wealth of roses can be,
But no friends are left by the pebbly stream
To cheer or to welcome me.

The tear will fall for the lovely past,
And the heart will murmur its pain;
Farewell! for strangers but mock us here!
Farewell, then, to Fullmer's Lane!

---

## AUTUMN WINDS.

O WINDS! why sound so mournful?
'Tis the grand autumnal time;
The world is dressed in splendor,
And all things are sublime.
There's a fulness in the vales,
Fraught with blessings rich and rare;
Ripe fruits bedeck the uplands
And hillsides everywhere.

O winds! why sigh so mournful
Through the forest's golden sheen?
More touchingly beautiful
Than all the summer's green.
'Tis true the leaves are falling,
The forest glades along;
The birds are fleeing southward,
I hear their farewell song.

O winds! I, too, am mournful
O'er the things that cannot be,
And thoughts that crowd my bosom
Sob like waves along the sea.
O voices, long, long silent!
O faces, long hid away!
Your presence breathes around me
With the mournful winds to-day.

## THE BATTLE OF BATOCHE.

We were waiting for the signal
In our lines before Batoche;
Ready, eager, and expectant
For the grand and final rush.
For three days we had been fighting—
On the rebels' pits we'd rained
A furious and pelting fire,
And our advance maintained.

All along our lines 'twas whispered,
"We storm the pits to-morrow,"
And a thrill of valor swept our ranks,
Dispelling care and sorrow.
We laid the smoking rifle by
When the shades of night drew on,
And grouped about the camp-fire's light
To await the morrow's dawn.

And some sang songs of home and love,
And some of martial glory;
And merry laugh responsive came
To pun or stirring story.
The sentries paced their lonely round;
And all silent was the scene
Save here and there a dropping shot
From pit or dark ravine.

The soldier sank to peaceful rest,
The earth his slumber bed;
The night winds crooned a lullaby,
The stars beamed o'er his head.

And all, perhaps, were thinking then
Of loved ones far away—
Brave hearts, that ere the morrow's eve
Should perish in the fray.

From Nova Scotia far they came,
Quebec, and fair Ontario;
Manitoba's fearless sons were there,
Ready to face the foe
All there to stamp rebellion out
And the grand "Old Flag" to save;
"A united empire" for us all,
And to traitor hordes a grave!

The thunder of the frowning gun
Roused up that soft May dawn;
The bugles blared the reveille
Beside the Saskatchewan;
And there was forming in "hot haste,"
Beside the flowing stream:
The sun shone on our gleaming steel
All peaceful and serene.

And Williams, with the Midlanders,
Formed on the left with cheers,
And Grassett on their right deployed
His Royal Grenadiers.
The valiant Ninetieth in support
To the right the line prolonged,
And Boulton, with his mounted men,
Near to their right wing thronged.

The Surveyors' scouts moved to the right
To prolong the line again,
And Boulton's mounted infantry
Formed near the open plain;

And French's scouts held the extreme right,
Poised like eagles for their prey;
Montizambert with his guns moved up,
For a moment held at bay.

Howard and Rivers their gatling
Placed by the Ninetieth's side,
And prepared to sweep the plain
With their missiles far and wide.
And down the stream the *Northcote* lay
With the Infantry School corps,
To upward move and draw the fire
Of the foe from either shore.

And bravely Major Smith performed
This trying duty that day,
Though fierce assailed he sternly held
The wild western shore at bay.
A gallant corps, deserving well
Of our country and our Queen;
History records your daring deeds
On that far storied stream.

The infantry brigade was led
By the gallant Straubenzie,
Full of resource, with eagle eye
The safe vantage ground to see.
At the zareba Haughton stood,
Cool, intrepid under fire;
His men his spirit emulate
In a chivalric desire.

And thus formed up that fearless line
As steady as on parade;
The light of battle on each face—
Of such are true heroes made.

The signal at last is given,
The bugles ring out "Advance!"
The general's in position;
We're under his flashing glance.

With a ringing cheer we greet him,
That war-worn veteran gray,
The hero of a hundred fights,
In strange lands far away.
His hand directed wise and well;
For him the heart-felt shout;
His strategy and deep resource
Put the rebel hordes to rout.

"Forward!" now along the whole line
Rings our leader's fearless tone;
And with quick bursts of rousing cheers
We enter the fierce fire zone.
The Metis open upon us
From pit and from dark ravine;
Pelting like fierce hail about us
Comes a deadly leaden stream.

We pause, and return upon them
Such a fire as shakes the hills;
Montizambert's guns tear through them,
And our lines with confidence thrills.
Jarvis's battery joins the left,
And thunders beside the stream;
And Howard's gatling is raging—
From its lips the missiles scream.

'Twas dreadful, the roar and tumult,
But our men rise above fear;
Ha! the Midlanders and Grens rush on,
Winning the first line with a cheer.

"Forward, now, with the bayonet!"
Rings out along the whole line,
And a cheerful, responsive cry
Rose from a valor sublime.

Forward, now, dauntless Midlanders,
And brave Royal Grenadiers!
And, gallant Ninetieth, sweep the plain;
Ring out, ring out defiant cheers!
And, Boulton, with your mounted men,
Rush on the doomed rebels, too:
Ye're not the corps to pause nor shrink
When there's daring work to do!

Ho, scouts! to the front; forward, too,
Rush like mad upon the foe;
A French leads on, ye need not doubt;
Strike with might a crushing blow!
Montizambert, let your guns rage,
And Howard's gatling gun scream,
And rend the rebel pits and lines,
And shake the trembling stream!

The decisive moment had come—
Forward! forward! side by side;
"Charge home!" the general ordered,
With manly, confident pride.
And the ring of our flashing steel
Greeted his lion-like eye,
And we swept like a besom on
With a thrilling battle-cry.

Gallantly and swiftly onward
With a mighty rush we go,
And burst like a pent-up torrent
On the desperate, fighting foe.

Like chaff by the wind we swept them
From pit and from dark ravine;
The bayonet was effectual,
And withering as a flame.

Aye, we struck the pits and ravines
In our fiery, onward roll,
But not for a single moment
Was the charge beyond control.
Hand to hand we taught them a lesson
They ne'er will forget again,
And broken and beaten they fled
Over the wide, death-strewn plain.

From line to line we pressed them,
Turning their right on our way;
Clearing their works with our lines of steel,
And thus deciding the day.
From every point we charged them,
Till Batoche lay at our feet;
The rebels were utterly ruined,
And our victory complete.

And we pulled their bunting down,
And hoisted the Old Flag again,
And a storm of heart-felt greeting
Rolled in thunder o'er the plain.
And we cheered for Queen and country,
And our chief we loved so well,
And silently dropped a tear
For those who in fighting fell.

Mournfully to the muffled drum,
At the smile of another dawn,
We put our gallant dead away
By the dark Saskatchewan;

And we wept as never before,
  And silently marched away,
Leaving them there at peace and rest
  Till dawn of the judgment day.

My country, forget thou them not,
  Nor the close of that sad scene;
They dared all for the flag they loved,
  And died for country and Queen.
Revere, then, that hallowed place;
  Their life was no idle dream;
Honor the brave dead far away
  By the dark and storied stream.

---

## FALLING LEAVES.

Poor falling leaves! I have watched you
  Fading slowly, with heavy heart,
And as you patter around me
  Vain tears to my tired eyes start.
Drearily the rain is falling,
  And my soul is heavy with pain;
O winds, thy desolate sobbing
  Hath wakened old dreams again!

Short lived, but ah! how lovely
  Were the peaceful summer hours!
Sweet golden days in the wildwood,
  Reposing 'mid fairest bowers.
The skies were grand in their beauty,
  And the earth was never more fair;
The hills and vales filled with rapture,
  Caressed by the perfumed air.

As a child of nature I revelled
By hillside, cool streamlet, and sea;
Tender and kind were the voices
That whispered in love unto me
Of a time that had no seeming,
When life was all joyous and gay,
And the years with roses laden,
Passed soon like a dream away.

I knew when the autumn shrouded
The world in a strange, sad veil,
And heard in the lonely woodland
The hollow, mysterious wail
Of the wind in sad meanderings
By forsaken bower and stream,
Searching out the dim recesses
Where the summer had dwelt supreme.

Whence cometh these weird, sad longings?
Ah! wherefore this dreary pain?
I'm tired as a weary child,
And would rest and forget again;
But the drip of the weeping rain,
And the moan of waves on the shore,
And the pitiful falling leaves
May cease in the heart nevermore.

## THE SEA.

Ah! but thou art beautiful, sapphire sea,
When the sun in splendor along thee smiles,
And thy sparkling wavelets rise and they fall
In murmurs afar by a thousand isles,
And where whispering winds speak soft and low—
O gentle isles, kissed by thy restless feet—
Where the spices and palm and olives grow,
And odorous blossoms so fair and sweet.

But why dost thou moan so, O great, sad sea?
Such a weary, pitiful, pleading moan,
Like a soul all dead to the hope of heaven,
Drifting out and lost in the vast unknown.
And why dost thou sob through the moonless night?
Such passionate sobs rend thy deep, dark caves,
Throbbing up from thy bosom ne'er at rest,
O sea, with thy million lone hidden graves!

Thy deep soul ever appealeth to me
In the lonesome night on the wave-worn shore,
But I cannot tell all it says to me
Of voices and dreamings that are no more.
Sometimes thou murmurest soft and low,
When the summer glorifies earth and sea;
Thy pathetic voice is borne on the wind,
The sweet south wind toying kindly with thee.

And thou seemest to woo in tender tones,
And would clasp and hold the warm, shining shore;
But thou failest, O sea, and thy sad voice
Is sobbing and sobbing for evermore.

O wonderful, majestic, awesome sea!
Surely the Creator speaketh in thee;
And a sorrow so deep, so mysterious,
Appealeth in sobbing eternally.

When the wild typhoon sweeps thy heaving breast,
And thy billows threaten the angry sky,
Thy merciless fury knoweth no bounds
As the doomed ships before thee madly fly.
In vain the appealing flag of distress,
In vain the minute guns peal o'er the sea,
In vain are prayers and the pleading cry—
They sink! they sink to eternity!

But the storm rolls by, and the waves subside,
And the sun in glory bursts forth again;
But oh! there are many breaking hearts,
So weary of waiting in hopeless pain.
Aye, ye're watching in vain through dimming eyes;
Ye've waited so long by the storm-swept shore:
The seasons will come and the years will go,
But the loved will come no more, no more.

Art troubled, O sea, that ye rest not, nor sleep,
Nor cease thy sad dirges by night or day?
The loved and lost of the pale, dead past
Strew thy drear chambers and desolate way.
And they slumber in utter loneliness,
For no friend may kneel by their dismal tomb;
And they never know of the spring's fair hours,
Nor the song of birds. The summer's bloom

Decks not their mystical and sea-fret graves,
But they await the illumining ray
Of light from heaven to pierce the cold gloom—
An everlasting, celestial day.

I love thee, O sea, in thy every mood—
When in passion rent, or in gentle tone;
Thy awesome voice is a mystery still,
But never at rest is thy weary moan.

---

## ONLY A FADED LEAF.

'Twas only a faded leaf
That settled down on my hair,
The last from a poor bare bough
In the crisp October air.
I gathered it tenderly in,
And could not restrain the tears
As I thought of summer hours
And the silent, faded years.

O beautiful fallen leaf!
Russet and crimson and gold,
With a tinge of emerald still,
Smitten by the frost and cold.
A souvenir of the past,
Telling of spring's fair hours,
Of the bloom and sighing winds,
And June's ambrosial bowers.

But still this dear autumn-time
Is tender and subtly sweet,
Though littered by fallen leaves
Rustling sad at my feet.
As lives that are good and true
Fade out like an autumn day;
More beautiful at the last,
They serenely pass away.

So all the hills are enwrapped
  In the hazy, dreamy light
Of the Indian summer-time—
  A season of calm delight.
Ah! little pale fallen leaf,
  Type, thou, of man's short hour—
To bud and bloom for a span,
  And fade as the leaf and flower.

---

## THE BATTLE OF POINT AU PELEE ISLAND.

FOUGHT MARCH 3RD, 1838.

PREVIOUS to the invasion of the Island by two thousand marauding rebels from the American shore, William Lyon Mackenzie placed a reward of $1,000 on the head of William McCormick, member of Parliament for the Western District of Canada, dead or alive; and for the head of Captain John McCormick $500, dead or alive. Fortunately William McCormick, the member, with his wife, had made their way to the main shore with the news of the invasion. The rebels, on taking possession of the Island, immediately inquired for those for whom they had offered the rewards—with what purpose can easily be conjectured.

Immediately, on the news of the unholy invasion reaching the main shore, Lieut.-Col. Maitland formed a flying column at Old Fort Malden, Amherstburg, composed of four companies of the 32nd Regiment, one company of the 83rd Regiment, a detachment of Sandwich and St. Thomas troops of cavalry, one company of Essex volunteers, a small party of Indians, and two guns of the Royal Artillery. This little column, under the command of Lieut.-Col. Maitland, was passed down on sleighs to Pigeon Bay, and crossed on the ice, arriving at the north end of the island at the break of day, where they were immediately formed for the attack. The rebels fled across the island before Maitland's advance; but the real battle was fought by Captain Brown, with two companies of the 32nd

Regiment and fourteen cavalrymen, under the command of Captain John McCormick—total force, 110 officers and men. David and William McCormick joined this party. William McCormick led, or acted as guide, and heroically led the final charge. The rebel force was commanded by Col. Bradly, who, with Major Howdly, Captains VanRenselaer, McHeon, and fourteen others, were killed, and forty wounded. The British loss was three killed and twenty-eight wounded. The rebel force, which actually took part in the battle, is given as 400 strong. After their defeat they fled in utter confusion to the American shore. We have it from Col. Maitland's War Office report, and other undoubted sources, that this whole marauding horde were Americans, or American citizens.

We have been favored with a pamphlet on the Rebellion of '37-'38, written by one Robert B. Ross, of the city of Detroit, and published in the Detroit *Evening News* in 1890. It is nothing less than a tissue of lies, filled with unfriendly sentiments to this country and the British Empire. He (the author) has pandered to the malignancy and desires of his patrons. Such productions only intensify the loyalty of the people of the Dominion of Canada to the British flag.

OVER the ice from the American shore,
Two thousand marauding rebels came;
And gained the beautiful, peaceful isle
Intent on pillage, rapine, and flame.
There were lion hearts on that lovely isle,
Men of most noble, gigantic mould,
Whose lofty and faithful allegiance
To Britain was e'er as good as gold.

And swiftly a loyal messenger sped
O'er the ice to the Canadian shore;
And "To arms! to arms!" came the quick, far call,
"Revenge on the marauders once more."
A flying column was quickly formed
Where Old Fort Malden guarded the way,
And swift debouched by the river-side,
And passed downward by Pigeon Bay.

The night was bitter, and the icy winds
  Swept over a wild, dark reach afar;
And there was no light from the pale, cold moon,
  Nor from the faintest, glimmering star.
But on, and on, past the dreary midnight,
  Speeds the undaunted, heroic band:
The freebooters shall be swept from our shores,
  They shall no longer pollute the land.

Here the commandant, the gallant Maitland,
  Halted for an hour of needed rest;
Then out o'er the ice-fields, away, away!
  Fearlessly forward his night-march press'd;
And just as the pale, early dawn uprose,
  He gained the northermost end of the isle,
And form'd immediately for the attack,
  Advancing with his front in extended file.

His guns move forward, and the line support,
  And the marauders before him fly;
And a cheer goes up from that "thin red line,"
  An avenging, triumphant cry.
Maitland swiftly drives them from point to point,
  And they break into disgraceful flight:
Where now their vain boast of chivalry,
  Racing away in such sorry plight?

Two companies of the thirty-second,
  And of cavalry a score or more,
Under the command of gallant Captain Brown,
  Had passed round to the southmost shore;
And had taken position facing it,
  And deployed into battle line
Out on the ice-fields, and fronting the foe,
  Who emerge from the cedar and pine.

They had fled from Maitland across the isle,
But now they must do battle or yield;
And they form in a line at intervals,
Full four hundred along the ice-field.
They advance, and hurl a converging fire
On Brown's intrepid, impassive line,
That coolly await their clamorous din,
All unheeding, and making no sign.

At length, when the rebels come very near,
Brown upon them deadly volleys pour,
That rend their wavering, suffering line,
As through and through it they tore.
Now, above the roar of the vengeful strife
Rings out Brown's clarion voice again:
"Fix bayonets, the line,—prepare to charge,
Consume their ranks like a living flame!"

Then swept forward that glitt'ring line of steel,
And bursts an answering, thrilling roar:
'Tis the defiant, triumphant British cheer
Rolling thunderous along the shore!
And before those onrushing ranks of steel
The rebels flee in utter dismay,
Gaining the shore and the sheltering wood,
Escaping to the southward away.

In terror they fled from the British charge;
Their boasted conquest proved all vain;
And over the ice-fields they madly tore
For the kind (?) country from whence they came.
A cheer went up from that released isle,
And they buried the fallen foe
In the sand hills, near to Mosquito Bay.
And now, in the mellow and after-glow

Of years, all differences are at rest;
  Heal'd by the soothing hand of Time;
An o'erruling Providence shapes our way,
  Bidding us ascend to heights sublime.
A happy and prosperous isle is Pelee,
  O'er it the "Old Flag" protectingly soars;
A loyal people, contented and free
  As the wild wind that caresses their shores.

---

## A SPECTRE.

AWAY, gaunt fiend!
Take thy tyrannous presence from my cottage door.
  Too long thou hast held me captive at thy will,
  And I cannot bear thy blighting touch so chill,
For I am weary, and my heart is bruised and sore.
Too long thou'st mocked me with thy hideous face;
  When all the world seemed dark and cold to me,
  Thou'st jeered and taunted in thy fiendish glee,
That I was homeless and had scarce a resting-place.

Vile spectre, avaunt!
Take thy evil visage from my humble cottage door,
  And thy lacerating talons from my shrinking heart.
  Oh, I have prayed that thou would'st pity and depart,
And leave me peace at last that I might want no more!
Why hast thou all these weary and burdened years
  Shadowed every hope and left but toil and pain?
  Clutched at my very life, and made all vain
The aspirations that died in sorrow and in tears?

Down, black phantom!
Filled with blighted hopes, vain dreams, and dead men's bones,
Thou heedest not the pleadings of the souls that die,
The widow's want and prayer, the orphan's cry
For help, earth's poor that struggle on 'mid sighs and moans.
Thou hast still'd the voices that rang light and gay,
And hushed the laughter that will gush no more,
And brought the gloom of night along the shining shore
Of souls once bright with bloom and sunny as the day.

Insatiate ghoul!
I'd snatch thee from thy infamous pedestal,
And hurl thee writhing down the glaring vaults of hell,
That man might walk redeemed, with head erect, and dwell
In plenteousness when capital's divided well.
But I'll arise and smite thy grinning, dev'lish face;
Aye, I'll fight thee unto death's grim, ghastly gate,
And, though I perish by thy cruel fangs and fate,
'Twere best to fight a hero's fight for liberty and place!

Malignant foe!
Thou shalt at last be put to ignominious flight,
For life is but a span, an echo on the shore,
Where burdens are laid down and sorrow is no more.
Thy doom shall be "cast out in endless, shoreless night."
Thank God, there is a sphere to which thou canst not rise,
A radiant place of fadeless bloom divine:
Man's home supernal, far beyond the reach of time,
Where weary ones may rest, O wondrous paradise!

## A REVERIE.

THE golden sun all mellow was falling
Adown the far aisles of the flaming west,
Bathing earth and sea in fading glory
As it sank majestically to rest.
Murmuringly the summer winds were breathing
A song of love to the birds and flowers,
Wooing low the streams and distant woodlands,
And toying with gems in fairest bowers.
Low were the tones, mysterious and soothing,
That came from the depths of the throbbing sea,
Whisp'ring the soul of the great Eternal,
Far, far beyond, where bright spirits are free.

Gently the twilight came stealing around me,
Mantling earth and sea in dreamy array;
Palely the night orbs o'er me were twinkling,
Silv'ring the waters away and away.
Serenely the queen of night in her beauty
Looked on the sea and the isles afar,
Pointing her rays o'er the quivering foliage
To the far gates of day just left ajar.
Sweet were my dreamings alone in the gloaming
On that summer's eve of the long ago,
Loving and trusting in meek adoration,
Quaffing from nature's mysterious flow.

I paused by the murmuring sad-voiced sea,
Dreaming of love, with the world at my feet;
So trusting is youth at the flush of its morn,
Soaring high on the wings of hope complete.

But darker and denser the shadows grew,
Deepening to gloom as night grew apace;
Ghostly clouds hid the stars, sky, earth and sea,
And the crescent moon hid her beautiful face;
And the wandering night winds sighed and grieved,
And the waves sobbed low along the dim shore,
And a voice like a prayer, full of tears,
Wailed pitifully, "Nevermore!"

And I softly wept, yet I scarce knew why;
Vague doubts and fears touched my passionate soul,
Like the approaching tempest heard afar
When its muttering thunders onward roll.
I wandered away o'er the pitiless world,
Fighting life's battle with might and with main,
And amid toil and tears through long, sad years,
So weary of waiting, and all in vain.
All scathed and worn by the battle's fierce flame,
With the day uncertain and incomplete;
Bright hope, love, and fame, and friendship so dear,
Lie a pitiful wreck at my tired feet.

I've come once again with the summer-time,
At the evetime's mystical afterglow,
To the lonely sea, 'neath a waning moon,
Where the waves still restlessly ebb and flow.
I look far out o'er the shadowed deep,
Seeking for its dreamland isles afar;
But I scarce can see for the blinding tears
The beautiful sunset gates ajar.
But I seem to view, up its golden aisles,
A fairer world 'neath immortal skies,
All bright with bloom, and the friends I loved,
Of the fadeless hills of paradise!

## IN MEMORIAM.

LIST! The year was slowly dying
In the dark December days,
And the winds moaned low and sadly
O'er the lonely winter ways.
And the hills and vales were lying
As when life's last flush had fled,
Folded in a snowy mantle,
Silent, dreamless, cold, and dead.

Whilst the winds without were grieving
O'er the meads and frozen streams,
Hearts within were filled with mourning,
Near the firelight's fitful gleams.
On a couch of painful anguish,
Meek and patient, pale and wan,
Hand clasped hand in solemn parting—
Dying mother, stricken son.

"Dearest mother, are you trusting
In the name of Jesus now,
As you near the Stygian river
With the death damps on your brow?
Oh, so cold and dark the waters!
Do you fear to enter in?
Mother, I shall sadly miss you
In this world of care and sin."

"Yes, my boy, I'm fully trusting
In the Saviour's mighty love;
And I know His hand will guide me
Safely to His courts above.

Ah! I hear such holy voices
  Chanting on the other shore,
Filling all my soul with rapture
  As I'm swiftly sailing o'er."

Thus she passed beyond the river,
  Far beyond the gleaming bars
Of the sunset's golden glory
  And the pathway of the stars.
And they laid her last cold relics
  'Neath the dreary, drifting snow,
Whilst the winds moaned saddest requiem,
  Prayerful, solemn, grieved, and low.

---

## ONLY DREAMS.

Only dreams, aye, dreams forever
  Haunt my soul and fill my brain
With the loved that I may never
  Meet in this great world again.
Springtime seems but fraught with sadness,
  Though the birds sing just as gay;
And there's still as much of gladness
  In the blooming, balmy May;

And the soft winds play as lightly
  O'er the verdure and the flowers;
And the sun beams just as brightly
  Over nature's lovely bowers;
And the streamlet and the river
  Murmur onward to the sea,
Singing low with silver quiver
  Just the same, but not to me;

And the twilight dews of even
  Just as sweet a fragrance shed,
And the pale night orbs of heaven
  Beam the same, though years have fled—
Years that brought so many changes,
  Years that stole my flowers away;
Now in fancy only linger
  Dreams that once were bright as day.

Visions of the cot and wildwood
  Flit before me evermore,
But the friends that blest my childhood
  Meet me at the stream no more.
Thus it is that dreams will haunt us—
  Forms and scenes we loved so well;
Smiling faces, tones and voices,
  Time nor change can e'er dispel.

---

## THE BATTLE OF CUT KNIFE HILL.

O'ER the vast rolling prairie,
  And afar in the "Great Lone Land,"
Otter's column is advancing
  Amid dangers on every hand.
Yet forward, steadily forward,
  A day and a long night they go,
And just at the morn's pale dawning
  They sweep down on the savage foe.

And under the gallant Otter
  Swiftly they form up and well,
Dash forward over the streamlet
  Into coulee, ravine, and dell.

Moving into the fighting line
With a rush the fierce gatling goes;
Forward, into the hot centre,
Dealing death on the dusky foes.

And the intrepid Shortt moves up,
Placing his guns on either side,
To sweep coulee and dark ravine,
And the Cut Knife Hill far and wide.
With "B" Battery in support
Of Rutherford's raging guns,
Shaking the dark, trembling stream
That by the base of Cut Knife runs.

On either flank of the batteries
The Mounted Police were placed,
And steadily they extended,
And proudly the dark foe faced.
To the right and rear were the Guards,
And the proud Infantry School corps,
Cool and steady as on parade,
Under Gray and the stern Wadmore.

To the left, on a ledge of the hill,
Extending near unto the stream,
Was the ever-gallant Queen's Own
With but an interval between
The stealthy approach of the foe.
Protecting the ford and right rear
Was the good Battleford Rifles—
Brave men, deterred not by fear.

Opening along the whole line,
The roaring guns shake the hill,
And the infantry's fire crashes,
And all hearts heroically thrill.

Thus cool, collected, and steady,
Dealing out grim death on the foe,
By coulee and hill and ravine,
And the trembling stream below.

Here the foe rushed for our gatling,
But were met by a scorching flame
From the Police and Artillery,
And driven confused back again.
Shortt gallantly led the onset,
And the foe were punished sore,
And the deafening guns raged madly,
In one pealing, incessant roar.

The right rear was now menaced,
But there came a defiant cheer
From the ready Battleford corps
As the savage foe drew near.
And the gallant Nash with his corps
Cleared the ground that was threatened so;
The Queen's Own and the Guards moved up,
And delivered a telling blow

The left rear, too, was threatened,
But instantly now to the fore
Went the fearless Queen's Own Rifles
And Nash with his gallant corps.
Hot and furious was their fire,
Holding there the red fiends at bay,
And their coolness and their valor
Added lustre to the day.

Meanwhile, Ross, the intrepid scout,
With his resourceful, daring band,
Stole around the dark foeman's flank,
Making untenable their stand.

Thus at eleven o'clock of the day,
After six hours of stern strife,
Our flanks and our rear were cleared,
Though severe was the loss of life.

But the object of the reconnaissance
Was admirably attained,
And Canadian and British valor
Was at Cut Knife Hill sustained.
The wounded and dying were cared for,
And the gallant dead borne away
To the slow, sad tread of comrades,
At the close of the dying day.

Honor Otter, Herchmer, and Shortt,
Wattom and the gallant Pelletier,
Nash and McKell, Sears and Mutton,
And Rutherford hail with a cheer.
They fought for this grand land of ours,
For our union from sea to sea;
Placing their lives in the balance,
They won, and Canada is free.

And shall not a grateful country
Honor the living and the dead?
We, so blest in our true freedom,
Remember the blood that was shed?
As long as the years roll by us
May the old flag over us wave,
And conspirators and traitors
Find a ready, dishonored grave.

## THE SILENT VOICE.

O SONGLESS, lost, and silent voice,
Steal back from pale oblivion's shore,
And breathe the songs so loved of old,
That echo down the years no more.
O voice, lost voice, that pined and died—
A solace with the changing years—
I miss thee so, my more than friend,
That soothed to rest life's cares and fears.

We were so gay, lost friend and I,
When life was young and all a song;
And tenderness steals o'er us now
As thoughts of old around us throng.
We played at dawn by field and glade;
The wild birds joined us with their song:
And oh! the days were fair and sweet
That to the dreamy past belong.

We were so merry when the hills
Were mantled o'er with emerald green,
And summer winds blew soft and low,
And bloomed the lilies by the stream.
And how we sang by lane and mead,
And wandered through the forest aisles,
By brook and rill and lonely tarn,
Where nature in profusion smiles.

And tasks were lightened by our lay,
And dear to us was the old farm—
Our own dear home beside the stream,
Where hearts were sunny, true and warm.

The ev'ning heard us singing still—
A solace 'twas for every care—
Ah! feet will seldom go astray
If cheered by song and mother's prayer.

We had a lay for every theme,
And sang of home, of life, of heaven,
Our country and our country's cause,
The sinner, and his sins forgiven.
We sang of friendship and of love,
Of plighted troth and true hearts slain,
Of heroes and their noble war,
Of many a hard-fought battle-plain.

But time flows on, and bears away
Our youthful dreams, and on the tide
Of stormy seas we, too, are borne,
Drifting and drifting far and wide.
And still we sing, though oft through tears
We scarce can trace the lonesome way,
Or count our grievous loss or gains
As closes down the dreary day.

And we have known adversity,
Saw love and friendship take their flight:
And very weary grew our feet;
Alone we looked upon the night.
And sad and sadder grew our lay,
But still it soothed the heart to rest,
Teaching us patience, to abide
The years in trust and tenderness.

## LITTLE FACES.

LITTLE faces, Heaven bless them!
How they steal my heart away
From the cares that oft infest me
Through the long and weary day!

On the byways and the highways
Patter, patter, little feet;
Sing for joy, as do the birdlings,
Just as gleeful and as sweet.

And they ever smiling meet me,
They have not grown worldly wise;
And they greet me with their voices,
And the soft light of their eyes.

And they stir the fount within me,
That sometimes is frozen o'er;
And a tender tear unbidden
Wells again from mem'ry's shore.

Oh, the little children leading
Up the straight and narrow way;
Gaining swift the golden portal,
The pearly gates of endless day.

## FORGOTTEN.

A LITTLE apart from the rest,
Unnoticed and alone,
No crypt or costly monument,
Nor rich, engraven stone,—
A little, lonely, weed-grown mound
But marks the silent spot
Of all that now is left of her,
The fair, so soon forgot.

The summer hath kindly given
A few wild, fragrant flowers
To deck her lonely, neglected grave
In meekness from her bowers.
And nature's song is there trilling
A soothing lullaby,
And in the rustling foliage
The wind breathes sigh for sigh

To the voice of wavelets murmuring
In whispers deep and low,
Of a maiden fair as summer
That perished long ago.
Meek and loving and gentle,
Pure as the angels are
Was her every thought and feeling,
Her soul was bright as a star.

## INNER LIFE.

WHAT is this that subtly stealeth
  Over my soul to-day,
Just as the last sweet day of summer
  Fleeth swiftly away.
Weird and strange is this tender silence
  That broodeth o'er the lea,
Over the streams and lonely woodlands,
  And along the shrouded sea.

The fields are shorn of their golden yield,
  The harvest time is o'er,
And the last sweet day of the summer
  Is gone for evermore.
I hear only the crickets chanting
  A ceaseless, haunting strain,
And the plaint of the wandering winds,
  Filling my heart with pain.

Regret for the past that was so fair
  Steals back with phantom tread,
With beautiful dreams and faces dear
  Hid with the silent dead.
And I bow in tender reverence
  Beside their sacred tomb;
My soul is full of a fond desire
  For rest, sweet rest, and home.

But still in these mystical dreamings
  Comfort and strength is given;
These soulful, loving, and tender thoughts
  Bring us nearer heaven.

And nature is full of subtle charms
That speak to the soul alone;
And they soothe and purify and bless,
Nearing the setting sun.

---

## WE HAVE MISSED THEE.

*A SONG.*

When the low, sweet winds of summer
Play among the wildwood trees,
And the waves of ocean murmur,
And the flow'rets ope their leaves;
In the evening's dewy hours,
At the twilight's dreamy ray,
In the morning's balmy bowers,
All the long, fair summer's day.

Chorus.

Shall we never hear thy gentle voice at evening?
We've been pining for thee, Allie, all the day;
And our sad hearts o'er the lonely seas are gliding,
Seeking vainly where our darling's footsteps stray.

We have missed thee, ever missed thee,
With thy sweet and tender smile,
And thy bright and glowing beauty—
Nature's pure and winning guile;
And thy voice's glorious music
We, alas, do hear no more
In the vale where Allie wandered
In the dear old times of yore.

When the golden sun his splendor
Pours along the summer sea,
And the southern winds are dying,
Allie dear, come back to me.
We are weary and so lonely;
Ah, this life seems but in vain
Since our Allie hath departed—
Dearest one, return again.

---

## THE RESCUE.

A Thrilling Incident and a Gallant Rescue off Leamington Ontario, in the Winter of 1895.

Bitterly all day the north-east gale
Swept with a wild, roaring moan,
Hurling particles of glist'ning ice
That cut to the very bone;
And a leaden and lowering sky
Threatened the frozen world:
The storm king was sternly approaching
With frosted banners unfurled.

Ever darker and denser it grew
As the day wore on apace,
And the swirl of the merciless winds
Tore on in a fierce, wild race.
It was a day to seek the shelter
Of home by the warm fireside;
God help the homeless at such a time
That wander far and wide!

Suddenly, in hushed tones, through the town
Ran the word from Pigeon Bay
That the harvesters of ice were drifting
Helplessly out and away—
On an ice-floe helplessly drifting,
Detached from the wind-rifted shore,
Out over the bosom of Erie,
'Mid the tempest's ruthless roar.

"To the rescue! the rescue!" was shouted,
And we paused with bated breath,
Close beside the rage of the waters,
Black and menacing with death.
And many a stern face grew whiter
As we saw thro' the deadly gloom
Our friends drifting out, swiftly drifting,
Helplessly to their doom.

"Launch the 'lighter'! quick, launch the 'lighter'!
And drift to the floe away,
O'er the swirling, desolate waters,
Out over wide Pigeon Bay."
Thus cried the dauntless Robinson,
And instantly to his side
Sprang Conover, Miller, and Cullen,
And Frank Ives in manly pride.

"Pay out the long shore-line now swiftly,
We'll save them at any cost;
Pay out till we reach the far ice-floe,
They must not, shall not be lost."
And they drifted before the tempest,
And gained the edge of the floe,
But the very last inch of the shore-line
Could let them no farther go.

And before the rescuers could reach them
They drifted swiftly away,
While the gallant crew of the "lighter"
Were now helpless on the bay,
With the black waves beating over them,
Icy, and cold as death,
Stiffening their garments about them,
And congealing the very breath.

We knew that their efforts were futile,
And looked in each other's face,
And scanned the wild waste of waters,
As the gloom of night drew apace.
"Launch the sail-boat! launch the gallant *Davie!*"
The hero Johnston cried,
And Ives and Ralph and Herman Robson
Instantly stood by his side.

And they hoisted their ice-cold canvas,
Spread their wings and swept away,
Full three miles through the wild tempest,
Engulfed in a deadly spray.
They reached and saved the perishing,
And landed them safe on shore—
At the imminent risk of their own lives,
Gave them to their friends once more.

And we hauled away on the shore line,
Hauled the "lighter" back through the gloom
Of the storm and approach of night-time,
Saving all from a dreadful doom.
Some cheered, and others were weeping,
And through the old town there ran
The news of the intrepid rescue—
Man's venture for fellow-man.

The Humane Society awarded
A medal for each manly breast,
And we pinned their badges of honor
On proudly, for such a test
Of stern endurance and heroism
Is seldom, aye, seldom seen;
And we cheered for them as ne'er before,
For our country and our Queen.

---

## EXPECTATION.

NEARER, a little nearer
Fulfilment of my hopes to-day;
The success of my cherished venture
Shall drive the dark clouds away.

Thus I said, as the night was falling,
And I was weary with toil and care;
But the white wings of hope gave promise,
And I would never despair.

Nearer, a little nearer,
And the victory at last is ours:
All the day we've fought and directed
From our embattled towers.

Nearer, a little nearer,
And the vanquished lies at our feet;
With the spoils of the hard-won victory,
That shall all our desires meet.

Nearer, a little nearer,
We battle for the far heights of fame,
Though bruised in our vain endeavor,
Lured on by its tempting flame.

Nearer, a little nearer
  Possession, that shall gladden our heart:
Possessed—a vague disappointment
  Bids the joy of an hour depart:

And thus, through the years we are striving:
  Alas! never quite satisfied:
Like a ship on the vastness of ocean,
  Borne onward by wind and tide.

Nearer, a little nearer,
  Unto the "Holy City" to-day;
Where unrest and unsatisfied longing
  Shall flee forever away.

---

## THE FAREWELL.

I STOOD to look a last farewell
  Upon our dear Dominion shore,
Ere I should turn afar to roam,
  Perhaps to view it nevermore.

I looked upon the waters bright,
  The scene recalled the times of yore;
But who can tell how I have loved
  Thy waves and sands, oh, peaceful shore!

The crescent moon shone o'er the sea
  And lit the dark and vaulted sky,
And touched the waves that rose and fell
  In gentle murmurs like a sigh.

Ah! days, sweet days, ye've flown away
With Aleene by the shining sea;
It was a time too fair to last—
Only a mem'ry now to me.

For time's relentless years went by
On voiceless, viewless, sable wing:
Ah! lost Aleene! that drooped and died
In the sweet fragrance of the spring.

She's resting now, to wake no more
When moon and sea are gleaming bright;
She sleeps, and I am weary now.
Away, these tears! I go; good night!

---

## FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

Farewell, thou beautiful summer,
Gliding swift from our land away;
Thy viewless winds have a murmur
And cadence of sadness to-day.
Adieu to thy laughing sunlight,
And thy skies so supremely blue;
The sigh of the breeze at twilight,
And peaceful glades starlit in dew.

Farewell, thy streams softly purling
Like silver threads over the lea;
And great rivers rolling onward,
Gliding right grandly toward the sea.
Shadows steal out from the woodlands,
Lengthening slowly day by day;
The sun sinks low in southern skies
As the summer-time drifts away.

The fairest and tiniest flowers
Have closed their delicate leaves,
And the harvesters have garnered
The last of their ripe, golden sheaves.
Afar in the lonely wildwood,
By hillside, bright bower and plain,
The reddened brown leaves are sifting
Fast earthward in a red, red rain.

And burns the vast, flaming sunset
In crimson and tawny-barred gold;
Athwart the advancing night-time
The far star-gemmed skies unfold.
Sadly, aye, sad and regretful,
I listen to the wild, glad strain
Of the song-birds flying southward,
Filling my heart with pain.

And the winds are melancholy
That tread o'er the withering lea;
And haunting tones in unison
Come up from the great restless sea;
And my yearning thoughts are tender,
And fair hopes that ended in pain
Rise with the summer's departure,
Like pale ghosts, to haunt us again.

And I sigh for summers olden,
For a time that cometh no more.
The years of the past were golden:
On memory's fair dreamland shore
I buried them in deep silence;
And I shed there some burning tears,
And ever the days creep slowly
Into wearily fading years.

There's a clime of fadeless sunshine
  Where the chill and blight never come,
And perpetual bloom of summer
  Is surrounding a great white throne.
I wonder, approaching the sunset,
  When life and its cares are all done,
If we, though sinful and outcast,
  May enter that beautiful home.

---

## VOICES OF THE WIND.

Ah, why dost thou complain so, ye strange wild winds?
  Sobbing like a lost soul at my cottage door:
Is the night dark, and lonely, and drear without,
  With the enraged sea hurling wrecks on the shore?
Why dost thou appeal to me, ye wailing winds?
  I am but a helpless myth on life's gray sea,
A mere drifting atom, by the tide borne out,
  Approaching the confines of eternity!

Why comest thou to me, ye sad-voiced winds,
  Out from the gray steeps of midnight worlds afar?
Circling the vastness of this revolving sphere,
  Alone! alone! beneath hidden moon and star!
And hast thou no home, ye weary, mournful winds,
  No resting place on some unknown, kindly shore,
Where sin is not, and the soul forever rests,
  Free from pain and loss, and sorrow is no more?

In the awesome corridors of the forest,
  Where weird, fantastic voices whisper low;
I have heard thy tender, murmurous pleading
  In the waving of the tree-tops too and fro.

Plaintively thou lingerest 'mid the flowers,
And the verdure on a thousand shining hills;
O'er the langorous beauty of the summer,
Faint and afar thy lingering cadence thrills.

Dost thou sorrowfully seek a fellowship
Denied to thee, a kindred spirit of the wind?
In vain, thy moods of fury and destroying rage,
Of gentleness and tears, soothing, toying, kind.
Fretting, and moaning o'er ocean's wide expanse,
And the solitude of lonely Arctic seas:
Sweeping the glaciers, and tow'ring mountain heights,
And the grim desolation of undefin'd degrees!

Thou hast no kind, no fellowship, strange wild wind,
Doomed to wander on forever and alone!
And there is ever an appealing sorrow
In thy weird voice's mysterious, pleading tone.
Art thou of the Infinite a very part?
A pleading prayer of Infinite regret?
Oh, winds! in the deep solitudes of the night
Thy voice brings back the dreams my soul cannot forget.

---

## THE WORSHIPPERS.

I STOOD in a wide-arched portal
That led to the house of God,
And gazed on the assembling people
As up the aisles they trod;
In assuming and lofty bearing,
Flaunting in ranks of proud array,
With soft garments all resplendent,
The worshippers bowed to pray.

And the lights streamed out the windows,
  Streamed out like cold, shining spears—
Sparkled gaily and scintillated
  From the gleaming, warm chandeliers—
Out on the desolate tents of night,
  All tempest-tossed and wild;
On the glistening frost and snow,
  Where fierce drift on drift was piled.

Oh, worshippers there assembled,
  So sumptuously clad and warm,
Think of the homeless wanderers
  Out in the pitiless storm!
Do you extend a helping hand?
  Have you sheltered, clothed and fed,
And cheered by sympathy's magic
  The soul that was almost dead?

Do you think of the hopeless poor?
  For their dwellings are chill and bare;
They are comfortless and all forlorn,
  With but little to eat or wear.
Do you visit them in their sorrow?
  And do you help them from your store?
For Providence has ever blest you
  With enough, and to spare, and more.

Do you help the struggling widow
  In the hard fight for daily bread?
Do you succour the orphan children
  So scantily clothed and fed?
Do you visit the sick and needy,
  And soothe their tired heartache and pain?
For encouraging words and kindness
  May lift them up strong again.

The tall spire pointeth to heaven,
And the worshippers pass within,
Heeding, perhaps, little heeding
The want, the despair, and the sin
Of the great world's unfortunate poor,
So helpless and hopeless and worn;
Tempted, fallen, and tired of life,
Its bitter neglect and scorn.

I turned away from the portal
Thinking sadly what might have been
Had you kept the example set you
By the lowly Nazarene.
The eyes of the world are on you,
And faith in your precepts is flown,
And because of example and teaching
Many have sceptical grown.

---

## AT MIDNIGHT.

I STOOD tearless and lone at midnight
Near a grave by destiny made;
Deep in a vale by a lonely stream,
Where the branches drooped and swayed
In the soft night wind, that breathed a sigh
To the flowers in the sheen
Of the pale moon, and the world at rest
Seemed fair as an angel's dream.

But sorrow enwrapt me at midnight
Beside my beautiful dead,
And I buried it deep for evermore,
And hope with its white wings fled.

And I wept alone at the midnight
A passion of burning tears—
I knew the way would be rough and long
Through all the untried years.

I stole away from that sacred place,
Where never a form was laid,
But the fairest dream my soul e'er knew
Rests in that far sylvan shade.
In many lands and o'er distant seas
My restless feet have strayed;
I've faced the storm and battle's rage
With courage undismayed.

And I steal sometimes at the midnight
To that quiet, sacred place,
When the wind's breath kindly caresses,
And the moon unveils her face.
I dream of the future at midnight,
A fadeless, celestial shore,
Where the lost shall be reunited,
And weariness come no more.

---

## CHANGE.

Sunny were the days of childhood,
And the old home was all aglow
With love of the happy faces—
A dear dream of the long ago.
And the household then was perfect,
With no vacant, appealing chair,
Like a long, sweet day of summer,
Breathing forth joyance everywhere.

Like songs of birds in the springtime,
  Or the fragrant flowers of May,
Or the blooming of the summer,
  Or the seasons that glide away;
Like dreams our life is, and fleeting,
  Aye, a dreaming, and nothing more;
True life is beyond the gloaming,
  Full and free on God's fadeless shore.

---

## THOUGHTS.

Ah! why is it ever thus?
  These mystical thoughts and tears
Are ever present with me
  As a dream for years and years.
Is 't the voice of weary winds
  In plaint o'er the blighted lea,
Rustling the autumn leaves
  Adown from each faded tree?

Or the flight of little birds,
  As they pass from us away,
With their sweet notes of gladness,
  That we miss from day to day!
The crickets' ceaseless chanting
  In the serried grass and flowers,
Wakening olden memories
  Of the long, long silent hours.

The sombre hues that gather
  O'er purpling hill and dell,
The flowing stream and fountain
  Seem e'er haunted like a spell.

And many hearts are haunted,
  Saddened and thoughtful grown;
Dead leaves are around them lying,
  And the warmth of life is flown.

---

## SPRING.

THE spring has come! Once more I hear
  The song-birds' carol free,
The gentle winds play o'er my brow
  In whisp'ring melody.
A glad refrain from hill and dell,
  From mountain, stream, and sea,
Pours joyously o'er all the land,
  From winter's shackles free.

Alternate suns and April rains,
  Distilling dews at even,
Will deck in verdure all the land;
  And just as fair as Eden
Will bud and bloom the forest glades.
  Vales and leafless bowers
Will spring into new life again,
  Enwreathed with fairest flowers.

Sing on, sing on, glad voice of Spring!
  Wake, wake, the song again!
A jubilee of joy shout forth
  From mountain, stream, and plain.
O human hearts, by care oppressed,
  Rise up! rise up! and o'er
This joyous time, so pure and young,
  Renew thy strength once more.

## A POINT AU PELEE ISLAND TRAGEDY.

LOST OFF THE EAST SHORE OF THE ISLAND, ON THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER 14TH, 1885, THREE FISHERMEN: Z. O. QUICK, AND HIS SON, ROBERT QUICK, AND DANIEL COWAN.

CHILLING and bleak the November grew,
And the nor'-west wind swept the shore;
And the black waves rear'd their icy crests,
And fell down with a sullen roar.

The skies grew angry and overcast,
And the night, with threatening gloom,
Crept o'er the waste of waters afar,
With a menace of boding doom.

"The nets must be lift'd," the fishers cried,
And they swept from the eastern shore
Out o'er the swirl of the waters wide,
To return, alas! nevermore!

The night clos'd down like a pall of death,
With never a star in the sky;
And fast the clamoring seas uprose,
And the fierce, wild winds tore by.

The nets were never reached that eve,
So furious blew the gale;
In vain they struggled to reach the shore
By the aid of the oar and sail.

And their anxious friends on the strand
Heard their pleading and faint, far cries,
And raised their helpless, imploring hands
To the black and repellant skies.

As chaff that is drifted before the storm,
They were driven out o'er the sea;
And hurled to death in its embrace,
And mocked by the tempest's glee.

And only the great All-Father knew
Of their struggle and fell despair:
To die alone on the cold, hard sea,
With scarce time to utter a prayer!

Now, oft in wild November night,
When the nor'-west wind sweeps the shore,
And the black waves rear their icy crests,
And fall down with a sullen roar,

A phantom boat is seen to glide out
Through the gloom and the blinding spray;
Fleet as the wind, with her ghostly crew,
She flits to the eastward away.

And from the depths of the awesome gloom
Is heard a thrilling, faint, far cry,
Calling, calling, far over the deep;
Only the mocking winds reply.

It came as a dream from the far, far past,
They have sailed and sailed away
O'er a limitless, mystical sea
To a port of the endless day.

## IN MEMORIAM.

ONE more tender, fragile flower
Faded from our sight to-day,
Just as springtime's buds and blossoms
Ushered in the bloom of May.
She had lingered, fading slowly,
Till the op'ning of the day;
'Mid its radiant, dewy fragrance
Her sweet spirit soared away.

We've sung her last sad requiem,
Closed the eyes that lost their sight—
Eyes that beamed with love and beauty,
Eyes that shone with holy light.
Ah, how many hearts will miss thee,
Miss thy smile and gentle tone;
Life's but emptiness and shadow
When the loved and lost are gone.

In the graveyard on the upland
That o'erlooks an inland sea,
Where the flowers bloom in beauty,
Where the birds sing wild and free,
In the grave we sadly laid her
At the quiet eventime,
And the thoughts that filled our bosoms
Breathed of prayer and faith sublime.

She's not dead, she only sleepeth
From the cares of earthly strife;
She'll arise more fair and perfect
To a grander, nobler life.

If we follow in her footsteps,
We, too, may the goal attain:
Just beyond the Stygian river
Blooms a life that's not in vain.

---

## NIGHT AND REST.

Dreamily falleth the moonlight
Over the midnight hills,
Murmuring floweth the river,
Merging softly the rills;
And lightly treadeth the night winds
Over the far, strange sea,
Lifting gently the foliage,
Calling, calling to me.

Oh, to be freed but for an hour
From the fierce roar and din
Of the greed and grind of commerce,
And the glaring marts of sin;
Out from the dust and turmoil
Of the pent city's streets;
To walk on the hills at midnight,
Where peace the tired heart greets.

Go out for an hour, ye weary,
Seek the things God hath made;
Pause in restful meditation
By river, stream, and glade.
List the voices that greet you,
The wind and starlit sea;
Kindly is the song of nature,
Chastening harmony.

## TO THE WANDERER.

It is years since we met, my brother,
Years of far more loss than gain;
I wonder as I sit by the fire
If we e'er shall meet again.
I'm tired of time's ceaseless changes,
And longing as ne'er before
For the faces I knew in childhood,
And smiles that greet me no more.

I am thinking to-night, my brother,
We two may clasp hands once more,
And sing the songs of the olden time,
And wander there as of yore
Over the hills long, long forsaken,
And by paths that are o'ergrown;
By many a nook and quiet vale
Bordering our dear old home.

Ah! to-night, in this dreary northland,
How the wild wind sweeps and moans
Through the lone forest bare and ghostly,
That awesomely rocks and groans!
Madly it leaps o'er the white, dead hills,
Sweeping fiercely the plain afar;
And there is no light of pale, cold moon,
Nor yet of wandering star.

Far away in the sunny southland,
Where the breeze steals o'er the sea,
Toying with foliage and flowers,
And where wild birds carol free,

There, brother, thy feet are wandering;
And over my stricken head
Old memories are fondly crowding
Of the living and the dead.

---

## THE OLD SONGS.

Sing unto me the old songs, Saida Lee,
That were long ago silenced by time;
Murmur them tenderly, softly and low,
With that dreamy, exquisite voice of thine.

The happy dreams of the past, Saida Lee,
Thy old songs have recalled again;
Thou hast lured them back from a phantom shore
By thy soulful and passionate strain.

I cannot join my tired voice with thine,
Nor restrain the tender flowing of tears;
The faces, and voices, and dear old songs,
Are haunting me so from the silent years.

And I have come unto thee, Saida Lee;
For thy soothing voice and passionate song
Roll backward the flight of vanished years,
And all that to youth and love did belong.

Listening to thy dear voice, Saida Lee,
Hope will arise from the ashes of pain;
And I shall be calmed by the dear old songs,
And made strong for the battle of life again.

## SHADOWED.

Oh, sifting snow, take thy cold cerements
From our enshrouded world to-day;
And Arctic winds, beat an instant retreat,
To thy desolate home away!

And sweet south winds, from the far isles of palm,
Breathe again to us soft and low;
Let thy odorous breath warm dead hills,
And through murmuring woodlands go.

Come again, sweet birds, sing thy songs to me,
Perch again by my cottage door;
Let thy joy-notes revel just as of old,
As on wing thou dost gaily soar.

Canst thou not bring back the lost springs to me,
The past joys of a fairer day?
For thought drifts out o'er the shadowed deeps,
The dim, silent, and far away.

---

## THE EMPIRE'S CALL.

Awake, beautiful "Lady of the Snows," awake!
The direful sound of war comes over the sea;
And the Empire's call o'er the sea is sounding,—
To arms! sons of the Northland, fearless and free.

Awake, the Dominion, from sea unto sea!
With a responsive cry from shore unto shore,
Unfurl "The Old Flag" o'er mountain and plain;
Out on the free, wild winds let it proudly soar.

The Canadians are ready, waiting the word;
Then speak it, and send them far over the sea
To fight for the Empire, and a cause that's just,
That those sunny lands may be happy and free.

The Empire's foes grin o'er the edge of the world,
Displaying their envious malice and hate:
But she draws the bright sword in a justified cause,
And shall e'er be successful, glorious and great.

Then give Britain the clasp of thy strong right hand,
Support her heroically side by side;
Peerless daughter of a noble sisterhood,
In a loving union forever abide!

Abide with her when battle luridly gleams,
And the thunderous roar of the guns shake the ground;
And the shrieking of shells and the clashing of arms
Echo the voice of doom in hideous sound!

Stand by her, though you fall in the desperate strife,
And bless her, when peace her white wings unfurl;
And in a friendly rivalry side by side
Let thy wares invade all the marts of the world!

Let a united Empire circle it round
With stations along the far paths of the sea:
Rallying points when danger darkens around
The grand nation, that shall forever be free.

And the cycles of time shall not dim thy sight,
E'er thy glorious face shall be fair and young;
And the sceptre of fame crown thy lustrous brow,
And evermore thy glory and praise be sung.

## OUR HEROES.

"Give our boys a send-off," you say, old friend;
Aye, give them the best in the land;
With thy fervid blessing, and red, red gold,
And the clasp of thy strong right hand.

A good-bye to our soldiers, our heroes—
It may be that never again
Shall we hear their songs, nor laughing voices,
And thought bows in shadow and pain.

But cheer them and bless them, aye, and fête them,—
Turn out the band,—let song stir the night:
A send-off for our boys that will cheer them
And fill every heart with delight.

Peal the anthem that stirreth the Empire,
The peasant, the Queen on her throne;
And from sea unto sea let it echo,
Our Queen, our Dominion, our home.

Hip, hurrah! hip, hurrah! for our soldiers
That we send afar o'er the sea,
To fight for the flag and the Queen we love,
And our brothers that shall be free.

To-night let mothers and wives, sweethearts,
Pray as never they pray'd before,
For "our bit of the thin, red line," our brave,
That have fearlessly gone to the fore.

It will cheer them when the storm of battle
Hurtles round them on every side,
And they press the foe from trench and kopje,
With a valor that will not be denied.

And to-night let us pray for victory,
And for peace on Afric's far shore;
For the safety of Canada's heroes,
And their return to us once more.

---

## PAARDEBERG.

"The Canadians will move forward to-morrow," it came,
And those daring souls without fear
Received the longed-for and welcome despatch
With a rousing, inspiring cheer.
And they join Smith-Dorien's "fighting Nineteenth,"
A fearless and gallant brigade;
The heroic Gordons, Shropshires, and brave Cornwalls,
For the struggle sternly arrayed.

And they welcome the Canadians with cheer on cheer,
And grandly they sweep o'er the plain;
With Roberts' grand army, rolling swiftly along,
A wing'd panoply all amain!
A glorious panoply of Britain's vast war,
An awesome and inspiring scene:
For the relief of Kimberley French rides away,
And Roberts for Magersfontein.

And swift as the wild wind French swoops down on the foe,
And the city is relieved;
Then back o'er the veldt like a whirlwind he comes,
And the foe is completely deceived.

Roberts turns impregnable Magersfontein,
And Cronje flies baffl'd away
Into the midnight darkness, desperate now,
The "Lion of the Transvaal" is at bay.

In the meantime the Canadians marched night and day,
And gained the far Modder's side;
Though famished and worn, at the early dawn
Through the stream they cheerfully glide.
They had heard the hoarse roar of the guns in their front,
And knew their hour of trial had come;
And they swiftly deploy with their gallant brigade,
And advance with the rolling drum.

Otter forms his regiment with a firing line,
With strong supports and a reserve;
And they advance on the foe o'er the rolling veldt,
With a steady and iron nerve.
Aye, gaily they advance with that far battle-line,
'Mid the dropping of shot and shell;
Sweeping forward with the regulars side by side,
Doing their duty nobly and well.

In the stern beginning of that wild battle-storm
Did their thoughts go back over the sea,
To the sunny land of the loved Maple Leaf,
Where all are fearless and free?
Hot on them glares the fierce African sun to-day,
Scorching and burning like a flame;
Though worn by the night march, want of sleep, and of food,
To a man they are ready again.

Forward, by short rushes, they sweep over the veldt,
Though the balls pelt round them like rain;
They pour a fierce, deadly fire on the hard-pressed foe,
And sweep forward again and again.

But loved comrades are falling on every side,
All about are the wounded and slain;
But the stern foe cannot stay that oncoming line,
All their desperate efforts are vain.

At last they reach a position near to the foe,
Ensconced in the bed of the stream;
By the trees, banks, and dongas protected from sight,
Where but the flash of their fire is seen.
And the Canadians take cover there, and lie low,
Not daring to raise e'en their head:
Here the earth is rent, torn, and rifted by balls—
All round are the dying and dead!

The Canadians shower on them from their magazines
An incessant and furious fire;
And the awful roar of the deadly battle-lines
Clamor wilder, wilder, higher.
Roberts' guns crown the heights on both sides of the stream,
And his lyddite shells rent and tore
The enemy's position, banks, and trenches afar,
And the stream ran red with their gore.

"The Canadians and Cornwalls will charge!" came the word,
And it flew swift along the line;
And they rose and swept forward in the daring charge,
With a bearing that was sublime!
On and on rushed the line through a hell of fire,
And as sheaves in the winnow and wain
The dead and the dying dotted o'er the wide veldt,
Pelted still by that deadly rain.

At last they gain a sheltering ridge near the foe
And pause for a moment to rest,
And the red African sun sank low o'er the hills,
All aflame was the glowing west!

The charge was as daring and heroically press'd
As war's vast annals ever gave;
And it shall live through all the far annals of time,
Till the world itself find a grave.

Now Roberts redoubles all the fire of his guns,
Hurling death to the trenches below;
And thousands of rifles rend the foe in his lair,
With smoke and flame their death-traps glow.
The scene was dreadful, as the shadowy night-time
Closed down on the incessant roar,
And the "Lion of the Transvaal" stole from his den,
Burrowing farther up the shore.

All through the dreary night-watch the Canadians went,
Bringing in their wounded and dead;
And they laid them away in one long, pent grave,
Bow'd in tears was each comrade's head.
Heroes ev'ry one on that far-thrown battle-line!
Though sorrowing now in hot tears,
Canada, the Empire, and all the world shall ring
With their glory through all the years.

Let the Dominion, from ocean to ocean, strive
To emulate the honored dead,
Crown Commandant Otter, Buchan, and Pelletier;
Fadeless wreaths for each gallant head!
Honor Marshal Roberts, French, and Lord Kitchener,
And their grand army so far afield:
All the world may clamor, and give aid to the foe,
But to Britain's strong arm they must yield!

## THE SURRENDER OF CRONJE.

GENERAL CRONJE AND HIS ARMY OF 4,000 MEN SURRENDERED TO FIELD MARSHAL EARL ROBERTS, ON "MAJUBA DAY," FEBRUARY 27TH, 1900.

AFTER the fatal field of Paardeberg,
When the darkness of night clos'd round,
And the roar of the conflict had died away,
And there only the lonesome sound
Of the low, murmuring night-wind is heard,
Where the dead and wounded lay,
Cronje stole forth from his ruined lair
And as silently fled away.

"Close around the great guns on every side,
The foe is burrowed once more;
Bring up the infantry in strong support,
Once again let the crash and roar
Of battle rend in pieces the stern foe
In his strong lair beside the stream;
Search the banks and his sheltering trenches,
Let the light on your bayonets gleam.

"Let the gallant French like an eagle swoop
Around and o'er all the far plain,
Crowning the hills, making thus the efforts
Of the foe to escape all vain."
Thus Roberts cried, and the storm shook the hills,
And his lyddite shells rent and tore
The trenches, and laager, the banks and stream,
Where the foe is suffering sore.

Forward, once again in the battle-line,
Goes Smith-Dorien's gallant brigade;
Forward, once more fearlessly side by side,
Go the Canadians undismayed.
All around and above that terrible den
The batteries incessantly thunder,
And the "Lion of the Transvaal" roars
From his trenches lying under.

His quick-fire guns, "pom-poms" and Mausers,
Hurl upward from the river-side
A deadly rain, a tumultuous flame,
Searching vengefully far and wide.
But Roberts converges his relentless lines,
And his splendid infantry pour
An all-consuming, deadly fire
On their position round the shore.

Cronje's laager's burning, his horses slain,
A very hell his ghastly lair!
Beaten and mangled, his followers lie
In their torn trenches in despair.
Thousands of dead animals and Boers float down
The swollen river's fetid breath;
There was no escape from their awful plight,
From that red avalanche of death!

It had swept the lines like an electric wave,
"To-morrow is 'Majuba Day'!
And the stain shall be wip'd from Britain's flag,
In avenging battle array."
The Field Marshal now determines to gain
A position nearer the foe,
And calls up the Canadians and Engineers
To press home this decisive blow.

The African night had grown cool and calm,
And the stars in the vaulted sky
Glowed clear and warm in their vast, far voids,
And the wind whispered like a sigh.
All along their trenches the Canadians lay,
Sternly, calmly waiting the word:
The army and Empire shall own their worth,
For the honor on them conferr'd.

The gallant Gordons move up in support,
Brave friends in their hour of need,
Who will stand by them even unto death
By telling and valorous deed.
The signal's given, and that fiery line
Moves silently forward now
In two intrepid ranks at intervals,
And flames now each valorous brow.

On and on, stealthily, like phantom lines,
Nearer and nearer the foe they glide
Till within fifty paces of their lair,—
The torn lair by the river-side.
Suddenly from the dark, concealing banks
Burst a blinding sheet of fierce flame,
And on the Canadians, at point-blank range,
They play their hidden, deadly game.

Though taken by surprise, the Canadians
Throw themselves prone along the ground,
And on them return a fatal rain,
Searching the burrowing banks around.
About a mile away on the far left,
The Shropshires are at it again,
Pouring volleys on the suffering foe,
Who struggle and suffer in vain.

The roar and din of the direful conflict
  Illumines with a lurid light;
The groans of the wounded and dying
  Make pandemonium of the night.
At length the red dawn uprose o'er the scene,
  Discovering the Canadians, where
They had gain'd the flank of the sullen foe,
  Who are now in utter despair.

At right angles to Cronje's entrenchments
  They hurl death to his lair below;
His flanks and untenable position
  Are at the mercy of his foe.
There is no escape from that hell of fire,
  And he surrenders by the stream;
And the Canadians send up a mighty cheer,
  That is re-echoed round the scene.

And it echoed round and round the world,
  That the stain of "Majuba Day"
Is avenged in the blood of the foe,
  And forever washed away.
And up from his mangled and bloody lair
  The "Lion of the Transvaal" came,
Cold and unbending, leading sternly on,
  With a stately, impassive mien.

The Marshal greets him in his kindly way
  For the gallant defence he made,
And the beaten army lay down their arms
  Where the British are arrayed.
Ah! that was a thrilling, impressive scene,
  And from ocean to ocean's side
We in the Dominion, for Canada's sons,
  Waked the hills in our joy and pride.

Again they've heroically taught the world
How Canada's sons can fight
For the Empire and the Flag they love,
And a cause that's just and right.
We cheer'd and rejoic'd for the Grand Army,
Rolling swiftly o'er veldt and plain;
And for Roberts, our victorious leader,
It echo'd, and re-echo'd again.

---

## THE BURIAL AT PAARDEBERG.

Far, far beside the Modder River,
Bear our valiant dead away,
To the muffled drum's slow cadence,
And marshal ere the close of day.
Form in ranks, O gallant comrades,
And with a slow and stately tread
Gain the slope where glints the sunlight,
To glorify our honor'd dead.

Reverse your arms, with tear-stained faces,
And halt beside the long grave deep:
Salute our slain, heroic soldiers,
And lay them to their final sleep!
Wrap their martial cloaks around them,
And place their colors by their side—
The "Old Flag" they lov'd so dearly,
For which they fought, and dared, and died.

Play the solemn dead march o'er them,
Bow in prayer, and drop a tear
For the fearless ones who nobly
Met the foe, and without fear

Gave their lives and gain'd the victory;
In the foremost ranks they fell,
For the cause of British freedom,
The cause Canadians love so well.

Cover up our death-still'd heroes,
Place a white stone o'er each head;
Carve their noble names upon them,
Who by the Modder River shed
Their life's blood for our grand Empire.
Rest well, brave hearts, so far afield;
Storming there the trench and kopje,
Ye taught the cunning foe to yield!

Let a solemn benediction
From our hearts for them arise;
May it penetrate the distance
Of the amaranthine skies.
Let it plead for our Dominion,
And for those who mourn their dead;
Soothe and bless with resignation
The home's sad loss, where joy hath fled.

---

## HEROES OF THE FIRST HUSSARS.

Afar on the veldt they are tenting,
'Neath a starlit, southern dome;
Weary of war, and perhaps dreaming
Of peace and the loved of home.
All day where the batteries thunder'd
Valiantly they rode and well,
Storming the barb'd trenches and kopjes,
Where missiles remorselessly fell.

Swept by fiendish "pom-poms" and Mausers,
Rider and horse were laid low;
But onward—as a whirlwind, onward—
They fell on the sullen foe.
And they swept them from trench and kopje,
Putting them to flight again;
And their cheers for the well-won victory
Rang wild o'er the battle-plain.

Thus from dawn till night closes round them
They march and fight day by day
For the Queen, the Flag, and the Empire,
And the Maple Leaf far away.
Oft bivouacking in the night-time
When skies are sodden with rain,
Sick, and wounded, and perhaps dying,
Scorched by fever and pain.

And the midnight march and foray,
Ere the dawn hath reddened the sky;
The sentries out in the solemn gloom,
With the foemen lurking nigh.
And the burial after the battle,
Putting their comrades to rest:
Alone, in their glory evermore,
Canada's loved and best.

Ever cheerful amid their privations,
Fearless when danger is nigh,
They have won the world's admiration,
And are there but to do and die.
God grant, when the war is all over,
Peace may erase the old scars,
And bring back over the ocean
Our heroes of the 1st Hussars!

## THE DAUGHTERS OF THE REGIMENT.

WE'RE the Daughters of the Regiment,
The gallant Essex Fusiliers;
For our Queen, our corps, and country,
We ask to-night three rousing cheers;
And for brave old Company No. 2,
Of which we proudly form a part,
Let it echo and re-echo
From every glowing, loyal heart.

We place our corps to-night before you,
With hearts so light, so light and gay,
Asking for your kindly patronage
To brace and cheer us on our way.
For we, too, are proudly "in it,"
Our corps 's alive and "all serene,"
And the Daughters of the Regiment
Are "dandy" soldiers of the Queen.

We have skilful, wise instructors,
Who for late tactics can't be beat;
For your inspection we're ready,
With shining ranks so gay and neat.
With our rifles at the shoulder,
Parade—right form—and march away
Into line—advance—and retire—
And let the band begin to play.

Now, form to right, and form to left,
And wheel to left—to right and rear,—
Advance in line, and charge the foe,—
Steady, the ranks, and never fear.

We're the Daughters of the Regiment,
And we adjure you here to-night,
Should the foe assail our country,
Go out like fearless men and fight,

For our country's worth defending.
Then let it sound from sea to sea:
The "Old Flag" that floats above us
Is the fam'd banner of the free!
We're the Daughters of the Regiment,
Our hearts are true and "all serene";
Join us heartily in singing,
Once again, "God save the Queen."

---

## VICTORIA THE GOOD.

HALF-MAST, half-mast the royal colors!
Bow reverently every head:
It's flashed from under the ocean,
Our most noble Queen is dead!
Half-mast, Britain's war-scarr'd banner,
With its red cross drooping low;
That never in the storm of battle
Is lowered to the foe.

Round the world to its utmost limits
The sorrowful message hath flown;
And backward, from every nation,
Aye, backward from every throne,
Flows a tidal wave of sympathy,
Deluging Britain's fair shores,
Round the base of whose cliffs eternally
The lone ocean sobs and roars.

O Britain! grandest of nations,
Thy head is bowed low to-day;
Will time, with its wonderful changes,
E'er wipe thy sad tears away?
Irreparable loss,—Victoria!
Britain is stricken for thee;
Noblest ruler of the centuries,
A very safeguard to the free.

Hark! hark! the minute guns are pealing!
Shaking the earth to its core,
From the utmost rim of the Empire,
In a reverberating roar.
And the bells—how the bells are tolling
With a grieved and solemn sound!
And a mighty pall shrouds the nation,
A sorrow that is profound.

---

## THE SILENT CITY.

"At rest," and where snow-white marble hands
Pointeth forever toward the sky;
Around and o'er all are the autumn winds,
That low and murmuring sob and sigh.
And the drooping foliage fleck'd with gold,
Like a dream of the heart, fading away,
Rustling softly in the mellowing beams,
Beautiful in dying day by day.

Around me to-day are the white headstones,
Silent sentinels guarding the dead;
In their silent way they challenge my soul
And arrest my feet in their onward tread.

And I pause to weep by the cold, white stones,
By the graves of those that were dear to me;
So many have gone with the flight of years,
Drift'd out to the silence of eternity!

And I linger to read with dimming eyes
The names that are by the world forgot;
Their forlorn, o'ergrown, and neglected graves,
That for weary years no friend hath sought.
But oh, the peace of this hallow'd place,
And the mute appeal from each silent mound!
Hushed in an infinite quietude,
An immortal peace, a rest profound.

---

## LONGING.

I HAVE grown weary of voices,
And I long for silence and rest,
And the peacefulness of night-time,
When no care doth my soul infest.

And I've grown weary of faces
That have never a thought for me;
Of eyes all cold and repellent
I would be forever made free.

And I've grown weary of thinking
The thoughts that my being possess;
The finite and the infinite
Forever my bosom oppress.

I'm very weary of hoping,
And e'er waiting from day to day
A happy and bright consummation,
An illusion still far away.

I'm weary of vacant places:
The dear hands that clasp mine no more
Have drifted o'er the dark river,
And gained the eternal shore.

Ah! how I miss the dear faces
Of old friends long years since made free;
But only their vacant places
Forever are calling to me.

And so I'm saddened and lonely,
And trying to trust and to wait,
Dreaming and longing for rest-time—
'Tis the passion and burden of fate.

---

## THE LAST SONG.

I've sung my last song, and am ready
To go at the dreamy dying of day;
Ere the gloom of night comes to sadden,
My feet shall have passed away.
No more when you meet at the twilight
Shall I mingle my voice with the strains
That tell of home, of love, of heaven,
And the past with its pleasures and pains.

And when again you are carolling
The old songs I have loved so well,
Will you steal a thought for the absent,
For the one who is saying farewell?
Or must I then, too, be forgotten
When my voice shall be nevermore heard?
Will regret ne'er trouble thy bosom,
Nor memory ever be stirred?

Sing on, happy hearts in the gloaming;
Sing of home, of heaven, and love;
Heed not the feet that have wandered
Far away, like the voice of a dove.
An echo I hear, sweetly tender,
That seems ever to whisper to me
Of a meeting of friends long severed,
In a life made all perfect and free.

---

## THE FIRST SNOW.

I'm walking to-day with mem'ry
Through the woodlands weird and still,
With ghostly shadows around me,
Haunting, and strange, and chill.
Ominous clouds are gathering
O'er a ghastly, threatening sky;
The voice of the wind is grieving
In the tree-tops bare and high.

And the streams are stilled and sleeping,
And under my onward tread
The fallen leaves are rustling;
And from the pale, silent dead
Come stealing back phantom footsteps
By many a ruined bower;
And tender, mystical murmurings,
From many a pale, dead flower;

And a subtle song of summer,
Of beautiful seasons fled,
Of faces, voices, and ruined hopes,
Sweet dreams, and the tears we shed;

And sweet as the angels' singing,
  Or the summer's soft twilight,
Or love asleep in fragrant bloom,
  Or the peaceful, dreamland night;

And a love that waked to never die,
  A radiant and fadeless bloom
That waning years cannot efface,
  An endless and golden noon.
I revel at will with mem'ry
  By streams and rippling rills;
My heart is wrapt in ecstasy,
  As I climb its shining hills.

But list to the dirge of the wind
  Through the ever deep'ning gloom;
See! 'tis falling, the death-white snow,
  Awak'ning my soul too soon.
It whitens the lonely moorlands,
  And the forest glade and glen,
The dreamy hills and silent vales
  Where the summer late hath been.

And see how it swirls and eddies,
  Searching fiercely everywhere;
It clasps in an icy embrace,
  Flurrying fast through the air.
'Tis so desolate and dreary,
  And thought grows heavy with pain,
For it may be that never for me
  Will the summer come again.

## THE SUN GOES DOWN.

I PAUSE by the road, and the sun goes down,
And the night rolls up o'er the lea;
And the stars peer out from the faint, far voids,
The shadow of eternity.

I weep by the road, and the sun goes down,
And the wind sobs up from the sea;
I hear, as in dreams from the soul's far shore,
Voices that appeal unto me.

I mourn by the road, and the sun goes down
On the way I've travel'd so long;
On my dimming sight, in the fading light
Pass onward a pale, phantom throng.

I pray by the road, and the sun's gone down,
And the gloom deepens far o'er the sea;
And the way is weary, and so forlorn,
And the night that enfoldeth me.

---

## GOING HOME.

"I SHALL reach my home to-morrow," he said,
As he gazed on the setting sun;
And his tired eyes had a far-away look,
His long, lone journey was nearly done.
Where is thy home, forlorn stranger, oh, where?
And he pointed toward the pale light
Fast fading out in the darkening skies,
With the approach of the lonesome night.

He was old and weary, and so forlorn,
And all alone at the close of day;
Burdened and bow'd by the flight of years,
Tremblingly pursuing his way.
"I've journeyed so far—so far," he said,
"But must not tarry, nor pause for rest;
I must gain the marge of the sunset shore,
The far aisles of the home of the blest.

"Hark! I hear the voices of my beloved,
Calling for me down the spirit aisles;
And a vision of glory bursts on my sight,
Of angel faces and welcome smiles.
I'm coming! I'm coming!" the old man cried,
And his face lit up with a holy light;
And the sun went down o'er the distant hills,
Fading slow into the solemn night.

'Twas only the dream of a waiting soul,
Lost to the finite, groping alone;
With only the clasp of the Father's hand,
Pressing forward to its infinite home.
And thus he passed from my vision away,
Toiling onward o'er the weary miles;
Lost to the world, and by the world forgot,
He fled down the night by its dim defiles.

---

## FAME—LIFE—DEATH.

WHAT is fame?
A little flame;
An alluring, flickering wand of cold light,
On a towering mountain height afar!
O'ershadowed by the silent march of time,
The lonely glimmer of a fading star.

What is life?
A day of strife;
Disappointing as the dreams of long ago;
A toil-worn pathway through the waste of years,
That day by day but leadeth sternly on
To grievous loss, to sorrow, and to tears.

What is death?
Relief from breath;
A beatific calm, a long and needed rest;
The end of sorrow, and the battle's close;
A meek folding of the tired, worn-out hands,
A silent and dreamless sweet repose.

---

## PEACE.

At last, when the sun is setting,
And its beautiful, golden bars
Reach upward through purple splendor,
And mingle their light with the stars;
The winds are hushed to a whisper,
Caressing the leaves and flowers;
And songs of birds are rippling
So sweetly in twilight bowers;
I ponder o'er past and present,
And I rest from the care and strife—
At peace with all, and storing strength
For the daily battle of life.

# ARMAGEDDON.

## CHAPTER I.

I KNOW not if 'twas in a vision, or a spirit dream.
'Twas at the noon of day, when fairest summer-time serene
Clothed all the world in loveliness; when dazzling light
Streamed o'er the Himalayas, and the grandeur of the sight
Lay all before me, as I stood on that far, peerless height,
And saw through spirit eyes the whole world at my feet.

Magnificently grand was that far, panoramic view,
And I was lost in wonderment as swift-winged vision flew
From sea to sea, lake, river, stream, and tiny rippling rill,
Far mountains tow'ring to the skies, and rolling plain and hill,
And a thousand verdured swells that like billows roll away
Beyond the horizon's mystic rim and the far gates of day.

From tropic seas I pierced the veil where Arctic oceans roll,
By a thousand isles that gem the deep and flit from pole to pole,
And swift return by milder climes of rich, perpetual bloom,
No more to look on that wild waste of mystery and gloom.

I saw the cattle on a thousand sloping, emerald hills,
Heard the dream-songs of shepherds that through the distance thrills
The list'ning ear; and saw millions of tillers of the soil—
The support of kings, nations—earth's suffering sons of toil.

A thousand cities glistened in the near and far away;
All domed and minaretted, by a thousand streams they lay.
I heard the din of commerce and the rush of countless feet,
And the cry of untold voices, and babel reigned complete;
And pomp and power were trampling the poor and weak ones down,
And kings looked on from palace halls with ne'er rebuke nor frown.

I saw giant nations flaunting diverse banners to the breeze,
All bristling o'er with armament, and frail thrones at their knees;
Lust of power was rampant, jars and threat'nings everywhere,
Deep mutterings of the rising storm fell across the air.
The seas were white with commerce, with the ships that o'er them sweep,
Watched by the navies of the world, vast guardians of the deep;
I heard the cry of Christian, and of ruthless Moslem bands
Flaunting their crescent banner with cruel, blood-stained hands.

One flag I marked on every sea, in every clime and zone—
The meteor flag of Britain, proudly, defiantly outthrown.
It seemed to tower over all, bidding tyrants to beware,
Of the nation's rights its bright folds guard to have a proper care.
There were mutterings and combinations adverse to Britain's fame,
And from the horizon's darkening rim burst shafts of ruddy flame;

But a couchant lion rose and shook his majestic, tawny mane,
And roared with a roar that shook the seas and braced his giant frame;

And the Empress of the Ocean stood on her sea-girt shores
In the panoply of war, where her royal banner soars.
Serene and noble there she stood, in majesty and pride,
And beckoned, and millions of men uprose, and far and wide
Her dauntless ships moved out, and covered all the sea,
To guard the nation's sacred cause and Christian liberty.

The German nation heard the call that echoed o'er the deep,
And her mighty heart was thrilled, and with one generous sweep
Hurled all differences to the four quarters of the wind,
And swiftly ranged by Britain's side, as one in heart and mind.
And Italia's answering cry rose up, regenerated, free,
As she joined the alliance with a shout for Christian unity.

The Austrian nation was moved as by a mighty throe,
And prepared to strike by Britain's side the now advancing foe
Of Russ, and Gaul, and Moslem hordes converging for the fight
That is to shake the astonished world in horror and affright.

Converging to the gates of India, in columns vast they come
To the martial blare of trumpets and roll of fife and drum,
The half a million horse—the van—in wild clangor clears the way
For three thousand frowning guns in formidable array,
With vast masses of infantry—six millions of the foe,
To deliver a vast attack, an irresistible blow;

To sweep Albion from the Ind, and the German power to break;
To win the Orient, even the world to dominate;

For the passes of the Himalayas on and on they sweep,
Making the very earth to vibrate beneath their marching feet.

But hark! on the expectant and sharply startled ear
Bursts a fiercer blare of trumpets and a still more rousing cheer.
I turned my vision southward. Oh, welcome, glorious sight!
Five million men advancing in the glowing, golden light
Of the sun of Ind, that fell athwart the grand array
Of Albion and her illustrious allies. And far away
I saw another army moving swiftly to the right
(As if detached from Albion's hosts), and disappear from sight
In the foothills of the Himalayas—some deep strategy evolved
By Wolseley and Roberts, who war's problems oft have solved.

Too late, the rushing foe the barring mountain passes gain,
And swift debouch in mighty mass and unfold along the plain.
An awful front is formed, reaching leagues and leagues away,
Deployed in seven battle lines in stupendous, grim array,
With three thousand guns at intervals frowning there between
Vast corps of horse and infantry, such as the world hath ne'er seen.
Intermingled were strange devices to hurl storms of shot and shell,
Hot and furious as the deadly, insatiate maw of hell.
Bicycle corps with protecting shields flashed everywhere;
And balloons, like eagles, poised on high, borne along the air;

Swooping like eagles for their prey, searching the far and nigh,
They fearless rise above the clouds and soar along the sky.

Swiftly telegraph lines reach every part of the vast line,
Entrenched by corps of engineers skilful of design.
And central, in rear of that stupendous and waiting host,
The White Czar of all the Russias with his staff takes post.

With the Russians forming the centre: gigantic, deep, and wide,
And the corps of France the right wing, a mass of fiery pride;
And the Sultan's hordes of Moslems form the left, and there await
The awful, pending struggle, the doom of a boding fate!
And thus they wait the adversary, Gog and Magog.

## CHAPTER II.

Again I turned to the southward, thrilled by the glorious sight
Of vast battle-lines advancing, all beautiful and bright;
With flashing steel, like countless stars, bannered, bedight they come,
Great waves of scarlet, blue and gold, fearlessly rolling on,
Preceded by a reconnaissance of cavalry and balloons,
With deadly explosives to hurl by hot platoons.
Five million men advancing in the panoply of war,
With Albion in the centre; and prolonging the right afar
Are the Italians and Austrians facing the Moslem bands,
The followers of the crescent from far Orient lands.
Deployed to the left are the Germans, a stately array
Once more to grapple their ancient foes, defiantly at bay.

Seven leagues! seven leagues! an awful front
  Albion and her allies form!
Five battle-lines advancing in parallel,
  Fronting the dire, impending storm,

With vast masses of brilliant cavalry
  At intervals and on each wing,
And supporting divisions in reserve,
  They half a million sabres bring.
Intermingling are three thousand quick-fire guns,
  And destructive and strange machines—
Cunning devices for the attack and defence—
  Under cover of light steel screens.
And covering the front are bicycle corps,
  And steel-armoured motor cars;
Swift and frightfully deadly, well befitting
  The grand, intrepid sons of Mars.

As a very god of vast war sits Wolseley
  On his charger, unmoved, serene,
In rear of the centre, with a brilliant staff,
  Intrusted with the command supreme.
And the stern Germans are with their great
      war lord,
  The Kaiser, eager for the fray;
Believing the God of all battles will win
  Them this last great, decisive day.
And the Austrians and dauntless Italians
  Passionate enthusiasm bring,
And are grandly, unflinchingly coming on
  Under their Emperor and King.

Oh, the dread majesty of that gigantic,
  Glorious panoply of war!
Advancing with the awesome roar of the sea
  When its deep wrath is heard afar;

Advancing upon the giant adversary
To the swift help of the Lord.
To put the proud, inveterate followers
Of Satan to the pending sword;
To free the benighted world from tyranny,
And the hard yoke and scourge of sin,
They roll on, and onward, fearing neither death
Nor hell, all eager to begin.

Now pauses the colossal, mighty advance,
When near to the gigantic foe,
Ere hurling a destroying and vast attack,
Ere delivering the first great blow.
To perfect his wonderful dispositions
Wolseley, with lightning speed,
Distributes his detail of final orders
By wire, 'cycle, and fiery steed.

The engineers along the intrepid lines
Throw up works of shelter and defence;
And wires and 'phones to every abiding corps,
Waiting the issue grim, intense.

It was an awful and a trying moment.
Should heaven now, or hell, prevail?
I feared as the masterful, Christian hosts
Prepared the foe to assail.

## CHAPTER III.

Hist! what's this horror stealing o'er the serenitude of heaven?
A weird panoply of cold, metallic light had driven
All the deep-toned azure of the summer skies away.
A spectral terror seems to chill the very noon of day.

And see! those strange, dark phantoms falling on the earth and sea,
Portending calamity. An appalling mystery
Envelops all the horizon, and a pending doom
Seems inevitable to man; and nature's woof and bloom
Is smitten by a poisonous and hot simoon.

But see!—it changes! it changes!—a wondrous crimson flood
Hath enveloped earth, sea, and sky in lurid robes of blood!
And from out the awful, threatening deeps, and voids on high,
Marshalling legions of phantom armies go sweeping by!
And they wheeled in vast evolution on high o'er where I stood.
The hosts of heaven, in the glorious panoply of God,
Wheeled into huge lines of columns fronting on the foe;
In golden chariots and equipments strange, and burnished so.
I bowed in awe; I could not bear the dazzling sight
Of that mass of immaculate glory, intensely bright;
But I thought with ecstasy, that heaven would fight this day
For the Christian hosts in the vale, and bear the foe away
To destruction, desolation, and bind Satan with a chain,
And cast him down headlong, to trouble man never again.

But hark! from the threatening vale below
Comes a rumbling commotion,
A sullen roar, as when storms sweep across
The wrathful face of the ocean;
And from Albion's front move two thousand guns
Sternly rolling upon the foe,
With vast corps of riflemen in support;
And swiftly forward flashing go

The bicycle divisions, and quick-fire guns,
A destructive torrent to pour.
And aloft are the airships and balloons,—
Like great eagles they rise and soar
With dire explosives and deadly machines
To hurl death on the lines below—
The awful lines in manœuvre vast
In the strange light glittering so.

Suddenly along those ponderous fronts
Bursts the roar of the dreadful guns,
Causing the very earth to rock and tremble
As through it the vibration runs.
And peal on peal incessant staggered
The great mountain on which I stood;
And the responsive, bellowing thunder
Of the adversary froze the blood.
Thus, loosed from the leash, the dogs of war
Burst in nameless fury on the foe,
And death was hurled from the clouds above
To the hosts in the vale below.

And I saw lines of airships advancing,
Soaring like mighty birds of prey;
And rent asunder were the lurid clouds
That obscured the red god of day.
And I saw them glide on to each other,
The opposing lines up on high,
And the trumpet call from balloon to balloon
Manœuvred them through the sky.
And still dropping their horrid explosives
Below to the shattered plain,
They seek by quick aerial manœuvres
Advantageous positions to gain.
And thus rising, poising, and advancing,
Pausing in close column and line,
The strange scene was awesome and wonderful,
And immeasurably sublime.

Fiercely on each other with quick-fire guns
  Destruction they now madly pour,
And infernal machines and magazines
  Add their terrible, deadly roar.
And out on the vast aerial spaces
  It echoed and rolled away,
A shuddering and horrid tumult,
  Lost in the distance grim and gray.
And contending there for the mastery,
  Some collided with ruinous clash,
And fell from the fierce, crimson clouds above
  To the earth with a horrid crash.

And thus they fought in the aerial plains
  To cover their own below,
And to hover o'er and hurl destruction
  On the contending mammoth foe.

I looked on the fearful scene below,
  And the earth was pent with the slain;
And the deafening and tumultuous roar
  Rolled o'er the embattled plain.
And from the hot lips of six thousand guns
  Leaped whirlwinds of smoke and flame,
And the fiendish missiles tore divisions
  Asunder, in ruin all amain.

In majestic evolution vast masses
  Of infantry enter the fire zone,
And whole fronts of magnificent columns
  Into eternity are blown.
And the bicycle corps and quick-fire guns
  Into the maelstrom of battle go;
Flashing in and out all along the fronts,
  They deliver their blow on blow.

Vast clouds of cavalry charge on the wings
At intervals along the line;
And the mighty reserves *en masse* abide
Magnificent and sublime.

And these enormous adversaries sway
In furious struggles to and fro,
Repelling, receding, and advancing,
Like the vast sea-waves' ebb and flow.

Incessant charges of the cavalry
Sweep like whirlwinds over the plain,
And though thousands fall in the mad *mêlée*,
They charge and recharge again.
And they shore whole lines into fragments
Where confusion had entered in;
Where the foot and horse had suffered most,
They drove their wild charge within.
Again and again they too were hurled back,
Broken, beaten, and swept away
By the deadly guns and the magazines
Of the infantry's ceaseless play.

And explosives drop from the fierce red clouds,
Hurling death and dismay around,
Making ghastly rents in the shattered ranks,
And chasming the trembling ground.
And the infantry charged fierce and wild
With the bayonet's resistless play,
And their deadly work in the mad *mêlée*,
Added horror to the ghastly day.
Thousands of banners waved through smoke and flame,
And wild cheers rent the glaring sky;
Along the lines for leagues and leagues
Rose the dauntless battle-cry.

And oh, the incessant, tumultuous roar!
On the shuddering world it fell;
It seemed to rise from the infernal pit,
The red, bellowing maw of hell.

## CHAPTER IV.

And so the awful night fell redly down,
Such a night as man ne'er hath seen—
One vast crimson glare through the universe,
And weird phantoms flitting between
The stars that glowed in the vast, far voids,
Falling prone on the earth and sea.
Horrible convulsions ran all amain,
Staggering the mountains under me;
And lightning leapt from the fierce, red clouds,
And the appalling thunder shock
Seemed to rive the firmament in twain,
Crashing from mountain and rock to rock.
And fiendish voices shrieked through the air,
Mocking and gibing at man's doom;
And the pale, dead legions heaping the plain,
Peering out of the gory gloom.

And the battle ceased not; through the night
It raged with the fury of hell,
And the ponderous blows that Albion dealt
Like a destroying angel fell.
They pressed the Russians from line to line
By the bayonet and sabre stroke;
On and on with a deathless valor,
Through their vast divisions they broke.
And the far left of the line stands firm, where
The Germans are sternly at bay,
Assailed by the Gauls in furious hate,—
They must not and will not give way.

But the right is threatened and sorely pressed
By the Sultan's valiant corps,
For like rocks they abide before the fire
The Italians and Austrians pour.
Avalanches of smoke and raging flame
From the batteries belch far and wide,
Like a misty veil cover all the field
And creep up the great mountain side.
'Twas as a mist of blood, obscuring but
Slightly the struggle; and on high
The bright, aerial ships still hovered
In conflict along the red sky.

Suddenly, with terrific, awful throe,
The earth was rent at the mountain's base,
And hot sulphurous fumes uprose, and
Demoniacal cries, and the face
Of Satan, with horrible equipments,
Crawled up o'er the red rim of hell;
And twelve flaming legions of fiends—lost souls—
Sprang after, and into phalanx fell.
With flaming harness all scaled, bedight,
Hideous blazoned shield and lance,
With Satan, Lucifer and Apollyon,
They prepared their direful advance

To the help of the mighty adversary,
Gog and Magog. They clanged their shields,
And raged and uttered such blasphemous,
Malignant, and discordant cries
As only the infernal, conclaved
Regions of the damned could vomit forth.
And frightful shapes—scorpions, lizards, vampires,
Dragons, and serpents—wriggled up,

Hissing, and spread along the scorched ground
Their poisonous slime and horrid breath;
And all things venomous, of which to touch,
To breathe, is loathsome, instant death!

I was horrified and appalled,
And raised my eyes in prayer;
And oh, the sight that met my affrighted gaze,
In the red cloud's tremendous glare!

The celestial army, by some wondrous
Evolution, poised o'er the foe—
Poised central—and hurled annihilation
To the Satanic hosts below;
Hurled vast streams of glaring lightning,
And rending thunderbolts roaring fell.
And countless blinding meteors scathed
And ruined Satan where they fell.
Avalanches of ponderous aerolites
Tore the maw and counterscarp of hell!
Nameless armaments beat Satan's cohorts down,
And a hideous, discordant knell
Of rage, despair, smote the shuddering hills,
With'ring the verdure all amain,
And rolled in nameless horror along
The lines of that ensanguined plain.

Nearer and nearer swooped the celestial
Legions in majesty and might,
Until, all ruined and beaten down,
The demon foe were put to flight,
And Satan seized and bound with a chain,
And hurled blaspheming back once more
Down the accursed, eternal void of
Damnation's frenzied, awful shore!

Closed and sealed was that deadly maw
Of desolation and of doom,
That man might escape the horror of an
Everlasting suffering and gloom.

All through the lurid night the conflict raged
With furious, unabated breath,
Swaying backward, forward, with frightful carnage
In the cruel revelry of death.
And the flame and light of that vast battle,
And the veil that shrouded all the sky,
Made light as day upon the earth and sea,
And where the air ships fought on high.
All the night Albion had pressed the huge
Centre of the foe from line to line,
Pressing onward, aye, steadily onward,
With deeds of chivalry sublime.

## CHAPTER V.

The intrepid Germans have not made way,
But like the rocks they firm abide,
And the fiery Gauls dash swift upon them,
Like the rise and sweep of ocean's tide
In frenzied fury hurled forward,
And rolled backward over all
The stern rocks they seethe and roar upon, ere
Hurled in ruin to their fall.

The far right of the line's in peril sore
At the dawn of another day,
And though sorely pressed by the Sultan's corps,
They will die, but never give way.

This I saw as the glaring sun uprose,
And the conflict still shook the world;
And in mighty mass all along the front,
The vast foot and horse were hurled.
And the earth was heaped and pent with the slain,
And their blood like a river ran,
And ne'er was witnessed such a battle-scene
Since ever this strange world began.

And I see through the red rays of the sun
A glad sight that my bosom thrills:
'Tis Roberts, debouching in rear of the foe,
From the sheltering Himalayan hills.
'Twas he that had disappeared to the right
Ere the dreadful conflict began;
'Twas Wolseley's masterful, strategic stroke—
A card in his vast battle-plan.
With the flower of the Ind and British Guards
He fell on the brave Sultan's rear
With half a million of horse and foot,
With a prolonged, thunderous cheer.
They shattered the Moslems from right to left,
And rent and tore them asunder
By the infantry's fire, and sabre stroke,
And the batteries' awful thunder.

Crushed to atoms between the two lines,
The Sultan's ruin is complete,
And he lays his flaming scimitar down
At the invincible Roberts' feet.

The critical time had now arrived
To deliver a crushing blow,
And Wolseley redoubled all the fire
Of his guns on the suffering foe;

And the infantry close up, and again
They a devastating fire pour,
And the bicycle corps and quick-fire guns
Added their fierce and incessant roar;
And from the crimson clouds his aerial ships
Hurl their cruel and deadly rain,
Shattering the foe in the lines below
And rending the storm-swept plain.

A grand *coup de main* he had prepared—
A thousand electric motor cars,
With a hedge of spears on their outward shields
That flashed like countless silver stars;
Each with a quick-fire gun, and a score of men
Held with the reserves in the rear,—
He sends with a rush all along the lines
Those intrepid souls without fear.
Forward in line at intervals they sweep
With a resistless hedge of steel,
And the writhing lines of the foe they reach—
See! see! they in wild horror reel
From the death rush of those wonderful cars
That cut them to pieces there,
And confusion enters those suffering lines,
And a wave of sullen despair.

And Wolseley seizes the fateful moment,
And rolls forward now the whole line—
Seven leagues! seven leagues of front!
Irresistible and sublime.

"All along their front let the cavalry charge!
Crush now their faltering powers!
Let the reserves sweep the foe from the field!
Complete this day of days, which is ours."

And they swift unfold and sweep o'er the plain,
  Resistlessly forward everywhere,
A fiery mass of heroic chivalry,
  So glorious and so fair.

Like destroying angels they fall on the foe,
  Rending, destroying all amain,
And they reel back in despair, still struggling there,
  But ever and ever in vain.
And the cavalry charged in mighty mass,
  And the earth rocked beneath their tread,
And they shore whole lines into mere fragments,
  And the fragments in terror fled.

The infantry volleyed, and swept the guns,
  And charged through the flame and smoke,
And rent and ruined those wavering lines
  As through and through them they broke.

Thus Albion and her allies rolled on,
  Till from every position driven,
Bleeding and torn, ruined, and all forlorn,
  The foe were cast to the four winds of heaven.

Oh, mourn! oh, pity! and weep, all the world;
  At the close of that awful day
Two million of fearless, heroic dead
  Were hidden forever away!

And the sinister skies were cleared again,
  And the phantoms that fell on the sea,
And the fierce crimson clouds faded away,
  And heaven's blue shone again o'er me.
I heard a song, as of seraphic choirs,
  And it floated down from above,
A most wonderful song of ecstasy,
  Of rejoicing and infinite love.

And the celestial host soared upward,
Away, repeating the chorus; it ran:
"For the world is redeemed; joy! joy! joy!
Peace on earth and good will to man."

---

## CHARITY.

SEEK but to benefit thy fellow-man:
Let smiles, not frowns, his rugged path assail;
Better with blinded eyes his faults to scan
Than let the sin of wrong and scorn prevail.

O Charity! unfold thy pure, white wings,
Teach us to suffer and to forbear;
To hurl no darts, no evil, bitter stings,
For life is needful and full of care.

Then fold, fold us, in thy pure, white wings,
Shield us from ourselves, and let us see
Only good in others, and the joy that brings
Peace to us in life and in eternity.

THE END.